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Master Workmen

The author of this book was born in New Castle, Pennsylvania. He received his A. B. degree at Greenville College. He completed the work for the Master of Arts degree at Columbia University, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Cornell University, and did research work at the University of Berlin in Germany. He has been dean of Greenville College, president of Evansville Junior College, and a member of the faculty of Cornell University for several years in the Department of Ancient History. Dr. Blews collaborated with Professor George Botsford of Columbia University in the publication of "The Roman Assemblies." He also furnished a translation of the municipal laws of Julius Caesar for the volume "A Source Book in Ancient History." For a number of years he has been actively engaged in the ministry, during which time he has also been a corresponding editor of the "Free Methodist," contributing many articles largely in the field of biography. He is also editor of "The Pennsylvania Challenge."

The first edition of Master Workmen was published in 1939. This Centennial Edition, with the addition of the chapter on the life of Bishop William Pearce is published by order of the General Conference of 1955.

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Master Workmen

CENTENNIAL EDITION

Biographies of the Late Bishops
of the Free Methodist Church
During Her First Century
1860-1960

by

RICHARD R. BLEWS, Ph.D.

LIGHT AND LIFE PRESS
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CENTENNIAL EDITION

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To my sons
Richard and Edward
and to my daughter
Lenys
and to the
rising generation of Free Methodists
scattered over the continents
and the isles of the sea,
this volume
is
affectionately dedicated

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Introduction

Not always does a liberal education confer skill and grace in verbal expression, but in Dr. Blews the scholar and the writer find a happy combination. Trained under eminent scholars in American and European universities he has the technique of the historian and the skill of the literary artist. His book, MASTER WORKMEN, will compare very favorably in attractiveness and strength of diction with the standard works of historians and biographers in general. Extensive research is evident, and the reader will derive both profit and pleasure from the perusal of the biographies of the eminent men whose lives and works the author vividly portrays—our bishops now within the veil.

As in the political world, so in the ecclesiastical, strong movements stand virtually connected with men of mark. In the latter the power of the gospel of Christ is the main essential, while native endowment and the equipment of a comprehensive education are in their place of great value.

Evidently the design of God for the nineteenth century included the formation of the Free Methodist Church, whose cardinal distinction is the retention of the Wesleyan, the Scriptural, doctrine, together with the experience of entire sanctification, that grand climax in deliverance from sin.

Rev. B. T. Roberts became the chief founder of the church, and very naturally the author describes him and his ministry the most fully of all the deceased bishops. The writer has clearly used the balances of the sanctuary in his just character estimates. No one-sided account is given of the noble men so prominent in the life of the church, and who now rest from their labors.

Of course each one of the bishops differed from the other, for one common mold of personality would be impossible in a world that by the wisdom of God is filled with variety. Nor would it be desirable. One feature, however, was common to them all: In experience and in preaching they continually upheld the original doctrines, and the church has been unchangeably devoted throughout its area, and throughout its history, to the apostolic, the truly Christian standards.

No novelist can invest his fiction characters, or construct his plots, to evoke the same interest that attaches to real persons and their acts. The men of the book were very real, and they were "lovely and pleasant in their lives." The church immeasurably enjoyed the rich fellowship and fruitful ministry of those men, who now await the resurrection of the just, and the aroma of their godly, their exceedingly valuable, lives will increasingly abide.

All but the first three were my highly esteemed colleagues, and the first three I knew in gratifying estimation.

William Pearce.

Preface

History is a great panorama of endless change and this is the secret of its spell. The story of the rise, greatness, and decay of a nation is like some vast epic which contains as subsidiary episodes the varied stories of the rise, greatness, and decay of creeds, of parties, and men.

This volume deals with that tributary to the great stream of history known as the Free Methodist Church. As was said of Methodism in the days of her primitive piety, so it can be truthfully said of Free Methodism—"it is Christianity in earnest." Hers is the heroic task to hold high the torch from the hand of John Wesley, "to spread scriptural holiness over these lands." These studies of the church have been cast in biographical form illustrating the pregnant truth expressed by Carlyle that the history of any country or movement is in the biographies of the men who made it. The story of Luther is the history of the Reformation. When he arose from his knees on Pilate's stairway in Rome a converted man, the face of the world was changed. The thought of men and the curse of nations was changed that day. Carlyle declares that the moment Luther defied the wrath of the Pope at the Diet of Worms was the greatest moment in the modern history of men.

History is written by God in terms of human personality. Genesis gathers around eight men. The Bible presents eras and epochs but at the center of each is a human personality and frequently the man is the key to the age. An epitome of Old Testament History is summarized in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, but it is presented in terms of human personality. God's estimate of all is seen in the heroes of faith.

The world erects monuments to her soldiers who have led their legions to die on the field of battle; but

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

In finality, ideas are the only things in the universe that are immortal. Monuments fall into decay with the passing of the silent centuries but the ideas and ideals of the race, if they be lofty, endure. We cannot add to the immortality of the departed. They do not need us but we forever need them. The glory trailing in the clouds behind them after their sun has set, falls with its benediction upon us who are left, and we are inspired by their examples and emulate the noble principles for which they stood. Their lives exhale a sweet perfume and constitute a priceless legacy which posterity should not willingly let die.

In these biographical sketches of the *master workmen* of the church, more extended space has been devoted to Bishops Roberts and Hart because they stood at the helm in the period of the church's organization, and because those fashioning forces which combined to give birth to Free Methodism have an increasing interest with the passing of the years.

They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Thro' peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train!

Benjamin Titus Roberts

"For as I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here."

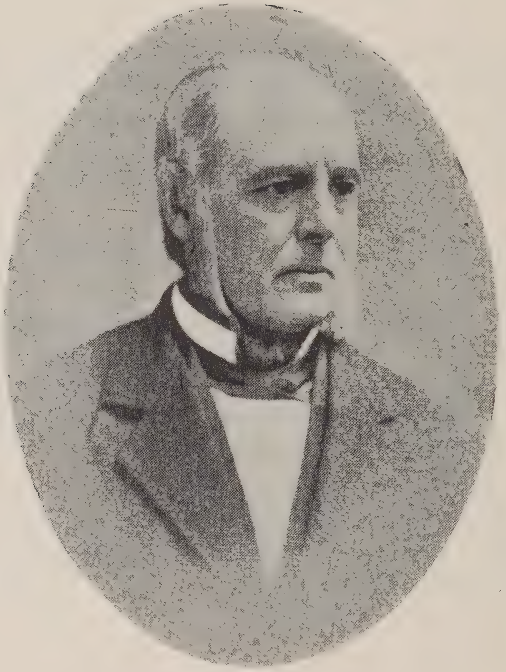
"Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company."

"The history of the world is the biography of great men."—Carlyle.

"The true nobility of nations is shown by the men they follow, by the men they admire, by the ideals of character and conduct they place before them."—Lecky.

"The broadest efficiency of great men begins after their death."—Gustav Schmoller.

What is man, that thou are mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor."—David.



BENJAMIN TITUS ROBERTS
Bishop 1860-1893

I

Benjamin Titus Roberts

Founder of the Free Methodist Church

One Sunday afternoon in the year 1844, a stalwart, athletic young man, twenty-one years old, deliberately arose from his seat in the church, walked resolutely to the altar of prayer and gave himself to God. Special meetings were not in progress nor was there any visible moving of the Holy Spirit in the church; but history was in the making when that youth stepped out to make the surrender of himself to God. That young man was Benjamin Titus Roberts. That Sunday afternoon marked the pivotal point in his life.

In his own terse language, he gives the account of this great crisis:

"At length it pleased God to answer the prayer of my friends in my behalf. He awakened me to a sense of my lost condition. The instrumentality was very humble. A pious but illiterate cooper, a very bad stammerer, gave in his testimony at the regular Sabbath afternoon prayer-meeting. I was there by the invitation of friends and his testimony found way to my heart. There was no special religious interest. The church was cold and sinners hard. God enabled me to start alone. Oh! the riches of His grace. I commenced to pray. It was hard work; but God encouraged me to persevere. As the light of the Spirit shone, I gave up one thing after another; but I clung to my profession. For three weeks I pled with God to convert me, but to let me have my choice in the business I would follow. Many who had power with God prayed for me; but I had to yield. Christ demanded an unconditional surrender; I made it. The joys of pardon and peace flowed into my soul. My cup was full, my happiness was unspeakable."

In the making and molding of a life, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Young Roberts had settled upon law as his chosen profession. In pursuit of this ambition he left his native hills in western New York in 1842 and went to Little Falls, New York, where he entered the law office of Mr. H. Link. He had secured a position teaching in the schools of the town and thus paid his way while bending all his energies to the study of law. During this time his godly parents were constantly praying for his conversion. With apostolic faith in God, they prayed that he might return home. Their prayer was answered and after an absence of two years he returned and studied law with Attorney C. Howe.

It was a momentous move, for he was to be admitted to the bar in a short time; but it resulted in his conversion and a complete change in his plans. He says: "From my earliest recollections God's Spirit strove with me and restrained me. I was ambitious, proud and worldly. At times I was powerfully convicted; but I thought it was a part of manliness to resist as long as possible; conviction left me and my heart became hard."

Back of this firm decision to turn from the tinselry of the world and its emoluments lay a favorable background. He was born on a farm, July, 1823, in the rich agricultural section of Cattaraugus County in western New York. His childhood was spent upon the farm, the prolific nursery of many of the nation's men of outstanding character. Far removed from the vices and contaminating influences of city life, he grew up near to nature's heart, free from vulgar associations and bad habits. While the necessities of life were amply supplied, there were no luxuries in the home and the boy was trained to honest toil from his earliest years. This schooling in economy and hard labor furnished splendid training for the hardships and difficulties of future years. His outward life was so exemplary that the Presbyterian minister of Gowanda, his native town, offered to educate him for the ministry in that church. "This generous and flattering proposal was refused with the statement, 'I can not accept it, as I have not been converted.' Much as he desired an education and hard as were his labors to secure it, he had too much rectitude of character to permit him to accept of aid bestowed with the thought that he would assume a relationship into which he was not prepared to enter. Yet the offer was renewed, his refusal being regarded as an evidence of unusual modesty and an additional mark of worth." This sincerity characterized his whole life.

Such was the providential setting of the early years of the young man who deliberately surrendered himself to his Maker that Sunday afternoon; whom God in turn designed to make one of His "chosen vessels." "Henceforth, God was to be all in all to him, and in the service of his Master his powers of mind and body were to be spent. But it was not a light struggle for a young man, just on the threshold of an active professional career, to lay aside his cherished plans and hopes, to abandon the results of years of study, acquired only through extreme exertions and sacrifice—bending over his books when others slept, toiling when others enjoyed recreation. To make this sacrifice meant much; but with the eye of faith fixed on the eternal world, he chose with God. The divine choice for him, he made his own choice. He was thenceforth to plead not for wealth nor fame, but for immortal souls. He was to join the true apostolic succession, to become a Spirit-endued preacher of the glorious gospel of the Son of God."*

In April of the following year, 1845, he entered Lima Seminary in order to prepare for college. His work in the fundamentals had been so thorough that with only two terms' work at the Seminary he was able to enter the sophomore class at college.

According to plans, he entered the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, an honored Methodist seat of learning. In this beautiful college town, with its classic repose, he spent three happy years. With characteristic determination and common sense he laid down these three rules of college life which he rigidly adhered to throughout his entire career: "I am resolved to make the interests of my soul of first importance, my bodily health second, and the improvement of my mind third."

During the pressure of his college course, he made ample room for the interests of his spiritual life. His sympathy for the downtrodden as well as his independence of action is revealed by the fact that he taught a Sunday-school class in the Negro church, although at the risk of his social standing. As as ardent defender of the slave, his first public address was an abolition speech made when he was a law student.

He writes to his sister as follows: "They have too much of the slavery spirit here, even among the descendants of the Puritans, to worship the universal Father in the same temple with their sable brethren. They have, therefore, here in Connecticut, not Negro slips, but Negro churches, Negro preachers, presiding elders and conference.

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* Roberts' Biography, p. 5.

"My class consists of young ladies, some of them, I believe, devoted Christians. I feel very much interested in them, and strive and pray to be a means of doing them good. They are both attentive and intelligent.

"I also meet a Bible class of young ladies in the Methodist church after morning service. So you see that having charge of a school of seventy scholars, and studying to keep up with my class in college, and reading, and leading class-meeting one evening, and prayer-meeting another evening in the week, with two Bible classes, and boarding around from house to house, affords me quite constant employment."

Perhaps the most far-reaching contact of Mr. Roberts' college days was that with Rev. J. W. Redfield, M. D., who stirred both the school and the city with a mighty revival. This acquaintance led to the uniting of their forces in later years in propagating widespread revivals and in establishing Free Methodism. In 1864 he gave a description of this revival in the February issue of the *Earnest Christian:*

"We first heard Dr. Redfield preach in the city of Middletown, Connecticut. The state of religion in the church was extremely low. Professing Christians were chiefly distinguished for their conformity to the world. The Methodists had ceased to be persecuted and were fast becoming a proud and fashionable people. * * * Dr. Redfield's preaching produced a profound sensation. His deep-toned piety, the divine unction, that rested upon him, his fervent moving appeals to the throne of grace, and his unearthly, overpowering eloquence, disarmed criticism. * * * Had he lowered the standard to suit the pride and prejudice of his hearers, his popularity would have been unbounded. * * * The church was crowded and the people seemed amazed. It was for some time doubtful how the scale would turn. Dr. Olin heard the commotion. He was unwilling to take the representation of any but arose from a sick bed and went and heard for himself. * * * 'This, brethren,' said he, 'is Methodism, and you must stand by it.' Such a work of God as followed we never witnessed. Professors in the college, men of outwardly blameless lives, saw they were not right with God, frankly confessed it, and laying aside their official dignity, went forward for prayers. For some eight or ten weeks the altar was crowded with penitents, from fifty to a hundred coming forward at a time."

The long pull of college is over and graduation day is at hand. Although it had been necessary for him to teach school part of the time in order to pay expenses and carry his college studies privately, he graduated with high honors. He had gained such respect for the integrity of his character and had won such recognition for his scholarship that he was offered at commencement time the presidency of the Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pennsylvania. Upon consulting with Dr. Olin, president of the college, he received this reply, "There are more who are ready to teach than preach." Thousands may be thankful today that he followed the advice of his wise counsellor to hold to his original call, the preaching of the gospel.

In the following September, 1848, Benjamin Titus Roberts joined the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Buffalo. His appointment was Careyville, a country circuit. An outstanding event was his marriage to Ellen L. Stowe at the home of her uncle, Rev. George Lane, in New York City. Descended from the best New England stock, a charming woman of culture and character, she became a partner in his labors and a blessing in his life.*

At the end of the conference year, he made this brief entry concerning his first year's work in the ministry:

"Attended conference at Albion. Bishop Morris presided. I had a pleasant year at Careyville. Was favored with some success. Received during the year about forty members into the society. Enlarged and repaired the church at an expense of about six hundred dollars and paid an old debt on the parsonage. I came out myself at the end of the year sixty dollars in debt for board. The people expressed a strong desire for our return. Stationed at Pike."

The appointment at Pike was a run-down circuit among the hills of Wyoming County. The parsonage was a dilapidated building, which had never been painted; the walls were without paper, the fence was broken down, and the entire premises gave the impression of despair.

Since they had practically no furniture, they made arrangements for a member to move into the large, rambling house and board them. Mrs. Roberts, writing to her sister, giving this description of the place:

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*An interesting biography has been written by Miss A. P. Carpenter entitled, "Ellen Lois Roberts."

"We occupy the two upper rooms, which we have papered and whitewashed and painted. * * * We thought best to furnish our own rooms and this we could easily do as we have now a few trunks. So till yesterday we had a trunk on each side of the room, a chair that had no back and two that had backs, wooden chairs, which made me feel when sitting upon them as perched on a high rail fence, my feet dangling down. Brother Wiles took pity on us and offered to lend us a table, stove, and rocking chair, which offer, so kind, we accepted. Soon we will have a bed and a carpet come, and then we will live like other people. Yet this primitive style of bare floors and open fires I rather like, only for its novelty, I reckon, though. I wish you could see our curtains—so scant in size, neither wide enough nor long enough; but we dream of better ones soon. Yet we are very happy here. * * * Our hearts shall be a spring of ceaseless pleasures, deep and pure. We will try to be good and do good."

The first year at Pike was discouraging from every point of view. The church was so cold and back-slidden that all his revival efforts were fruitless. However, in the midst of his discouragements, he received a mighty spiritual baptism at the Collins camp-meeting, held near the close of the conference year. He gives this account of the meeting: "The subject of holiness received special attention. Rev. Eleazar Thomas, presiding elder of the district, was then a flame of fire. Mrs. Palmer attended the meeting and labored for the promotion of holiness with great zeal and success. While I was at Middletown Dr. Redfield held a protracted meeting in the Methodist Church. Such scenes of spiritual power I never had witnessed. The convictions I there received never have left me. At the camp-meeting they were greatly increased. Two paths were distinctly marked out before me. I saw that I might be a popular preacher, gain applause, do but little good in reality, and at last lose my soul; or I might take the narrow way, declare the whole truth as it is in Jesus, meet with persecution and opposition, but see a thorough work of grace go on and gain heaven. Grace was given me to make the better choice. I deliberately gave myself anew to the Lord, to declare the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and to take the narrow way. The blessing came. The Spirit fell on me in an overwhelming degree. I received a power to labor such as I had never felt before. This consecration has never been taken back. I have many times had to humble myself before the Lord for having grieved His Spirit. I have been but an unprofitable servant. It is by grace alone that I am saved. Yet the determination is fixed to obey the Lord and take the narrow way, come what will."

When he was returned to Pike by the annual conference, this fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit gave him new courage and faith for his work. His preaching the second year was crowned with a genuine revival. He pushed out into new fields at East Pike and at Eagle, where a new church was built as the result of a sweeping revival.

At the conference held in LeRoy in September, 1851, he was sent to Rushford, and William Kendall, who was assigned to follow him at Pike, carried on the revival begun by Roberts with vigor and success. Of Rushford he writes: "We have a membership strong in numbers, wealth and social influence, and a stranger would imagine that they enjoyed a good degree of the life and power of religion. They did years ago. The words that then expressed their feelings they still use, but the feelings are gone. We do not use forms of prayer but it seems as if our prayers were stereotyped."

Meanwhile he was called back to Pike and in three weeks ninety united with the church as a result of a mighty moving of convicting power upon the community. Although the work at Rushford was difficult at first, yet God honored his faithful preaching. Of this revival he says: "Our brethren say it is the best meeting they have had in years. About thirty thus far have passed from death unto life and among them are some of the most influential citizens. The conversions are more marked and clear than is common in these days."

In recognition of the successful year's work at Rushford, he was appointed to the Niagara Street church in Buffalo. This transfer to a city church held in store a year of great opposition and tribulation—in fact, the beginning of the chain of events which ultimately led to his expulsion from the church. In November, 1852, he wrote his father: "You have no idea of the low state of Methodism in this city. Nothing but the power of God can save us." After trying in vain himself to break through the opposition for a revival, he sent for Dr. Redfield, who preached with great unction; but the resistance to the truth within the church rendered all efforts fruitless. He later wrote the following in the

Earnest Christian concerning the opposition to Dr. Redfield: "Dr. Redfield was with us several weeks and held protracted meeting. A great interest in the community was excited; but we met with unexpected opposition from ministers holding high official positions in the church and the progress of the revival was stayed.

"While here, my attention was drawn to the evil of the pew system. I saw that the house of God must be free for all who wish to attend, if the masses would be reached and saved. I began to write and preach on the subject."

At this period the growing worldliness of the church increasingly distressed him. He began to write in the church papers of the evils strangling its spiritual life. An entry in his journal runs: "Finished and sent my second article to the *Northern Independent* on the state of this conference. My first called forth some sneering remarks in the *Buffalo Advocate*."

As was to be expected, he was moved from Buffalo at the end of the year. His new appointment was Brockport. He found the church worldly and far removed from old Methodist standards. He began a series of meetings by reading to the church the disciplinary rules on dress. There were only two in the church whom he thought were clearly justified. For eight weeks he preached to the church without inviting a sinner forward. After a long, hard pull, the church yielded and a refreshing revival followed. Of this meeting Mrs. Roberts writes: "We have had some of the most interesting meetings I was ever in. A goodly number have been reclaimed and over twenty converted. Last Friday evening there were five slain under the power of God. This is something new for Brockport and many of the Methodists look on in amazement."

The fires of this revival spread for miles to the outlying communities. After two successful years spent at Brockport, he was assigned to Albion.

During the two years at Albion by far the most important event in the life of B. T. Roberts was the publication of his now famous article entitled, "New School Methodism," which culminated in the expulsion of Roberts and a number of other godly ministers from the Methodist Episcopal Church and the organization of the Free Methodist Church.

For many years Methodism in the United States had been slipping from the heroic standards which had made her a mighty force. Professor John A. Faulkner, professor of Church History at Drew Theological Seminary, in his volume entitled, "The Methodists" (p. 175), says:

"The only church that has sprung out of Methodist ground by reason of dissatisfaction with the worldliness of the church and with its abandonment of the heroic ideals of the elder time is the Free Methodist Church, which was organized at Pekin, New York, in 1860. It was the outgrowth of a profound agitation in western New York in the fifth and sixth decades of the nineteenth century, and was occasioned by the alleged lapse of the church from its primitive testimony, (1) as to slavery, (2) as to holiness, (3) as to non-conformity with the world, and (4) as to evangelical conception of doctrine."

The Methodist Church to a large extent had drifted into the acceptance of the view of holiness as taught by Zinzendorf, that, "We are sanctified wholly the moment we are justified, and are neither more nor less holy to the day of our death; entire sanctification and justification being in one and the same instant."

The Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification as a definite second work of grace was not only generally ignored but was ridiculed by many of the ministry.* This logically led to a general lowering of the spiritual tone of the church, a vagueness respecting the witness of the Spirit, a dying out of that spiritual fervor characteristic of the "elder times" and a forsaking of her standards respecting plainness of dress, worldly amusements, secret societies and general non-conformity to the world.

Another evidence of the Methodist Church's departure from her original standards was her change of attitude regarding slavery. John Wesley was one of the pioneers in England in taking his position against what he termed "that execrable sum of all villainies commonly called the slave trade" and published a lengthy tract entitled, "Thoughts on Slavery," which was one of the most ruthless and widely circulated exposures of the diabolical system ever written. Consequently Methodists, both in England and America, were ranged against the iniquitous institution. However, the church started upon a compromising attitude about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

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* "Works," Vol. VI, p. 496, p. 505; "Semi-Centennial Sermon before the Oneida Annual Conference in 1864" by E. Bowen.

Dr. James M. Buckley,* in his "History of Methodism," says: "From its foundation in the United States until the year 1800 Methodism had testified against slavery as a moral evil. Many of its enactments were uncompromising, and all were beyond the position taken by other churches and in advance of public sentiment. * * * The tone of condemnation was softened in 1804, and in 1808 all that relates to slave-holding among private members was stricken out, and no rule on the subject has existed since."

In writing of the formation of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, which was organized in 1843, because of the mother church's complicity with slavery, Faulkner† says: "From the point of view of an anti-slavery reformer the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject [referring to slavery], * * * especially after 1800, must be considered disappointing and untenable. There had not only been a constant recession of testimony but active participation in anti-slavery measures, or even the holding of pronounced views on freedom, on the part of ministers, made them liable to the loss of reputation and standing or even to discipline. Northern conferences frequently passed resolutions condemning abolition and ministers who in any way connected themselves with anti-slavery movements. Matlock was denied admission to conference because of his views on slavery. Charles K. True, James Floy, and Paul R. Brown, of the New York Conference, were tried and suspended for alleged aiding in the circulation of an anti-slavery tract and attending an anti-slavery convention."

"Up to the day that slavery was abolished by the sword," says Roberts,** "there were thousands of slaveholders in good standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Methodist Episcopal Discipline tolerated slavery to the last." In the period of agitation out of which the Free Methodist Church was formed, slavery was a burning question, both in the Methodist Episcopal Church and in the nation.

The most immediate cause in the expulsion of Roberts along with other ministers and laymen from the church was the secret society question. Forsaking her heroic position of separation from the world, many of her members and especially her ministers had become "unequally yoked together" with Odd Fellowship and Free Masonry. Rev. C. D. Burlingham, a venerable minister of the Genesee Conference, makes the following statement of the case in a pamphlet published in 1860 entitled, "An Outline History of the

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* Vol. II. p. 1. † "The Methodists," p. 165.

** "Why Another Sect," p. 46.

Genesee Conference": "Some sixteen or eighteen years since a disturbing element was introduced into the Genesee Conference. Our church, as well as the community in general, had for a number of years been much agitated by the Masonic question, and the anti-Masonic excitement consequent upon the abduction and murder of William Morgan of Batavia, in 1826. As the tumultuous waves were gradually subsiding into a calm, this element of discord began to introduce itself in our church, professedly as a mutual insurance company against temporal want, and a newly discovered and remarkably successful gospel appliance for bringing the world, reformed and saved, into the church. But our people very naturally looked upon it with suspicion. Dreading its power as a secret agency acting through affiliated societies, and doubting its utility as a financial scheme, they feared that it would drag the church, debased and corrupted, into the world."

It soon became evident that the secret society preachers were banded together to organize the time-serving, compromising element in the church and to rule the conference. Bishop Hogue gives a true setting of the picture*: "There were many in the conference who, with prophetic vision, foresaw the evil consequence likely to arise from the alliance of the church through her ministers with the system of oath-bound secrecy, and who consequently strove earnestly to resist the encroachments of the lodge upon the church. They knew full well that, in the days of her greater purity and power, Methodism could not have been betrayed into such an enervating and corrupting amalgamation with the world. As simple-minded Christians, who had been taught and who believed the truth expressed in the dictum of the Apostle Paul, 'Christ is all and in all,' they felt no need of buttressing their faith in Christ with membership in and devotion to any other society than that of the Christian church, and saw only spiritual defection as the inevitable result of sworn fellowship with men of the world in Christ-rejecting lodges even for purposes of mutual insurance against temporal want."

The line of division caused by the lapse of the church from her original and more exalted ideals on scriptural holiness, slavery, non-conformity to the world, and secret societies, became more and more clearly defined. A valiant effort to reform these abuses

* "History of the Free Methodist Church," Vol. 1, p. 25.

and to bring the church back to her original standards of purity and spirituality was made by her most consecrated ministers; but they were defeated by a strongly organized opposition.

The statement of the historian, John Clark Ridpath, is applicable to the situation then existent in the Methodist Episcopal Church*: "He who studies the Reformation attentively will not fail to perceive that the success of the movement in Germany under the leadership of Luther followed two other efforts, not successful, to reach the same result. The first of these—first in time and natural sequence—was the effort of the church to work a reform inside her own organization. Vain chimera! Fond and childish credulity to suppose that the thing to be reformed could mend itself, that the abusers should abolish the abuse. The history of the world has not presented an example of an organization, grown sleek and fat and conscienceless by the destruction of human freedom and the spoilation of mankind that has had the virtue and honesty to make restitution and return to an exemplary life; nor will such a phenomenon ever be seen under the sun. Whether the organization be religious, political or social, that law is universally irreversible, by which Ephraim is joined to his idols. He and they are bound by an indissoluble tie and will perish together."

The lines were clearly drawn in the Genesee Conference. The secret society men secretly and adroitly controlled and manipulated the affairs of the conference. The dominant party was called the "Regency," while those who were laboring to maintain the original standards of the church were styled "Nazarites." It was unquestionably proved in the open conference that a "Nazarite union" never existed, while on the other hand it was clearly proved that there was a conclave of the secret society preachers who met secretly in a duly-organized manner and laid the plans to be carried through in the sessions of the conference.** This conclave consisted of about fifty preachers who like Jesuits worked under cover of darkness. The minutes of their secret session at LeRoy, New York, September 3, 1857, in which they decided to arrest the character of B. T. Roberts and bring him to trial, were given to Roberts by a friend and were published repeatedly without contradition.

At the Medina Conference, the proponents of holiness received a severe blow. Loren Stiles, presiding elder of the Genesee District, and Presiding Elder Kingsley, both devout men, were removed by the bishop from the eldership and transferred to the

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* "Cyclopedia of History," vol. II, p. 570.

** See Hogue, "History," p. 68 ff; "Biography of B. T. Roberts," p. 98 ff.

Cincinnati Conference, while other preachers were sent to poorer circuits. The friends of holiness did not realize to what extent the "Regency party" had triumphed until the appointments for the following year were read. A spirit of despondency settled upon the persecuted minority. "But as the conference business was concluded, and the bishop called on some one to sing before the closing prayer, without announcing any particular hymn, Kendall arose and with clear and steady voice began,

" 'Come on, my partners in distress
My comrades through this wilderness
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.'

"The bishop was about to offer prayer, but Kendall, all absorbed in his singing, continued:

" 'Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to the heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies
And scale the mount of God.'

"Again the bishop would have led in prayer, but the clear voice of the singer continued the third stanza:

" 'Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His throne appear,
And by His side sit down.
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.'

"But this time the desponding spirits of the persecuted 'pilgrims' were rallied, their heads were up, their hearts aglow, and as they also joined in the song faith revived and shouts of victory pealed forth from every quarter. In the meantime the voice of Kendall continued to fill the auditorium with heavenly melody:

" 'Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up.
It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here will soon be past
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.'

"Concluding prayer was then offered by the bishop and the 'pilgrim' preachers went unmurmuringly to their appointments, feeling that they could joyfully go to the ends of the earth, if need should require, to proclaim the gospel of a full and free salvation."*

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* Hogue, "History of the Free Methodist Church," vol. I, p. 77.

New School Methodism

The time had come when the enemies of vital religion ought not to continue uncontradicted, especially since numerous articles had been published in various church papers and notably in the *Buffalo Advocate* stigmatizing the defenders of original Methodism as "fanatics" and "Nazarites." Concerning the writing of the article, "New School Methodism," Mr. Roberts made this statement of explanation some years afterward: "We had previously been styled 'New School Methodists' in an article published in the *Buffalo Advocate,* the organ of the dominant party. We showed that the appelation properly belonged to our opponents. * * * For fear we might misrepresent their views, we stated them as we found them expressed by one of their leading preachers in an editorial of the *Buffalo Advocate* and copied into the *New York Christian Advocate and Journal.* It set forth the doctrinal views from which we differed. This article from which we quoted was endorsed by the leading men of the dominant party. * * * Our opponents had, from time to time, in the *Buffalo Advocate* and other papers, in neither truthful nor respectful language, set forth their version of matters. We thought the time had come for us to set ourselves right before the public."

In his clear and incisive style he stated the case in the *Northern Independent,* showing the departure of Methodism from her original standards and sustaining his argument by quotations from leading Methodists in her own periodicals.*

We quote from the concluding paragraph of Mr. Roberts' article:

"We have thus endeavored to give a fair and impartial representation of New School Methodism. It's prevalence in one conference has already, as we have seen, involved it in division and disaster. Let it generally prevail, and the glory will depart from Methodism. She has a special mission to accomplish. This is not to gather into her fold the fashionable, the devotees of pleasure and ambition, but 'to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.' Her doctrines and her hymns, her history and her spirit, her noble achievements in the past and her bright prospects for the future, all forbid that she should adopt an accommodating, compromising policy, pandering to the vices of the times. Let her go on, as she has done, insisting that the great cardinal truths of the gospel shall receive a living embodiment in the hearts and lives of her members, and Methodism will continue to be the favored of heaven and the joy of the earth. But let her come down from her position and receive to her communion all those lovers of pleasure and lovers of the world who are willing to pay for the privilege and it needs no prophet's visions to foresee that Methodism will become a dead and corrupting body, endeavoring in vain to supply, by the erection of splendid churches, and the imposing performance of powerless ceremonies, the manifested glory of the divine presence which once shone so brightly in all her sanctuaries.

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* The text of this epochal article can be found in the "Biography of Bishop Roberts."

" 'Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.' "

In contrast with the dignified tone of the statement of facts in "New School Methodism," we refer the reader to an article entitled "Nazarite Reformers and Reformation," published in the *Medina Tribune*, September 11, 1856, to show the characteristically bitter spirit and offensive style of the opposition. The paper was written anonymously.

The Trial of Roberts

At the conference at LeRoy, New York, in 1857, a bill of charges was presented by the Regency faction against B. T. Roberts and two against W. C. Kendall. Mr. Roberts was prosecuted, but the charges against Mr. Kendall were waived for want of time, with threat that they would be brought up at the next annual session. Before that time he died triumphantly, and those who had branded him as worthy of expulsion from the church while living extolled him as a saint when dead.

The bill of charges,* with an unchallenged statement of facts was published in 1879 by B. T. Roberts in "Why Another Sect." For writing the above article, the author was charged "with unchristian and immoral conduct." He was convicted and sentenced to be reproved by the chair. After receiving the reproof, he appealed to the General Conference.

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* See Hogue's History, vol. I, p. 149.

In summing up the case, Mr. Roberts makes this pungent statement:

"Yet with the matter thus plainly before them, a majority of the conference voted these specifications (except the fourth, which was withdrawn) sustained. In doing that, every man of them voted as true what *he knew to be false.* We can not come to any other possible conclusion. They were not ignorant men who did not know what they were about. They were not acting hastily over a matter they did not understand. The case was fairly laid before them. *They deliberately voted that I wrote what they knew I did not write.*"

One of the dominant party made the boast, "Nazaritism must be crushed out and we have the tools to do it with." Such flagrant injustice characterized the trial—carried through by the Regency party, who constituted the jury and whose votes by means of secret conclave could be counted on in advance, to secure conviction—that remonstrances arose on all sides from both clergy and laity.

On the character of this trial, Rev. C. D. Burlingham says:

"The essay, then, was but a pretext, and the trial a farce; and yet a farce of the most solemn character, in its baneful influence on the peace and prosperity of Zion.

"As an appropriate finale to such a judicial act, and as illustrative of the moral principle of these partisan leaders, Mr. Roberts, instead of being expelled, which he should have been, if the charges that had been sustained by a party vote were true, was simply reproved by the chair, endorsed by his accusers and sent out again as a fellow-laborer in the gospel."

When the appointments were read, B. T. Roberts was assigned to Pekin, New York, a part of the conference where he was a total stranger. Before he arrived at his new appointment, a preacher of the "Regency" party had preceded him to inform the members that he had been convicted at the conference of "unchristian and immoral conduct." The *Buffalo Advocate* also printed the report without a word of explanation, so that the public was left in doubt as to whether the immoral conduct was licentiousness, fraud or some other crime. Naturally a wave of resentment swept over the church that such a man should be sent as their pastor. In recording the event, Mr. Roberts said, "We doubt if an itinerant ever had a colder reception. Even Father

Chesbrough, one of the noblest of men, one of the most loyal of Methodists, at first thought he would not go to hear me preach. 'What have we done,' he exclaimed, 'that a man convicted of immoral conduct should be sent as our preacher?'" When Sunday morning came Mr. Chesbrough finally decided to go with his family to church, saying, "It can do no harm to hear him once anyway." As they rode home he said to his son, S. K. J. Chesbrough, who later became the Publishing Agent of the *Free Methodist*, "Well, Sam, I know nothing about the man, but I do know that what we heard today is Methodism as I used to hear it in the old Baltimore Conference and as I have not heard it in western New York."

Undaunted by opposition, the new pastor gave himself unsparingly to his task. After a hard pull, a revival broke out, sweeping the whole country round about and continuing till the end of the year. Of the year's work, S. K. J. Chesbrough published the following report in the *Northern Independent*:

"It cannot be denied that we received to our church as pastor a man whom the *Advocate* informed us was tried and found guilty of 'immorality'; and judging from the articles which have appeared from time to time in that paper, it would seem that his opposers think 'if we let him alone, all men will believe on him'; and the only way to destroy his usefulness is to pursue him with 'slander' and 'persecutions.'

"A recent article in the *Advocate*, which descends to language unbecoming one Christian speaking to another, is hardly worth noticing, as the shafts at Brother Roberts fall far below him. * * * Notwithstanding the many reports which have circulated to the contrary, God has been at work among His people. Between fifty and sixty have professed conversion, about forty of whom have joined on probation. The preaching has been plain, simple and pointed, and in accordance with the doctrines and Discipline of the church. * * * Without exception, every aged member in our church has rejoiced to see the return of the days of Wesleyan Methodism, with its uncompromising and earnest spirit.

"When Brother Roberts came among us, our Sunday noon class numbered fifteen; now the average attendance is from seventy-five to eighty. Our prayer-meetings and our week evening class-meetings, and they occur every night in the week at various points on the charge, have been better sustained through haying and harvesting, and have been more interesting than for years past. The Sunday school has also reached a point in attendance and interest never before attained in its history. There are scores in the church today, who feel to thank God for having sent him among us."

The fires of persecution still burned. The Regency in the Genesee Conference avowed that they would crush out Nazaritism, which meant in plain language, "the holiness movement." It is little wonder that pious men should revolt at the secret, underhanded method employed, and at the shameful procedure of branding a godly preacher with "immoral conduct" and publicly broadcasting the impression that he was guilty of base iniquity.

George Estes, an intelligent and influential layman of Brockport, during the year republished the article on "New School Methodism," together with an account of the trial. This pamphlet, which was widely circulated, was published at Mr. Estes' expense and without the knowledge of Mr. Roberts.

In the trial every legitimate request as demanded, both by law and fairness, was refused. Mr. Roberts had Rev. B. O. Ives of the Oneida Conference present as his counsel, but the bishop ruled that counsel from another conference was not allowable. A change of venue to another conference was asked but denied. A trial before a jury consisting of a small number of men who would have to take personal responsibility for their decision, rather than before the whole conference where men could hide behind numbers, was asked but that also was denied.

The trial proceeded. Mr. Estes gave the following testimony: "Brother Roberts had nothing to do with publishing or assisting in publishing the document under consideration, to my knowledge, and I presume I know. He had nothing to do with the writing of the part that bears my name: I do not know that he had any knowledge that its publication was intended; he never gave his consent that the part entitled 'New School Methodism' should be published by me, or anyone else, to my knowledge; he was never responsible in whole or in part; he never contributed anything to the payment of its publication, to my knowledge. * * * I never forwarded or caused to be forwarded, any of them to Brother Roberts; I never gave him any personally; I do not know of any one giving or forwarding him any. I never gave orders to any one to forward Brother Roberts any, to my knowledge."

The evidence clearly absolved the accused. Yet fearing a vote of acquittal if the ballot should be taken that night the Regency faction moved an adjournment, held another *secret* session in order to coerce those who were doubtful, and came into the sitting of the conference in the morning with the necessary majority to expel the defendant from the conference and the church—for an offense which he had not committed.

Rev. C. D. Burlingham, a minister in good standing in the Genesee Conference, summed up the trials of Roberts in 1857 and 1858 in the following pungent language (Outline History, p. 40): "It is a notorious fact that those verdicts are not based on *testimony proving criminal acts or words*. Several who voted with, and others who sympathize with the 'majority,' have said, 'Well, if the charges were not sustained by sufficient proof, the conference served them right, for they are great agitators and promoters of disorder and fanaticism.' There you have it. Men tried for one thing and condemned for another. What iniquitous jurisprudence will not such a principle cover? Why not try them for promoting disorder and fanaticism? Because the failure of such an effort to convict would have been the certain result."

While the trial was in progress, the accused was twice honored by the conference. They adjourned the trial one day to hold a funeral service in memory of Rev. William C. Kendall, who had died during the year, and B. T. Roberts was unanimously elected to preach the sermon, although two bishops were present. Again by unanimous vote he was appointed to preside at the anniversary of the American Bible Society—all while lying under the charge of "immoral and unchristian conduct." Roberts caustically observes, "Was this in imitation of the old idolators who first crowned with garlands their victims they were about to sacrifice; or was it rather the natural homage which men often instinctively pay to those whom they know to be right, even while they persecute them?"

Upon essentially the same charges—the circulation of the Estes pamphlet—Rev. Joseph McCreery was tried and expelled from the church. An account of his trial is given in full in "Why Another Sect," p. 179ff. Both ministers appealed to the General Conference.

Pending their appeals to General Conference, a period of two years elapsed in which persecution grew more intense and outrages were perpetrated against God-fearing Methodists which are almost unthinkable in this age. We give the picture painted by Rev. Elias Bowen, in his "History of the Origin of the Free Methodist Church": "The spirit of persecution, already inflamed against the so-called Nazarites, became rampant and burst forth with a violence which threatened their universal and speedy extirpation. The madness of Saul of Tarsus in persecuting the saints of his time, even unto strange cities, scarcely exceeded the rage with which the living portion of the church were hunted down by the secret society, worldly-minded, apostate majority of the conference during this period. The truly faithful, without respect to age, sex, or condition, were brought before inquisitorial committees; and large numbers, lay and clerical, were hustled out of the church in some way, or forced into the leading-strings of the dominant party. It was, indeed, a 'Reign of Terror.' Ridicule, disfranchisement, sham trial, and various other contrivances, well-known to the order of the Jesuits, were put under contribution for the crushing out of the life and power of religion; and widespread desolation, as the result of these outrageous persecutions, was seen to pervade the conference throughout all its borders."

Laymen's Convention

The unfair expulsion of Roberts and McCreery and the widespread persecution of those laymen who stood by the original standards of Methodism called forth wide publicity in both the religious and secular press. General condemnation was voiced against the Genesee Conference and against the violent methods pursued by the followers of the Regency party throughout the bounds of the conference. In order to check these oppressive measures the laymen of the conference called a Laymen's Convention at Albion, New York, December 1, 1858. This idea originated with Isaac M. Chesbrough at Pekin, an outstanding citizen, a man of highest integrity and wide experience in practical affairs, a pious man and a loyal Methodist.

When the convention assembled, one hundred and ninety-five delegates from forty-seven circuits answered the roll-call. The dignified character of the convention is self-evident from the able resolutions which were adopted.

After logically delineating the unjust and undisciplinary procedure in expelling faithful ministers from the church, they urged the laymen not to leave the church. We quote from the resolutions of the convention: We trust that none will think of leaving the church, but let us all stand by and apply the proper and legitimate remedy for the shameless outrages that have been perpetrated under the forms of justice. . . . We recommend Rev. B. T. Roberts and Rev. J. McCreery to travel at large and labor as opportunity presents, for promoting the work of God and the salvation of souls."

Meanwhile the Genesee Conference in their desperation to crush any who would even sympathize with their expelled brethren passed resolutions to arrest the character of any preacher for merely attending a service held by one of the expelled preachers. Accordingly six preachers in the conference were ecclesiastically beheaded upon the elusive charge of "contumacy."

SECOND AND THIRD LAYMEN'S CONVENTIONS

A second Laymen's Convention was held in the Baptist Church in Albion, N. Y. November 1 and 2, 1859. A masterful "Declaration" was adopted condemning the expulsion of ministers on the charge of "contumacy." Resolutions were passed providing for the gathering of those who were oppressed by the misrule of the church into bands in order that they would not be scattered and lost to the church and that "regular and systematic efforts be made by band collections and subscriptions to secure an adequate support for our brethren in the ministry."

A third Laymen's Convention, largely attended, was held at Olean, N. Y. February 12, 1860. Resolutions, signed by fifteen hundred devout members of the Methodist Church, appealing to the General Conference in the case of the expulsion of the ministers from the Genesee Conference were passed. When the General Conference refused to entertain these appeals, B. T. Roberts said, "I appeal to God and the people." This was an open violation of the constitution of the church which declares: "They (General Conference) shall not do away with the privileges of our ministers or preachers of trial by a committee and of an appeal." The hearing of an appeal was not optional but mandatory. The refusal to hear an appeal was equivalent to saying there was no court of appeals in the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

Upon the advice of able ministers in the church the expelled preachers humbly united with the church on probation and received exhorters' licenses; but it was decided by an official of the church that they were not even probationary members of the

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* A full discussion of these questions will be found in "Why Another Sect," by B. T. Roberts.

Methodist Episcopal Church. In order to make plain that he was declaring the gospel message on his own responsibility, without church credentials, Roberts published the following in the *Northern Independent:* "Our excellent Discipline specifies as among the fruits of desire, 'instructing, reproving and exhorting all we have intercourse with.' This, then, is what I am doing. The Lord has opened wide a door into which I have entered. I disclaim all authority from man, but simply 'instruct, reprove, exhort' because I believe He has called me to it, and He blesses me in it."

The labors of Roberts were signally blessed of the Lord in his continuous preaching and traveling over a wide area. Meanwhile, the fires of persecution waxed hotter and hotter. For example, Rev. Rufus Cooley, a venerable minister, had his character arrested before the annual conference for praying in a private house with Roberts after his expulsion; while laymen were expelled merely for attending the laymen's convention or refusing to bow to the demands of the "Regency." In open violation of the Discipline, all right of appeal was denied these godly laymen. Thomas B. Catton, a man of intelligence and noble character, was summoned to "show cause why he should not be expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church." Whoever heard that a citizen in a state court should show cause why he should not be sent to the penitentiary?

Organization of the Free Methodist Church

The premises set forth in Roberts' "New School Methodism" could never have created such an agitation within the Methodist Church if they had not been true; and the action of the General Conference inevitably committed the entire denomination precisely to what Roberts called it, "New School Methodism." It marked a line of cleavage in the church and produced "an epoch indeed in the history of Methodism; since it involves nothing less than a radical change in the system; a change which supersedes the Methodism of Wesley—'Christianity in earnest'—and replaces it with a smooth, formal, fashionable religion whose very insignia and watchword is popularity" (Bowen, "Origin of the Free Methodist Church," p. 227).

Here was a body of devout preachers illegally thrust out from the church of their choice not because they had rebelled against the laws of the church and taught strange doctrine but because they were faithful to their vows as Methodist ministers. Hundreds of laymen of sterling character were likewise thrust out of the church without even the form of a trial, for no other cause than expressing sympathy for these preachers. For some time the ministers had been informally organizing "Bands" of these expelled "pilgrims." They were all Methodists by conviction and by choice. The only logical course was to organize a church upon the original foundations of primitive Methodism. Accordingly, the following call for a convention was issued: "A convention will be held at Pekin for the purpose of adopting a Discipline of the Free Methodist Church, to commence at the close of the camp-meeting, August 23. All societies and bands that find it necessary, in order to promote the prosperity and permanency of the work of holiness, to organize a Free Church on the following basis, are invited to send delegates:

"1. Doctrines and usages of primitive Methodism, such as the witness of the Spirit, entire sanctification as a state of grace distinct from justification, attainable instantaneously by faith; free seats and congregational singing, without instrumental music in all cases; plainness of dress.

"2. An equal representation of ministers and members in all the councils of the church.

"3. No slave-holding and no connection with secret, oath-bound societies.

"Each society or band will be entitled to send one delegate at least, and an additional one for every forty members."

According to the account of B. T. Roberts, "About eighty laymen and fifteen preachers met in convention at Pekin, New York, on August 23, 1860, to take into consideration the adoption of a Discipline for the 'Free Methodist Church' " (*Earnest Christian,* September, 1860). S. K. J. Chesbrough, upon whose father's farm the camp meeting was held, gives this realistic touch concerning the organization of the church: "Before the convention was called, B. T. Roberts and several others came together under an apple tree right back of our kitchen. I sat in the kitchen door looking at them. They were nearly all seated on the ground under the tree, and it was voted that they proceed to organize the church. They then arose and went over into the grove, where the convention was held and the child was born and named."

The doctrines incorporated in the Discipline as adopted were those accepted by original Methodism throughout the world. Two articles were added—taken from Wesley's writings and thoroughly Methodistic—one on entire sanctification and one on future rewards and punishments. Instead of a bishopric of life tenure was substituted a superintendency (the name has since changed to bishop), elective for a period of four years. In order to escape from the abuse of ecclesiastical oppression such as was experienced in the mother church, equal lay representation with the ministry was established in the annual and general conferences.

As to the name "Free Methodist" we quote from Rev. Moses N. Downing, one of the members of the convention which organized the church: "God permitted closing the doors of the Church of England to the Wesleys that they might go hither and thither to 'spread Scriptural holiness over these lands.' So God mercifully overruled the oppressive measures of the Genesee Conference and caused them to result in the organization of a Free Methodist Church, with free seats in all her houses of worship, free from exclusive choir singing; free from instruments of music in divine worship; free from worldly methods of supporting the gospel; free from worldliness in dress; free from the use of intoxicating beverages; free from tobacco and opium habits by ministers and laymen; free from membership in oath-bound secret lodges; free from a worldly, fun-loving, dancing, card-playing and theatre-going membership; a church free to follow Christ according to the Scriptures; where the freedom of the Holy Spirit is allowed in religious worship; where the gospel can be preached in all its purity with none to say nay."

There was one man who should logically be chosen head of the new denomination—Rev. B. T. Roberts. He was elected the first General Superintendent and was re-elected at each General Conference until his death in 1893.

At the same camp meeting, three days after the adoption of the Discipline, on Sunday, August 26, 1860, at Pekin, New York, the first society of the Free Methodist Church was organized. Of this occasion S. K. J. Chesbrough writes, "I well remember the Sunday after the organization when my wife and eighteen others answered the questions of the Discipline which Brother B. T. Roberts had written on a piece of paper, and formed the first Free Methodist class ever organized under the Discipline."

As the "bands" which had been formed by those thrust out of the Methodist Church began to join the Free Methodist Church a demand arose for the organization of conferences. Accordingly, the first convention (now the Genesee Conference), known as the Eastern Convention, was held at Rushford, New York, November 8, 1860. Sixteen preachers and thirteen lay delegates were enrolled. (A detailed account of the development of the various conferences of the church will be found in Hogue's "History of the Free Methodist Church.") From these small beginnings the church has grown until today it extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, embracing thirty-nine conferences in the United States and four in Canada. Its missionary activities encircle the globe, carrying the gospel of full salvation to Japan, China, India, Africa, Panama, Mexico, South America and the islands of the sea; its educational program includes eight institutions of learning besides Christian day schools of varying rank; its organized charities are expressed in a number of benevolent institutions, and its Publishing House is pouring forth a volume of wholesome literature from its splendid modern plant at Winona Lake, Indiana. The appeal of B. T. Roberts "to God and the people" has not been in vain.

B. T. Roberts and the pioneers who founded the Free Methodist Church were men of sound culture themselves and were strong advocates of Christian education. Six years after the organization of the church in 1866, Roberts bent his energies to the founding of a school at North Chili, New York, a beautiful village ten miles from Rochester. Having no resources at hand, he opened the school in his own home with himself and Miss Delia Jeffries as the teaching staff. A year later he bought the old town tavern in whose ballroom was housed the infant educational project until a suitable building could be erected. In 1869, after three years of strenuous labor, the first building erected for Christian education in the Free Methodist Church was dedicated in the midst of great rejoicing.

The purchase of the site of the school reads like a romance and at the same time reveals the depth of sacrifice made in founding the Seminary. For several years Roberts had been secretly desirous of purchasing a certain farm in North Chili as the location for the new school. In 1866 this farm was put up for sale. The proprietor was invited to Roberts' home in Rochester and remained overnight. In order to consummate the transaction, Roberts had to give his own home in Rochester as the first payment. This the owner refused to accept. Before retiring for the night he said to his wife: "We must pray the Lord to influence him to take this house, and we must pray earnestly, for if he does not, this matter must fall through." They did pray earnestly and God answered—the owner who refused the terms offered at night, promptly accepted them in the morning. Such was the faith of Roberts in the educational project that he bought this farm himself although he had to assume a mortgage of ten thousand dollars.

For almost twenty years he carried the heavy burden of this mortgage until 1884, when the Seminary received from the estate of the late A. M. Chesbrough a legacy of $30,000.00, "with the provision that the farm on which the school was situated be purchased for the institution and the balance be invested in good securities, the income from farm and investment perpetually to be used for the aid of indigent students." The name of the school was changed to "The A. M. Chesbrough Seminary."

In 1890 a fire utterly destroyed the commodious building which housed the activities of the school. However, the institution did not close but transferred its students to the homes of the community and carried on its instruction in the church. Undaunted by the loss of the fire, the faith and arduous toil of the founders were rewarded by the dedication two years later of two good buildings—Roberts Hall and Cox Memorial Hall.

For a quarter of a century Benson H. Roberts, assisted by his gifted wife, Emma Sellew Roberts, carried on the work so nobly begun by his father. Later a splendid new building was added to the campus, named "Carpenter Hall" in memory of Adella P. Carpenter who sacrificingly gave her life as a teacher in the school. Junior college work was also added to the curriculum of studies.

The next step in the progress of the school was its rechartering as a full-fledged college under the name of Roberts Wesleyan College with power to grant degrees. Its work is duly accredited by the state of New York. The latest addition to its facilities is "Pearce Hall" named in honor of Bishop Pearce. This splendid building of brick and stone furnishes an auditorium seating eight hundred for chapel services in addition to a large number of class rooms.

Roberts' main objective was to found an institution which would train and furnish spiritual leadership in the newborn denomination. And in this his expectations have been amply fulfilled.

Through the passing years the school has sent from its hallowed halls several hundred preachers, teachers, missionaries and Christian workers to bless the world to its uttermost bounds.

Time is the impartial arbiter of human affairs; it touches with firm and certain hand the movements of history and the memories of men. With the passing of the years many men considered great silently drift back to their level among the rank and file. As the creatures of circumstance upon whom the plaudits of their fellows fall, they pass from view when the plaudits cease. In contrast are those who are the creators of circumstance, who courageously turn against the popular tide to dare and do for God and humanity, who shape the affairs of their own generation and become the far-visioned prophets of a new day. Of this type it may be said, "Their works do follow them," and the passing decades crown them with the unfading laurel.

At the unveiling of the monument dedicated to B. T. Roberts in 1912 at North Chili, New York, Bishop Hogue appropriately said: "We are assembled today to do honor to the memory of a great man. Nearly twenty years have passed since he left the scene of earthly action, and during those two decades his greatness has become more and more apparent to those who have watched the trend of affairs which he, during his lifetime, set in motion. We knew he was a great man while he lived with us and wrought among us, but we did not know the measure of his greatness as we know it now. * * * The distance of twenty years from those stirring events, in the midst of which he lived and was the principal actor, lends a perspective to his life which gives us a juster conception of its influence and worth to the world.

"Men like Benjamin Titus Roberts are never adequately appreciated by the generation in which they live. There is too much of the prophetic in them to admit of their being understood and estimated at their true worth. They live so far in advance of their contemporaries that they are usually misunderstood and regarded as enthusiasts and visionaries. No generation can properly estimate its great men. A just verdict of their worth must ever await succeeding generations."

In 1910, seventeen years after Roberts had gone to his reward, the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Church, acknowledging the error of its course, publicly restored the ministerial credentials of Roberts to his son, the Rev. Benson H. Roberts. The Genesee Conference of the Methodist Church requested the Genesee Conference of the Free Methodist Church to send a fraternal delegate to its next session in Rochester, New York, for the purpose of receiving these credentials. His son was fittingly chosen as delegate from the Free Methodist Church. He was cordially welcomed by the Methodist Conference and in reply made a most felicitous address which was from every point of view worthy of his staunch and illustrious father. This magnanimously closed the last official act in the turbulent drama of the previous generation.

It is not often that superlative gifts as a preacher and a writer are both combined in the same personality. Most writers of the first order are not forceful speakers. Bishop Roberts was equally strong in both fields. He wielded a mighty pen and was also a powerful, pungent preacher.

In the formation of the Free Methodist Church his gifted pen played an important part. The book of Discipline, the constitution of the church, was the product of his craftsmanship, while he took the leading part in fashioning the first hymn book of the new-born denomination.

For the purpose of instructing preachers and Christian workers how more successfully to carry on the work of the Lord, he wrote "Fishers of Men, or Practical Hints to Those Who Would Save Souls." The book abounds in practical instruction, cast in such pithy and pointed language that it grips the reader from the first to the last page. As a workers' handbook to stimulate deeper personal piety and increased effort in soul-winning, it is unsurpassed. Its language is as clear and lucid as the daylight.

In order to give to the world the truth regarding the origin of the Free Methodist Church, he published "Why Another Sect." It is a dignified polemic, giving the causes leading to the organization of the church in vigorous language yet without bitterness.

He was a pioneer in the field of woman's rights. In the face of strong opposition and personal unpopularity, he advocated the admission of women into the ministry on the same basis as the men. His reasons are ably set forth in his volume, "Ordaining Women."

Through his editorial writing he wielded a far-reaching influence. In 1860 he founded the *Earnest Christian*, and for thirty-three years, until his death in 1893, this high-class monthly magazine, set for the defense of righteousness, reforms and the doctrine of holiness, was without a superior in the range of Christian literature in America.

When the General Conference in 1886 purchased *The Free Methodist,* which had been previously published as a private enterprise, he was prevailed upon to take the editorship. For four years he cheerfully assumed this added burden, giving to the paper his ripened experience as a successful editorial writer and publisher.

From his editorial writings two valuable volumes have been compiled—"Holiness Teachings" and "Pungent Truths." Both are treasuries of spiritual truth, elaborated in his chaste diction resembling that of John Wesley. In addition his literary labors include a treatise entitled "First Lessons in Sound Money," and numerous tracts upon various religious subjects.

Of his literary style Bishop Pearce gives this apt description: "His diction was beautiful, but not showy; his sentences terse and strong, but not abrupt; his meaning without ambiguity—absolutely clear. His mind was so accurate, and so well disciplined, that the first draft of his writing was usually the final. He was a man of God because he was a true disciple of Christ, meek, loving and pure. The spirit of the Master shone through all his words and gave grace to his literary style."

Although a man of robust physique, his arduous literary work in addition to his heavy responsibilities as bishop doubtless shortened his life. Like John Wesley, he was a constant itinerant, traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific and preaching incessantly. On his way to hold a quarterly meeting at Cattaraugus, New York, he was taken with a heart attack but insisted he would recover as on several previous occasions. Stricken with severe pains around the heart, he knelt upon his couch in prayer. As he voiced the words, "Praise the Lord! Amen!" the silver cord was loosed and his spirit took its flight to the gateway of eternal day.

It is fitting to close this sketch with a tribute from the pen of W. T. Hogue, his intimate friend for many years: "In him were combined the qualities of true greatness. He was characterized by profundity without mysticism; by breadth without compromise; by sublimity without conceit or bombast; by genius without egotism; by zeal without fury; by imperialism without tyranny; by tenacity without stubbornness; by fearlessness without rashness; and by executive force without the vehemence of Jehu. He possessed and exhibited many qualities of mind and heart rarely found in one man. Providence seems to have made special molds in which to cast him and to have broken them when he was cast, so that a duplicate is impossible.

"Nature bestowed upon him many of his rarest gifts. He was a man of strong physique and robust health; of vigorous personality and indomitable energy; of intellectual keenness and strength, combined to a high degree of conscientiousness; of the finest sensibilities united with all the noble characteristics of large-hearted manhood. In fact, he was, by nature, what we rarely find—a symmetrical man.

"The chief secret of power in Benjamin Titus Roberts, however, was the genuineness, depth and thoroughness of his Christian experience. Like Paul he was wont to say, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' He was clearly converted in early manhood. He was wholly sanctified a few years later. He was clearly and definitely called to preach the gospel. * * * He never took back any part of the price. He never left his first love. He kept the dew of youth upon him to the last. He lived in the Spirit and walked in the Spirit. He communed with God. He prevailed in prayer. He maintained the freedom of the Spirit. He carried so much of the atmosphere of heaven with him that saints were always refreshed and sinners awed and rebuked by his presence. * * *

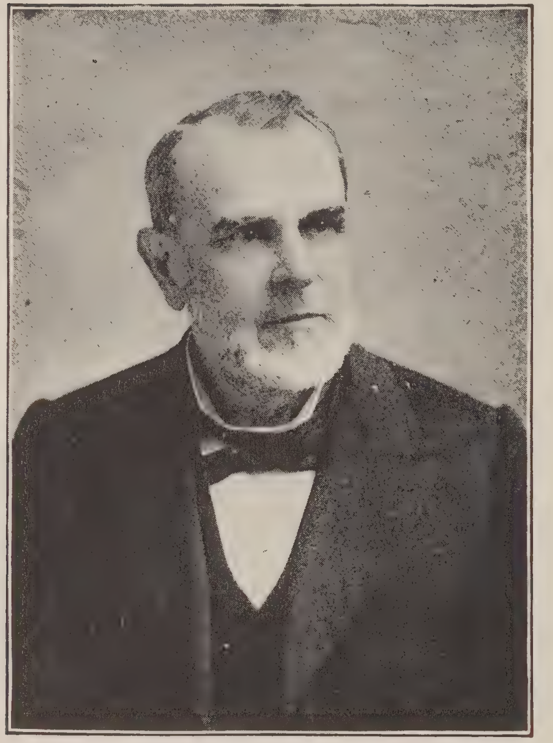
"The simplicity of his aim and the guilelessness of his heart wrought in him that unaffected childlikeness of spirit which gave a peculiar charm to his personality, and made all who loved true goodness to feel at ease in his presence. So great were the simplicity and purity of his own character that it was well-nigh impossible for him to believe any one else corrupt. Hence the leniency of his judgment concerning others and the accusation sometimes made against him, that he leaned too much to the side of the accused. Those who knew him best bear the strongest testimonials to the simplicity of his character, the tenderness of his heart and the generosity of his nature. I always felt humble in the presence of his unaffected simplicity.

"Brother Roberts was one of the most humble men I ever met. He fulfilled the injunction, 'Be clothed with humility,' both in the letter and in the spirit."

Edward Payson Hart

DANIEL WEBSTER'S TRIBUTE TO THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

"The ministers of Christianity, departing from Asia Minor, traversing Asia, Africa, and Europe, to Iceland, Greenland and the poles of the earth, suffering all things, enduring all things, raising men everywhere from the ignorance of idol worship to the knowledge of the true God, and everywhere bringing life and immortality to light through the gospel, have only been acting in obedience to the divine instruction; they were commanded to go forth, and they have gone forth, and they still go forth. They have sought and they still seek, to be able to preach the gospel to every creature under the whole heaven. And where was Christianity ever received, where were its truths ever poured into the human heart, where did its waters, springing up into everlasting life, ever burst forth, except in the track of a Christian ministry? Did we ever hear of an instance, does history record an instance, of any part of the globe Christianized by lay preachers, or 'lay teachers'? And ascending from kingdoms and empires to cities and countries, to parishes and villages, do we not all know, that wherever Christianity has been carried, and wherever it has been taught, by human agency, that agency was the agency of ministers of the gospel."



EDWARD PAYSON HART
Bishop 1874-1911

II

Edward Payson Hart

The scene is laid in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Marengo, Illinois, in the year 1858. A far-famed evangelist, original both in his preaching and in his method of conducting his meetings, is beginning his first service. The church is packed to the doors. A young man who could find no place in the pews makes his way through the congregation and takes his seat on the steps of the pulpit. The strange preacher arises and announces his opening hymn beginning with the words,

> "Am I a soldier of the cross,
> A follower of the Lamb
> And shall I fear to own His cause
> Or blush to speak His name?"

At the end of each line with rising inflection he repeats the words, "Am I?" Silently it seems as though each individual in the audience is putting the question to his own conscience—"Am I?" A feeling of God-presence makes his utterance in prayer almost oppressive with divine awe. When his steady voice utters the text, "And holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord," to the young man on the pulpit steps it seems like the voice of eternity. Beginning in quiet, serious tone, he develops this tremendous statement of divine truth by laying as a foundation of his discourse the nature and necessity of scriptural holiness. Then rising in the scale of earnestness he lays down with incisive clearness the price that must be paid and the conditions which must be met in order to obtain this experience. Rising higher and higher, he reaches his climax by giving outstanding examples of the mighty power of this baptism upon the lives of men in his own ministry. For almost an hour this "son of thunder" holds his audience spellbound under the outpouring of divine truth. As the young man sitting on the steps of the pulpit gazes in amazement at the speaker propounding the conditions which must be met in the attainment of this state of grace, he continually says within himself, "That has never entered into my estimate of religion."

The evangelist was Dr. Redfield; the young man on the steps of the pulpit was Edward Payson Hart. Doctor Redfield, a physician and licensed local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was one of the leading characters in promoting the great revival of holiness in western New York which culminated in the birth of Free Methodism. In Hart's "Reminiscences of Early Free Methodism" we find this description of him: "He was a man of a very sensitive, retiring nature, but in his pulpit ministrations, under the baptism of the Spirit, his appeals and flights of eloquence at times were almost unearthly. The awakening on the subject of scriptural holiness, which invariably characterized the labors of Doctor Redfield, resulted in the formation of the Free Methodist Church."

In his "Reminiscences" (p. 14) Hart gives this characteristic snapshot of his first close contact with Redfield: "Doctor Redfield was entertained at my father's house. On our return from the meeting he and I were alone in the sitting room, when, turning to me, he inquired, 'How did you like the meeting tonight?' I rather hesitatingly answered, 'Oh, very well—a good deal of noise.' The doctor said, 'The noise did not hurt you, did it?' I replied, 'No; but there were some persons there whom I thought might not like it.' Suddenly he said, 'Young man, has God Almighty made you ear-inspector-general of this town?' As meekly as I could I answered, 'No, sir.' "

Shakespeare said, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." It was highly fitting that Redfield should be entertained in the Hart home, for it was through their influence that the Doctor came to Marengo. After the local pastor had started a revival, his health failed and the church was in search of someone to continue the meetings. One night Father Hart, the class leader of the church, dreamed that he saw Doctor Redfield coming down the aisle of the church. He had never seen Redfield but had heard Mrs. Hart describe him as an unusual evangelist whom she had heard years before in Vermont. As Father Hart told his dream to some members of the church, one replied that there was a Doctor Redfield who had held meetings at St. Charles. Correspondence revealed the fact that he was then holding meetings at Elgin, Illinois. Since Mrs. Hart was acquainted with him, she was sent to Elgin to invite him to Marengo. The evangelist agreed to come on condition that he would be allowed, without interference, to conduct the revival in his own way. Although the pastor vigorously opposed this demand, the members finally prevailed upon him to allow Redfield to have full charge.

A far-reaching revival followed. As the members of the church obtained the experience of holiness, conviction spread throughout the community and into the country for miles in every direction. Men of all walks of life were converted, from professional men to saloonkeepers. The depth of the revival was evidenced by closing up every saloon in Marengo. It was a common thing to hear men at the close of the services shouting "Glory! Hallelujah!" as they journeyed homeward. Many demonstrations of divine power attended these meetings. Mother Lawrence, a veritable saint, would continually shout "Amen" in her own peculiar way while the evangelist was preaching. Some of the members of the Methodist Church, wishing to keep the services dignified so as not to offend the Baptists and Presbyterians, tried to silence her amens. As a result the old lady told the doctor she thought she had better go home. "Oh, don't go," said Redfield, "don't go; we can't spare you—we need at least one fog-splitter here."

The spiritual momentum of this revival was so great that a daily, five-o'clock prayer meeting was held in the church for over a year. Doctor Redfield pronounced this revival the most thorough and perfect work in all his labors. While young Hart did not seek the Lord, this meeting set the standard of religious work for the rest of his life.

In his characteristic style he gives the following account of his conversion*: "The winter following the meeting by Dr. Redfield at Marengo, I was convicted of my need of salvation. I concluded I must be saved at any cost. In my desperation I went one day to the office of my young friend, the lawyer. I was so convicted I could not keep back the tears, and he, noticing my agitation, inquired the cause. I said to him, 'Henry, it has come to this. I can go on as I am going, fill a drunkard's grave, and go to a drunkard's hell, or I can give my heart to God, live to some purpose, die happy, and gain heaven;' then added, 'and Henry, I shall do just as you say.' He was a professed infidel; but with a good deal of earnestness, he replied quickly, 'Why get religion, of course.' I replied, 'That settles it.'

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* Reminiscences of Early Free Methodism, p. 28.

"That evening at the meeting at the church, I made my way to the altar and sought God in the pardon of my sins. I prayed earnestly, and Brother Wood, a local preacher, with others held on to God for me. Directly it seemed as if a single ray of sunlight streamed into my soul; rather faintly I said, 'Hallelujah.' The local preacher, thrusting his hand through the altar railing, grasped mine and at the top of his voice shouted, 'Hallelujah!' The cloud broke, and from my heart I began to sing,

" 'This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.'

"From my earliest recollection a story had been told me, which, when I seriously thought of seeking God, would come up before me. The story was that when I was born my maternal grandmother, a good old New England Congregationalist, dedicated me to God and, naming me Edward Payson, said I would be a minister of the gospel. I settled that as I bowed at the altar in the church that night. Not only so, but tobacco, and all my bad habits left me as well. For weeks I shut myself up for study, and only as I went to and from the church appeared on the streets.

"After consulting with my pastor, I began to make preparation to go to a school of the prophets over on Lake Michigan and get fitted up to preach. About three weeks after my conversion I went one day to an afternoon meeting, feeling all through my soul, I had lived up to the grace I had received; something more must be done for me. In speaking, I told the brethren and sisters just how I felt. Mother Cobb, one of God's D. D.'s jumped to her feet and exclaimed, 'The young man needs the experience of entire sanctification.' I had seen a great many in Dr. Redfield's meetings seeking the experience. I had seen their tears, witnessed their earnestness, and heard their groans; and, starting down the aisle to the altar, I made up my mind, 'If tears and groans and cries will bring it, I will have it.' Falling on my knees with hands uplifted I began to cry out, 'O Lord, sanctify me! sanctify me!' When the Holy Spirit, seemingly to get my attention, began to whisper in my heart, 'See here! See here! You know God has called you to preach the gospel.' 'Oh, yes,' I replied, 'I have settled that'; and then, as if the Holy Spirit was to be put off with strong crying and tears, again I cried, 'O Lord, sanctify me! sanctify me!' when as the Holy Spirit for a little gained my attention again he said, 'You know God has called you to preach the gospel. Will you start out just as you are, and trust God for the qualifications?'

I thought it over for awhile. It looked to me like a failure; but I said, 'Yes, Lord, you must take the responsibility; I'll do the best I can.'

"Then came the suggestion, 'But suppose the Lord should call you to leave your friends and home and native land, to go perhaps to leave your bones to bleach on the burning sands of Africa, will you go?' As these tests were brought to bear on my heart I saw God was not to be put off with strong crying and tears, but demanded unconditional surrender. I cried, 'Yes, Lord, I'll go anywhere, be anything, or do anything, only cleanse me.' Just then the faith took hold in appropriating power and 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding' took possession of my soul. I arose from my knees and said, 'Brethren and sisters, I have been so honest in consecrating myself that I dare stand before God in judgment this moment.' I knew that I was all given up, and I knew that God knew I was. I looked at myself as best I could from head to foot and said, 'I am God's man.' Three days after I went to an afternoon meeting. They were having a season of prayer. I knelt at a front seat. The suggestion came that I should pray. Then the thought came, 'If you do, the people sitting in the back of the church will look you right in the face'; but I said, 'I am God's man,' and opened my mouth to pray; but before I could utter a word down came the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. God fulfilled to me the promise, 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear'; and for several hours I could do nothing but shout the praises of God.

"Just at dusk I returned home. Standing at the gate at my father's house were three men. I at once recognized them as Methodist brethren from a near-by neighborhood over north called the Burr Oaks. They said, 'We have been trying to hold a meeting in our schoolhouse, but we have not been able to get a preacher to help us.' I replied, 'The Lord willing, I will be there next Thursday night.' I went, and have been going ever since. 'What think ye of Christ?' were the first words from which I ever attempted to preach.

"When I was converted I was secretary to a lodge of Freemasons. All my surroundings were favorable to Masonry. The next day after I was converted, a prominent church member who was a Mason said to me, 'A man needs to be a Christian in order to understand Masonry.' But I never entered a lodge but once after my conversion, and went then to pay in some money that

I as secretary had in my hands. Not that I was prejudiced against the order, or had any light that it was wrong. I did not care to attend. The impulses of a regenerated heart are sometimes in advance of light in the understanding."

Immediately he began to exercise his gifts, exhorting and preaching wherever he found an open door. In the fall of 1859, the presiding-elder of the Rockford District presented his name to the annual conference, and without being present or passing any examination he was received on trial in the Rock River Conference. His first appointment was as junior preacher on the Lynnville circuit near Rockford, Illinois. Of the preacher in charge he gives this description: "The old gentleman was slow and prosy and like the bones of Ezekiel's vision, very dry. I was full of zeal, in fact had a good deal more zeal than judgment." In the revival held that winter, he and the senior pastor would preach each week alternately. The converts under Hart's ministry were quite fiery and demonstrative. Their demonstrations annoyed the senior preacher, who would tell the people that an empty wagon always made the most noise. On Hart's round, as a counteractive, he would tell them if they would load up with the world, the flesh, and the devil, their carts would not make any noise.

In the meantime, the laymen's camp meeting at St. Charles was starting on its historic career under the leadership of Dr. Redfield. Stopping over night at his home en route, his father, a staunch Methodist, offered him one hundred dollars if he would not go among these "Redfieldites" who were reported to be noisy and boisterous and lacking in culture. He replied that he would go and investigate for himself. At first sight he was captured by the spiritual sweep of this mighty meeting. "Here for the first time," as he states in his Reminiscences, "I met Rev. B. T. Roberts. He was about thirty-seven years of age and in the prime of his manhood. With a Roman cast of countenance, high, full forehead surrounded with hair black as a raven's wing, I thought he was one of the finest looking men I had ever seen."

At this meeting another person came in contact with Rev. Edward P. Hart who was destined to cast a great influence over his life. One day, as the spirit of a love feast rose to high tide, Doctor Redfield cried out from the pulpit, "Mattie, sing 'Gideon.' " A young woman stepping into the aisle, began to sing with a clear voice:

"See Gideon marching out to fight,
See Gideon marching out to fight,
See Gideon marching out to fight,
He had no weapon but a light.
If you belong to Gideon's band,
Here's my heart and here's my hand;
We're fighting for a home."

Before the first verse was finished, a tidal wave of glory swept over the encampment.

This young lady was Mattie Bishop, whom Dr. Redfield first met in his revival at Marengo. A Methodist born and bred, she was attending a Presbyterian college in the town. Although converted several years before and consecrated to sacrificial service in the upholding of the church, she had never prayed in a public congregation. She had believed the suggestion of Satan that she had no gift for prayer and that she would disgrace the cause by a stammering failure if she should attempt to pray in public. During a testimony meeting following the first altar service, she told how eagerly she desired full salvation. Under divine guidance Dr. Redfield called upon her to lead in prayer. With a flash of new light upon her soul, she replied, "I never had religion enough to pray in a public congregation in my life, but I am going to tonight!" Casting herself at the altar, she earnestly prayed until the baptism of the Holy Spirit came upon her. Ever afterwards she was a power in prayer. It was this once timid girl who moved the camp with her song. In August, 1860, shortly after the close of the camp meeting, Mattie Bishop merged her life with Edward P. Hart to be a heaven-sent helpmeet, a power in song and exhortation, a companion of his labors to the end of the long road.

During this camp meeting the Western Laymen's Convention was held on a rail pile adjacent to the camp ground. This convention resulted in the organization of the Free Methodist Church in the West, and eventually became the Illinois Annual Conference. Since the work was all in a formative state, it was necessary for almost all of the preachers to raise up their own circuits. Hart reported to the convention that he felt obligated to remain on his charge until fall and then he would be ready to accept an appointment. At the close of the conference year he returned to his home in Marengo and notified his presiding-elder to discontinue his name. Taking his letter from the Methodist Church, he wrote to Aurora, where it was understood he was to be appointed, that he was prepared to come. By an unexpected turn of events, the door was closed and there was no prospect of work in sight. His parents, who were opposed to his leaving the Methodist Church, presented this as the certain evidence that he was out of divine order. In his perplexity, he and his wife after continued prayer decided they would enter the first open door. The presiding elder, on his return from conference, stopped at his father's house and reported that he would have a good circuit for him in a few weeks. It seemed for the moment that he had made a mistake and must retrace his steps.

The fall of 1860, when the muttering storm of the Civil War was about to break in its fury upon the land, was a time of intense political excitement. Senator Hale of New Hampshire was advertised to speak in the park at Marengo. On Hart's return after the address, he stopped at his father's store. Three men entered from Belvidere and announced that they had come to engage him to preach in their home town. Recognizing this, like Gideon of old with his fleece, as the first open door, one week from the following Sabbath he was preaching at Belvidere in a vacant Universalist church which had been rented by these earnest brethren. From that time forth he never had any question about the call of God to the Free Methodist Church, then in process of formation.

As soon as he had the work on his new field organized he sent for Dr. Redfield to assist in a revival. After the revival had continued a week, Dr. Redfield was stricken with paralysis and the active labors of this heroic soldier of the cross were over. He went to Marengo, where he died after lingering in a disabled condition for two years.

When preaching, the Doctor had a peculiar way of raising his right foot and as he put it down shouting, Hallelujah! Just as his breath was leaving his body, he drew up his foot in his characteristic way and, as some friends looking said, set it down in heaven. B. T. Roberts, who was providentially in the West at the time, was secured to preach the funeral sermon. On the stone marking his resting place in the cemetery at Marengo is inscribed this terse sentence underneath his name: "He was true to his motto—Fidelity to God."

This unique and powerful preacher had a greater influence than any other man upon those who became the founders of the Free Methodist Church. In the sweep of his influence are numbered B. T. Roberts, E. P. Hart, C. E. Harroun, Sr., J. G. Terrill, W. D. Bishop, J. W. Dake and I. H. Fairchilds, to say nothing of a host of laymen, "of whom the world was not worthy." So great was his name among the holiness followers in Illinois and adjacent parts that they were styled "Redfieldites," just as those in New York State were called "Nazarites." To those who would read the thrilling adventure of one of the great evangelists of the nineteenth century, we refer the reader to "The Life of Rev. John Wesley Redfield, M.D.," by J. G. Terrill.

The stamp of approval of God was upon the ministry of Edward Payson Hart from the beginning. His labors at Belvidere were crowned with the organization of a strong society and the purchasing of the unused Congregational church. The work at Belvidere being now well-established, it was turned over to James Matthews from the East.

This released the Rev. Mr. Hart to go to Marengo, where a Macedonian call came to raise up a new society. It was early summer and since they were not able to rent a hall, he held his services on the streets. As street meetings were new in that community, large crowds came from far and near to attend these novel services. With the backing thus secured, the Metropolitan Hall, the largest in the town, was rented. Later in the winter a lot was bought, and in the spring a new church was built. When they moved into the new church, the society numbered about one hundred members.

At the end of the year he was sent by the conference to St. Charles, Geneva, Batavia, Wheaton, etc. Mr. Hart in his "Reminiscences" states that he could never have cared for such an extensive circuit, had it not been for the splendid assistance given by the local preachers. The order of lay preachers, which was a bulwark of strength to Wesley in establishing Methodism, was likewise an indispensable aid in early Free Methodism. At this session of the conference held at Clintonville in 1861, at which he was sent to the St. Charles circuit, Mr. Hart was ordained deacon.

At the session of the conference at Aurora the following year, 1862, B. T. Roberts, president of the conference, told Brother Hart he had a letter from a man in Michigan calling for a preacher, and asked him if he would go. He replied, "If you say so and I can get there, I will go to the north pole." The conference sent him back to Marengo because the brethren there agreed to fill the appointments while he would go to Michigan for three months during the year.

The old friends welcomed him back to Marengo and he anticipated a pleasant year among them; but divine providence designed that the first quarter of the year spent there before his departure to Michigan would be the end of his pastoral labors in Illinois.

Mr. Roberts turned over to Mr. Hart the request from Michigan, with instructions to correspond with the writer, Rev. H. L. Jones, for the purpose of arranging for an evangelistic campaign. Plans were accordingly made to go to Mt. Ida, Michigan, on January 24. The providences of God leading up to the establishing of Free Methodism in Michigan read like a romance and "justifies the ways of God to men." We quote the following account from Hart's "Reminiscences."

"Some years prior to our arrival in the state, Father Jones and others, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church deploring the lack of spirituality, decided to organize a new denomination which they called The Methodist Episcopal Conformist Church—the word "conformist" being expressive of their determination to conform to the doctrines and disciplines of primitive Methodism. For a few years they met with success, and at one time in southeastern Michigan numbered some three or four hundred. But in every truly evangelical movement history repeats itself, and this little branch was soon called to encounter very bitter worldly and Satanic opposition, so that at the time of our advent into the state their membership was sadly diminished and Henry Jones was the only remaining preacher.

"A Free Methodist woman from Buffalo, New York, went to Michigan to visit her sister, a Mrs. Knoll, who was a member of the Conformist Church. The sister from Buffalo had a copy of the *Earnest Christian,* which at that time Brother Roberts was publishing in that city. Sister Knoll handed the periodical to Henry Jones, who read it carefully, and then wrote Brother Roberts for a copy of the Discipline. Having studied this with care, he wrote Brother Roberts, requesting him to send them a Free Methodist preacher. So, in this instance, as in many others, the *Earnest Christian* proved to be a John the Baptist and forerunner of our work, and from this beginning six or seven annual conferences with two or three hundred traveling preachers and a membership of over six thousand, have been added to our Zion."

Although arrangements had been made previously, no one was there to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hart upon their arrival at the little village of Ida. After inquiring at the country store, directions were given to the residence of Mr. Jones over a mile away. Picture the two pilgrims trudging along the country road, rough with ruts and covered with snow—he carrying the baggage and she the lunchbasket. Weary with the journey, they put down their luggage to rest. Little did this look like the beginning of our widespread work in the great state of Michigan. Reflecting on the unpropitious outlook, turning to his wife he said, "Mat, this looks rather dubious, doesn't it?" As if moved by a sudden inspiration, she seized the basket, started up the road and began to sing,

"While there's a track I'll never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all."

When they reached the Jones' home, they found it was the residence of his father and that his son, the Rev. H. L. Jones, who had gone to East Milan ten miles away to arrange for a quarterly meeting, would return and take them the next morning to that place. These persecuted saints in Michigan were pleased with the new preacher and with the discipline of the new church as publicly explained, and invited him to hold revival meetings with a view to organizing a church.

The following plan of campaign was decided upon by the Rev. Mr. Jones. Mr. Hart was sent to a place called Otter Creek where the brethren owned a church building which had not been used for a number of years. If the work could be resurrected, they would have the advantage of being in possession of a good church property. Mr. Jones began another meeting at the "Plues Schoolhouse," not far from Mt. Ida. If the revival at Plues Schoolhouse should be successful Mr. Hart would return and assist later. Since the revival meetings at the Otter Creek church proved a failure, Mr. Hart soon returned to Mt. Ida.

They then joined in the revival being conducted by Mr. Jones. The meetings were not going very strong and the prospects of success were not very promising. Besides, they had been away from home a month and were homesick to see their only child whom they left behind. Then there was a longing to return to the beautiful town in Illinois with its comfortable parsonage and church and its well-organized society of faithful saints. Accordingly, as he went to the Plues community, he decided that unless there should be some unusual indication of divine providence that would be his last attempt to raise up a work in Michigan and he would shortly return home. With this resolve firmly fixed, as he went to the schoolhouse that night he said to his wife, "Mat, tonight it is either make or break."

That night as he preached from the text, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight," the spirit of God moved mightily both upon the preacher and the people. They were held spell-bound as the preacher developed the solemn truth that the Lord comes to every man's life in one of two ways—either in salvation or damnation. When the altar call was given there was a break for the altar. Remarkable demonstrations of God's power followed in an outpouring of salvation. Among the seekers were the wife and daughters of John Plues.

A few days previous, while riding past a large farm house in the community, Mr. Jones made this pointed remark to Mr. Hart: "If the man living in that house should get saved, it would stir this whole community." John Plues was the man to whom he referred. Mr. Hart gives this description of him: "John Plues was a man of strong personality; tall, lank and bony, standing six feet four in his stocking feet. In his general appearance he reminded one strongly of the pictures of Abraham Lincoln. He was descended from an aristocratic English family."

Mrs. Plues and her daughters were seeking the Lord again the next night and were breaking through to victory. When they reached home that night, Mrs. Plues said to her husband, "John, I want to ask your forgiveness for any wrong I have ever done and I would like to read the Bible and pray before we retire." Angrily he replied, "I'll never forgive you and there shall be no reading the Bible and praying in this house." Then he added, "These preachers are not coming here to tell my family what to do. How do you know who this couple from Illinois are? Probably just off from some theatre boards. Why, I saw him give that woman the wink and she knew just what to do."

That night John Plues could not sleep thinking how meanly he had treated his wife. The arrow of conviction had pierced his heart. In agony he rolled and tossed upon his bed until at length he called to his wife, "Samantha, do you think those preachers would come and pray for me?" The answer came back, "Why, yes, John, and I'll pray for you, too."

At daybreak Mrs. Plues brought the preachers and the neighbor where they were entertained to pray with the seeking penitent. After a desperate struggle he was gloriously converted. As soon as forgiven, before arising from his knees a burden for his unsaved neighbors fell upon him and he cried out, "Oh, my neighbors! my neighbors! We must go and pray with my neighbors."

Immediately a system of personal evangelism was inspired by the Holy Spirit in the heart of the new convert. A procession of twelve or fifteen, led by John Plues and the preacher, went from house to house to pray with the people. Many were the remarkable conversions in the homes of the community. In one home where opposition was encountered, Mr. Plues in great earnestness exclaimed, "Mr. Hart, you pray! Mrs. Hart, you shout!" By shouting, as afterwards explained, he referred to the first meeting in the schoolhouse when every shout uttered by Sister Hart in prayer pierced his soul like a dagger. No little excitement was aroused as this praying band, increased in number by those who were just saved, moved from house to house. The conversion of John Plues was an important link in the chain of divine providence in establishing our work in Michigan. "As the sequel will show, it was the key to the train of providences by which thousands were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth."

Mr. Plues, with his Bible under his arm, visited homes for miles around. The schoolhouse was packed. The work widened and deepened until about one hundred were converted. Free Methodism was taking firm root in Michigan. As a result of this revival, a number of preachers were raised up who became efficient laborers in establishing the new denomination in the state.

After this revival had continued a month or more, Mr. Hart became anxious to return to his pastorate in Illinois. He was discussing with Mrs. Hart, in the Plues' home where they had been entertained since his conversion, his thought of advising the converts to join in some church while he would go back to Illinois. Just then Brother Plues came into the room and said, "Brother Hart, what are you going to do with us people?" He then repeated the suggestion he had just made to his wife. Turning to Mr. Hart, he said, "No, s-i-r; you have got us into this boat and you must see us through." The quick reply came from Mr. Hart, "By the grace of God we will, Brother Plues." Upon explaining the situation to General Superintendent Roberts, he sent back word, "Stay, by all means."

The Harts returned to Marengo, resigned the pastorate there, and prepared to return to Michigan. Amid the tears and protestations of the church, they turned their backs upon the comforts of a good parsonage with an assured support, to face the hardships of pioneering in Michigan. C. S. Gitchell, a student from Garrett Biblical Institute, took charge of the church at Marengo which he served most acceptably for several years. He then came to Michigan, where he became a great success in raising up new circuits and building new churches.

At the Plues' schoolhouse, a Free Methodist society of about fifty members was organized, the first in the state of Michigan. After the Harts' return to Michigan they spent the summer journeying here and there, holding services in schoolhouses or groves or wherever a door opened. We quote from "Reminiscences"; "We were now getting calls from every direction and, getting the loan of a buggy and harness from Brother Plues and a horse from Brother Atkinson, we started to spy out the land. We went from neighborhood to neighborhood, preaching in a different schoolhouse every night. This was kept up all the remainder of the summer, sometimes not being able to commence services until nearly nine o'clock. Oftentimes the schoolhouse would be crowded and as many more standing outside, so taking my position in the door, I would announce my text and preach to those outside as well as inside the house. In this way our work became thoroughly advertised throughout all that part of the state."

Receiving a call to organize a society at Hillsdale, Michigan, he found a man (later sentenced to the penitentiary) with a daughter whom he was eager to push out into the ministry. Upon investigation, he discovered that they were undesirable people, a type upon which no stable work could be established. He wisely declined to organize a church and put this conceited self-styled woman preacher in charge. But through the workings of divine providence, this trip to Hillsdale was most profitable for it furnished the opportunity of coming in contact with John Ellison and his wife, Eunice. "The Master sometimes chooses a very unlikely donkey on which to ride into the fulfillment of the Father's will."

John Ellison, who was attending the Freewill Baptist College at Hillsdale, was filling an appointment for his denomination a few miles from the city. On Saturday he intended to start early in order to visit among his members, but being detained he stayed with one of his parishioners at Steamburg until Sunday morning. Being informed that a woman was going to preach at the schoolhouse that night and concluding she must be a Spiritualist or an

Adventist, he decided to attend in order to refute any false doctrine that might be preached. On this trip to Hillsdale, Mr. Hart was preaching for a few nights at Steamburg. As Mr. Ellison approached the schoolhouse he heard the song, " 'Tis the very same Jesus." As he entered he saw a man behind the pulpit. When an opportunity for testimony was given at the close of the sermon, a noble looking man arose and said, "This meeting puts me in mind of meetings I attended some years ago in Woodstock, Illinois, held by one Doctor Redfield and possibly there are some here tonight who knew him." A bond of fellowship immediately sprang up between the Harts and the Ellisons.

Brother Hart invited these new friends to a grove meeting held two weeks later at Mt. Ida. At this meeting Mr. Ellison, after a thorough consecration, obtained the experience of sanctification. Returning home, he preached full salvation in his own church and a number received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. As there was "no small stir" in the community, the higher officials of the church held a meeting and put the preacher out—a revelation which the Spirit made to him when consecrating for holiness. The homeless preacher, along with those who had received the second blessing, began services in the Blunt schoolhouse. Desiring a church home and being in sympathy with the doctrine of Free Methodism, they sent for the Rev. Mr. Hart to organize a society. A splendid class was organized and the deposed preacher became the pastor under the new order of things. This was the beginning from which Free Methodism spread throughout the western part of the state. Mr. Ellison became one of the successful pioneer preachers and a prominent factor in the formation of the conference.

After the grove meeting near Ida, Mr. Hart in company with his wife attended the Illinois Conference at St. Charles, Illinois, opening September 22, 1864. Joseph Jones went as delegate from the Michigan field. Mr. Hart, who had been ordained elder at Aurora the previous conference, was elected district chairman and sent to the Michigan District. The appointments for the Michigan District were: Michigan District, E. P. Hart, chairman and evangelist; Raisinville, W. D. Bishop, H. Jones. Since his quarterly meetings took comparatively little of his time, the new district elder went far and near opening up new fields, holding revivals and organizing the work. The "new religion," as Free

Methodism was called, was introduced into Branch County and a number of effective preachers were raised up.

At the next session of the Illinois Conference at Marengo in 1865, almost two hundred members were reported. Since plans were in mind to pioneer in Indiana, the appointment read as follows: "Michigan and Indiana District, E. P. Hart, chairman; Huron, H. L. Jones; Raisinville, Lemuel Frink; Morenci, to be supplied; Van Buren, to be supplied; Ransom, W. D. Bishop; Coldwater, John Ellison." During this year the work was pushed into the "regions beyond"—Indiana and Ohio.

During the month of June, a camp meeting of unusual manifestations of God's power and of far-reaching influence was held near the Raisin River. In connection with this camp meeting the Michigan Conference was organized, June 22, 1866. General Superintendent Roberts presided. E. P. Hart was elected secretary. Six preachers were received from the Illinois Conference by transfer: E. P. Hart, H. L. Jones, C. S. Gitchell, W. D. Bishop, John Ellison and L. T. Frink. Six preachers were also received on trial, making twelve preachers in all.

In September, the regular time for holding the fall conferences, another session of the conference was held at Sherwood, Branch County. The first Free Methodist church ever built in Michigan was erected at Sherwood. It was dedicated on the Sunday of the conference by Joseph Travis, who presided in the absence of General Superintendent Roberts. His sermon on the text, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, said the Lord of hosts," was equal to his reputation as a master in the pulpit.

The membership at this session of the conference had increased to four hundred and eighty-two. E. P. Hart was again elected district chairman. He was also elected ministerial and John Plues lay delegate to the General Conference which met at Buffalo, October 10, 1866. In his humorous style Mr. Hart says: "The Michigan Conference had but two delegates, but with the help of Brother Plues we made noise and stir enough for half a dozen."

The activities of the Free Methodists had been confined to the southern part of the state until the formation of the Michigan Conference. The spirit of aggressiveness was in the air. The Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Frink, together with Thomas Riley, pioneered in

Richland County, Ohio, and sowed the seed which blossomed into the Ohio Conference. The Rev. C. S. Gitchell blazed his way in Indiana, leaving a trail of circuits in his wake.

About 1868 two aggressive laymen, A. W. Perry and Lyman Parker from the Genesee Conference, settled at Coopersville, Michigan. Determined to have Free Methodism established there, they invited Brother Hart to come. Meetings were held there and at other points in that locality. A great revival, far-reaching in its effects, was begun by the Rev. Mr. Hart and finished by W. R. Cusick, who came from the Genesee Conference and settled in this part of the state. Through the efforts of Mr. Cusick a church was built at Coopersville and from this point as a base the work spread through the northern part of the state. From Michigan the holy fire leaped across national boundary lines and spread, through the labors of evangels whose names will never be known till the great day of rewards, into Canada and came to full fruition in the organization of the West and East Ontario Conferences. The Minutes of 1869 show that the Michigan Conference had grown in a few years until it comprised 807 full members and 266 probationers, making in all 1073 members.

In those days Isabella County was considered the northern limit of civilization. To this county W. H. James was appointed. In this new country, Brother Hart arranged to hold a quarterly meeting. He proceeded by train to St. Johns, thence by stage to St. Louis, where Pastor James took him to land's end with a pony and buckboard. Thence on foot over a trail to the schoolhouse, a newly-built log structure with the spaces between the logs still unplastered. When the district elder asked the pastor why so few people came out—only about twenty-five—he replied, "Why bless you, they are here for miles around." Mr. Hart with his dry humor said there was a fifteen-minute intermission between the logs. This gives a glimpse of the hardships commonly endured in what was then an almost unbroken wilderness.

Even in the midst of the hardships incident to pioneer work, E. P. Hart saw the need of a Christian school in Michigan. Attention was called to a school property at Spring Arbor vacated by the Freewill Baptists. Accordingly, the annual conference was held at Spring Arbor in 1871 and was made historic by the inauguration of a movement to establish a school within its bounds. The ten-acre tract of land with two college buildings, in poor condition, was purchased, repaired, and the new school launched upon its career as Spring Arbor Seminary. The dedicatory services were conducted September 2, 1873, by General Superintendent Roberts. E. P. Hart moved his residence to Spring Arbor in order to assume supervision of establishing the school.

In spite of the financial struggles necessary in conducting a denominational school, improvements have been made in the plant and the school has continued to carry on its noble work. In recent years a junior college course has been added to its curriculum. From this spiritual center has gone forth a trained body of youth to bless the church and the world.

Such was the growth of the Michigan Conference that it became expedient to divide it at the conference held at St. Johns in September, 1876. "It was decided to organize the work north of what is known as the 'base line' running from east to west across the state and forming the northern boundary of a tier of two counties lying across the southern part of the state and the Dominion of Canada, into what should be known as the North Michigan Conference."

In September, 1884, eight years after the formation of the North Michigan Conference, the East Michigan Conference was organized at Gaines by E. P. Hart, who was now General Superintendent. "This territory was again divided by a line running due north from the 'base-line' to Lake Huron from the southern point in the boundary line between Ingham and Eaton Counties, the conference east of this line to be known as the East Michigan Conference."

When the two unheralded pilgrims were traveling that day in January, 1864, on foot along the snowy road at Mt. Ida, there were no Free Methodists in the state and not a dollar's worth of church property. In describing the fruitage of the labors of these two solitary evangelists leading up to the organization of the Michigan Conference, with an initial membership of 475, J. S. MacGeary says: "All this was accomplished in less than three years as the result of the faithful labors of one man and one woman who, without any missionary board or missionary appropriation back of them, went forth trusting God for all and proclaiming the old-fashioned gospel. Surely we of this generation of Free Methodism owe much to these fathers and mothers of 'early Free Methodism' who, 'without scrip or purse,' went forth and blazed the way for this work which has brought so much of spiritual enlightenment and liberty to us."*

Starting with these wayfarers who, like Bunyan's pilgrim, had nothing but their hand baggage and their faith in God, the statistics of 1938 tell the following eloquent tale: Michigan Conference, 1592 members, 35 preachers, $223,800 in property; North Michigan Conference, 2152 members, 71 preachers, $216,950 in property; East Michigan Conference, 3328 members, 104 preachers, $381,300 in property; making a total of 7072 members, 210 preachers (not including a multitude of local helpers) and $822,050.00 in church and parsonage property. What an exemplification of the promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

At the General Conference held at Albion, New York, in 1874, the fourth after the founding of the church, it was decided to elect another general officer to assist B. T. Roberts in bearing the administrative burden of the new organization. Accordingly E. P. Hart was elected General Superintendent (later called Bishop) and continued to be re-elected for eight successive four-year terms. In the fall of 1908, on account of a nervous affection of his throat and vocal organs, he was compelled to retire from active life. It was a great grief to the church, for he had served long and well.

Surely the prophecy of his maternal grandmother came true, who, when he first saw the light of day at Middlesex, Vermont, June 6, 1835, declared that he would be a preacher. By a divinely appointed providence she was permitted to give him his name, Edward Payson, after that illustrious herald of the cross. "The divinity that shapes our ends" was at work early in his life.

The following description is given of him by a contemporary: "In personal appearance Mr. Hart is of medium height, well built, inclining to be a little stout in later years. A well-formed head covered in earlier life with dark hair, a pleasing countenance, with a clear bright eye. In the prime of his manhood he bore a strong resemblance to General U. S. Grant. His manner is grave, quiet, unassuming, unostentatious. He weighs his words, but when he speaks it is with the positiveness of conviction and carries weight with it."

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* Outline History, p. 35.

By nature retiring and reticent, he never sought honor or place but rather shrank from the positions to which he was called. When there was a movement in the church favoring the election of a second general superintendent, he learned that a certain brother was advocating his name for the place. He hunted up the delegate and protested against any such action. When he saw he was not making much impression upon his friend he said, "Brother McCreery, I don't like such work in a General Conference; it looks too much like log-rolling." The quick reply came back from the eccentric McCreery, noted for his originality, "I don't know who was has a better right to roll the log than the man who cut down the tree."

He practiced the gospel he preached—obedience to the will of God regardless of the cost. His earlier years especially were marked by great privation and heroic sacrifice. Yet in the midst of it all his daughter writes, "My parents' lives were of joyful obedience and faith. As a child I never heard any complaints or talk of hardships in their service for the Master."

No better picture could be given for the church today of the hardships suffered in establishing Free Methodism than a description of the early camp meetings in Michigan:

"Our camp meetings in those days were of the primitive order. Each family had its own tent. The frame was of poles cut in the grove. We had no tabernacle, but had a rough stand for a pulpit, so constructed that twenty or more preachers could sleep in the back part, and this also answered for a temporary jail in which any roughs who persisted in disturbing the services might be confined until the proper official could come and take them away for trial. But in the large number of camp meetings we held I do not recall more than two or three instances in which we were obliged to resort to force to keep order. We usually had so much going on at the altar that the attention of all classes was held to so late an hour that they were glad to go home for rest. We had large 'fire stands,' one at each corner of the grounds inside the circle of tents. These were built with four upright posts, supporting a platform about four feet square. The platform was covered with earth, and on this a bright fire of dry wood was kept burning at night during the service. Lighted in this way, with the blaze from the fire stands streaming up among the branches of the tall beech and maple trees, a congregation of perhaps one or two thousand seated on planks laid across log stringers, the preachers in the stand at one time in thunder tones declaring the mandates of Sinai and then in accents of sweet mercy pleading with sinners to turn to God, the saints with glory beaming from their countenances and the heavenly light flashing from their eyes, ever and anon encouraging the speaker with their glad responses of 'Hallelujah' and 'Glory to God'—all together, in spirit at least, went to make up a scene akin to the Revelator's description of the happy, blood-washed throng around the throne."*

Bishop Hart never used any notes in the pulpit but trained his memory from the beginning to carry all his outlines, references and Scripture in his mind. He did not write extensively and his articles were short and pointed. His great strength was in his uttered sermons. The pulpit was his throne. His daughter, Mrs. Helen M. Jones, furnishes this sidelight, "I heard him remark to my mother after returning from a round of conferences, 'I would rather go to some new point and hold a protracted meeting, settle down for a real seige and hold out till victory comes than do anything else.' "

As a presiding officer he was a master—deliberate, never hasty in his decisions. He had the happy faculty of taking into consideration the point of view of the person on the other side of any question. Bishop Hogue describes him thus:

"As a presiding officer Bishop Hart possessed the tactical skill of the born lawyer. He was calm, clear, incisive. And when he could not manage with all his tact and skill to avert a threatened conflict, he had a way of making the clash very brief; and the rapidity, combined with the Quaker-like calmness with which he would terminate such clashes, often very humorous, was little short of marvelous. On these and other occasions he was equal to any emergency, helped often by a natural wit, of which he himself seemed scarcely aware—a sudden sally of which I have often seen enliven a humdrum business meeting or ward off a threatened crisis."

In the pulpit he had few equals. We present the picture accurately painted by his intimate friend, J. S. MacGeary:

"My first contact with Rev. E. P. Hart was at a camp meeting held at Franklin, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1876. He was then just past forty, in the full strength of a vigorous manhood. I was at the age when youth idealizes those to whom it looks as leaders. The man—his appearance, his manner, his personality, his style of preaching, his sermons—made a most profound impression upon my mind which years have not effaced.

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* Reminiscences, p. 139.

"His preaching fully conformed to the apostolic injunction, 'Preach the word.' He had no time to deal in modern novelties and theories which so often are substituted for the gospel in these times. His sermons were masterly presentations of the fundamental truths of the Word relating to Christian doctrine, experience, and practice as developed and taught by the church of the centuries.

"His manner in the pulpit was worthy of emulation. He was an example of the rule, 'Let your deportment be serious, weighty, solemn.' One could but feel, as he observed his manner in the pulpit and listened to his strong presentations of truth and faithful appeals to men, that here was one who felt he had a message from God to men and whose only care was so to deliver his message that men might be enlightened and God glorified.

"While an earnest, forceful speaker he did not waste energy in unnecessary physical exertion. Usually standing quietly by the desk, apparently with perfect poise and self-possession, in a clear, full resonant voice he would without any show of physical effort, pour forth a burning message that could be heard by thousands.

"The appeal of his preaching was to the intelligence and conscience rather than the imagination and sensibilities. (Is it not true that when men are moved, however, by such an appeal that they are stirred to the depths as by no other?) To the writer his preaching could not be so aptly illustrated by any other figure as that of dropping heavy shot and shell from large guns. This figure occurred to him the first time he was privileged to sit under his preaching and has always remained. Not only was his manner 'serious, weighty,' but his words so manifestly expressed the conviction of his own heart and were accompanied with so much of the divine unction that they took hold of the intelligence and conscience of those who heard. I have seen an audience of thousands so moved under his appeals that they involuntarily swayed from side to side as he moved quietly from one side of the desk to the other.

"He had a marvelous faculty of arresting and holding the attention of his audience. He made use of none of the common arts of the orator; he used but few illustrations, but his evident earnestness and sincerity impressed itself upon all who heard and commanded attention. I recall one instance at the closing service of a camp meeting. The service was being held in an open auditorium in the grove. The audience numbered not less than two thousand. Rain began to fall soon after he began preaching. Immediately over one thousand umbrellas were raised but not one person left the audience. The rain soon ceased (all in answer to prayer, as we all believed) and the meeting closed with victory.

"He has gone. For him 'the training hard and lowly,' with 'Weary feet and aching brow,' is past. He has entered upon 'the service holy.' He has heard the Master's 'Enter thou,' and he is at rest in 'the palace of the King.' His voice is forever hushed here. Some of us shall wish many times to hear it again as we have heard it in the past—rich, clear, strong—delivering the message. We shall also wish that we might have the benefit of his counsel in the affairs of the church. But his work is finished; he has entered into rest. Earth grows a little more lonely, heaven more attractive as one by one the saints go home. What a meeting it will be 'in the morning.' "

The evening of his passing was beautiful. Since 1881 he had made his home at Alameda, California. Although able to preach but seldom in his later years, he continued his life-long habit of preparing a weekly sermon before the Sabbath. This he prepared as usual on Saturday, March 15, 1919, and on Sunday morning about 1:30, the call of his Master came. Suddenly, without any suffering, his noble heart ceased to beat—Edward Payson Hart was with the Lord.

George Whitefield Coleman

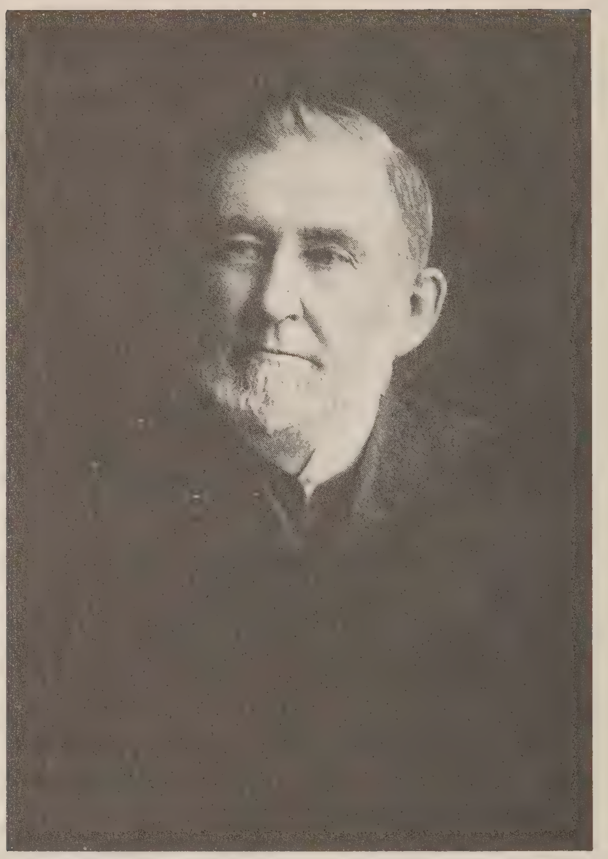
Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing more;
If thou wouldst perfect be.
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
And come and follow Me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And His invisible hands today have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm, and say,
"Dost Thou, Dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair:
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon his Savior's breast,
And thus to journey on!
—Henry W. Longfellow.



GEORGE WHITEFIELD COLEMAN
Bishop 1886-1903

III

George Whitefield Coleman

When the English historian, Froude, would give the reader a proper conception of the influences which moulded the life and work of Thomas Carlyle, he gives a picture of the quiet Scotch village in which he was brought up. He portrays a humble dwelling where a pious mother watched and prayed and where a stonemason toiled and planned for the welfare of those entrusted to the home. In this he follows the steps of countless biographers who realize the effects of home environment upon the careers of those whose lives they would portray.

The Colemans, like the Puritans, reared their children in the atmosphere of their own fiery convictions. The children were not fed on Charlie Chaplin and the moving picture stars but on Paul and the Scriptures which were able to make them wise unto salvation. Such early teaching produced a dynamic race of men—and such a man was George W. Coleman.

George W. Coleman was born in Perry Center, New York, October 10, 1830. His parents, John and Julia Coleman, were thrifty farmers such as formed the backbone of the nation in the past century. Far removed from the temptations and evil influences of the city, they reared their children in the fear of the Lord. In their religious beliefs, they represented old-time Methodism.

In speaking of the home in which Bishop Coleman was reared, L. B. Kent who lived with the family as hired help says, "Church-going was as regular as was the daily worship. Sunday visitations and recreations were not thought of, much less planned for, as they are nowadays by families professing to be Christians. * * * The evening 'sweet hour of prayer' in which the venerated father read to us from the family Bible which lay on the stand, praying also earnestly for each and all of us, each of us in turn reverently and gladly following in personal prayer and praise, can not be forgotten, nor its life-long influence be doubted.

" 'Father Coleman' as an intelligent Methodist was a seeker of sanctification. The boys and young men converted in the recent glorious revival in which George and myself had been converted, had organized a band as provided in the church Discipline, and were seeking to be sanctified, and, of course, were praying for the blessing. But none of us doubted that 'Mother Coleman' was holy and ready for heaven, and yet she was quietly seeking to be sanctified, the Lord being her leader and teacher. And as she prayed one evening in our family 'band' the Lord gloriously sanctified her. She fell prostrate upon the floor, shouted and praised the Lord for some minutes and declared that the Lord had fully sanctified her. The only doubt any of the company could have was respecting her not having been sanctified for years. But we were all greatly blest, and rejoiced greatly with the happy, holy mother. That we were all growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ constantly I have not a doubt. Serious, conscientious, prayerful, self-denying, teachable and humble, there was little danger of immediate backsliding. Would that all young Christians of today were as well protected and warned against backsliding and as carefully guarded against the spirit and associations of the world as were young Christians generally forty to sixty years ago."

The secret of Spurgeon's spiritual vision and power can be traced to the Puritan home in which he was reared and to the prayers and teachings of his godly mother. In after years he bore this eloquent testimony: "I have not the powers of speech to set forth my valuation of the choice blessing which the Lord bestowed on me in making me the son of one who prayed for me and prayed with me. How can I ever forget when she bowed her knee, and with her arms about my neck, prayed, 'O that my son might live before Thee!' "

It is not surprising that young Coleman reared in such an atmosphere was converted in early years and it was fitting that, when as a penitent he prayed through to forgiveness, his mother was at his side singing,

"Oh, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey
    And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
    Of a soul in its earliest love."

In later years he used to say, "The plane on which we started out at conversion was described in the hymn,

'My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire
And the moon it was under my feet.'"

At a subsequent date he received an equally clear assurance that the very God of peace had sanctified him wholly. From that time "Holiness unto the Lord" was his all-absorbing theme, and he remained "steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

In 1853 he was united in marriage to Miss Jane Bush. Into this ideal home came seven children. One of these sons, J. Emory Coleman, is particularly worthy of mention in the history of Free Methodism. When the Illinois and Wisconsin Conferences united to establish a school known as Evansville Seminary at Evansville, Wisconsin, in 1880, he became its first principal. A stalwart man, trained at the University of Rochester, endowed with a sensitive spiritual nature, he gave himself in unstinted measure in establishing the new school. Associated with him in work was his wife, Lucy Sellew Coleman, a constant inspiration and a tower of strength. In 1894, after fourteen years of hard labor, he was compelled by failing health to resign and seek a change.

He was elected district elder in the Wisconsin Conference, a position he filled with great acceptability for eight years. He was then pastor at Evansville for one year. He reached the end of the journey in 1906. His dust is sepulchered in the beautiful cemetery at Evansville, Wisconsin.

The wife of George W. Coleman passed to her reward in 1897. She was a loyal member of the Free Methodist Church from the early days of its organization and for thirty-four years shared the toils, trials, and triumphs of an itinerant minister's life. She was in Bible phraseology "a mother in Israel." Many who were prayed into the kingdom of God and established in holiness by her influence will rise up in the day of final rewards and call her blessed.

During the early years of his married life George W. Coleman was a prosperous farmer but at the same time was always busy in the Lord's work as a local preacher. B. T. Roberts with his keen spiritual perception saw in him a "chosen vessel" for the Lord. Had it not been for the persistent and urgent appeals of Brother Roberts, it is probable he never would have entered the ministry. After long hesitation, he sold his stock and farm equipment, burned the bridges behind him and fared forth to preach the gospel. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him" (Deuteronomy 32:11, 12).

It was with fear and trembling he entered the itineracy. As is often the case, those who are really called of God to preach have to be urged to assume its great responsibility while those who have a mere human desire "rush in where angels fear to tread." At the end of his first year in the ministry, as he was making his report at the annual conference, he said he had not seen the success he longed to see on his circuit and if the conference thought best he would be glad to leave the ministry. He voluntarily retired from the body while his case was discussed. He begged the conference to be frank with him. When he returned, Bishop Roberts announced that the vote was unanimous for him to keep on. In his own quaint way he was accustomed to say, "And I've been going ever since." Encouraged by this decision of his brethren, he never questioned his call again but threw himself with all his ransomed powers throughout his long life into the ministry, to bear its burdens without a murmur.

"Except life itself be cast in the scale
No life can be won, no cause can prevail."

On November 25, 1899, General Superintendent Coleman was united in marriage to Mrs. Laura J. Warren of Canada, a woman of keen mind and of deep piety. For seventeen years previous to her marriage she was a successful preacher of the gospel in Canada. This training enabled her to enter intelligently into the work of her husband. She traveled with him as long as he remained in the general superintendency and cared for him tenderly and faithfully during the long period of his decline.

We give the following appraisement of "Father Coleman," as he was affectionately called in his later life, from the pen of Bishop W. T. Hogue, his intimate associate through many years:*

"It is as true now as when originally uttered by John Wesley that 'God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.' It seems a pity that strong men, who fill eminent places in the church of God, should become old, lose their vigor, grow feeble, and pass away; but Infinite Wisdom has so decreed it, and, in obedience to that decree, the subject of this sketch, after many years of faithful and effective service for God and His church, has passed from earthly scenes to be numbered with the great majority. With him, however, to be mustered out of service here was to be mustered into loftier service in the immediate presence of his King-Redeemer.

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* Free Methodist, September 3, 1907.

"General Superintendent Coleman was a man unique in appearance, manner, intellectual cast, and mode of expression. He was physically tall, rather heavy, with broad and slightly drooping shoulders, possessed of high but sloping forehead, light hair, blue eyes, an aquiline nose, closely set lips—in fact, possessing a sort of cast-iron Roman appearance in general.

"George W. Coleman, true to the pattern of early Methodism and Free Methodism, went about holding services as a lay preacher for a number of years following his conversion. The record shows that he was admitted to the Genesee Conference of the Free Methodist Church on trial in the autumn of 1863. He was admitted to full connection and ordained deacon in 1865, and was elected to elder's orders in 1867. He served as pastor twenty-three years.

"During this period he also served efficiently as stationed chairman within the Genesee Conference. On all these fields of pastoral service and district administration he was the personification of fidelity to God and the church, and is gratefully remembered to this day for the earnestness and helpfulness of his pulpit and pastoral ministrations, as also for the wisdom of his counsels and the judiciousness of his administration.

"In the autumn of 1886 he transferred his membership to the Wisconsin Conference, and was made traveling chairman of the Evansville and Platteville Districts, in which capacity he had served but a short time when the General Conference, held at Coopersville, Michigan, in October of that year, elected him as the third general superintendent of the Free Methodist Church. He was re-elected to this office in 1890, 1894 and 1898. At the General Conference of 1903, on account of advanced age and growing infirmities, he announced the withdrawal of his name from further candidacy for the office. A little later he secured for himself and Mrs. Coleman (his second wife) a comfortable little home in Gainesville, Wyoming County, New York, where his remaining days were spent in retirement from all public service.

" 'Father Coleman' was a member of the General Conference Board of Trustees 1890-1898, a member of the General Missionary

Board 1886-1898, and president of the General Missionary Board 1891-1898. He was also president of the board of trustees of Evansville Seminary in 1894, and a member of the board 1892-1896. He was elected delegate to the General Conference of 1878, and was a member of each succeeding General Conference, excepting that of 1886 and of June, 1907. In all these councils of the church he ever took a most active interest, and, so long as his powers remained unimpaired, was a most judicious counselor.

"His temperament was of the phlegmatic type, rendering him peculiarly deliberate in thought, expression and movement, while inflexibility was written upon every feature of his countenance. He was laconic in expression, and was characterized by a somewhat droll though a pleasing manner in social converse and in his public utterances. His was an intensely penetrating gaze, and yet sanctity and goodness beamed in all the features of his Napoleonic face.

"Among the qualities of character which chiefly distinguished General Superintendent Coleman we would note particularly the following:

"1. Unbending integrity. As soon would we have expected the sun to depart from the heavens as George W. Coleman to depart under any circumstances from the most absolute incorruptibility of character. He bore the character of the man described in the Fiftieth Psalm as one 'that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.' Neither friend nor foe, neither flattery nor intimidation, neither fear of loss nor hope of gain, could swerve him a hair's breadth from the exact right, as he conceived it. He was integrity personified—a concrete, living example of New Testament righteousness.

"2. Intense convictions, combined with invincible courage. He was at the utmost removed from that class of men who should be classified as moral invertebrates—who either have no well-defined convictions, or having them, have learned to trifle with them and disregard them, until they can lay their convictions aside to suit any occasion where strong convictions are in the way of success and popularity. He lived under a perpetual sense of moral obligation, and DUTY, not ease, advancement, gain, or popularity, was constantly his watchword. With him to know duty was to do it, e'en though the heavens might fall.

> " 'He feared not,
> Had heaven decreed it, to have stood
> Adverse against the world, and singly stood.'

"3. Inflexible determination. Defeat was a word ruled out of his vocabulary. His purposes were fixed, and he never varied from them, except as compelled to such variation by those providences that he could not overcome. Like the wheels of Ezekiel's vision, he always 'went straight forward,' whither the spirit within him directed, and 'turned not to the right hand nor to the left.' Perseverance found its ideal realized in him. Not Andrew Jackson, nor even Napoleon the First, exceeded him in the matter of invincible determination of purpose.

"4. Unwavering faith in God and in the final triumph of righteousness. He 'believed God,' like Abraham of old. He accepted the entire Bible as the word of Jehovah. He had no room for and no patience with new-fangled notions and ways in the things of religion. He accepted the doctrines of orthodox religion, and believed they could never be superseded by anything better. He belived in the final triumph of Christianity to that degree that he never could be pessimistic. One of his favorite texts was, 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' His glowing optimism rendered him a cheerful saint. 'The God in whom he believed and trusted was in very deed the health of his countenance.' His face was radiant with the reflected glory of 'the Sun of righteousness.'

"5. Spirituality. He was a man who lived in the Spirit and walked in the Spirit. He walked on earth, but lived in heaven. He carried a heavenly atmosphere with him at all times. The writer remembers how, in his own early years, the sanctity of this good man's appearance and the spiritual atmosphere generated by his presence brought him under deep conviction more than once or twice. Like Barnabas, 'he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.' Having for a good portion of one year made his headquarters in our home, and the writer having known him personally and intimately for many years, we regard this testimonial fully warranted by the character of George W. Coleman's life.

"We would not for a moment wish to convey the idea that General Superintendent Coleman was without his faults, but we must insist that where faults appeared in his life, they were of the understanding and not of the heart. They were chiefly exaggerations of some of those traits we have mentioned as among his virtues. Of such a mold was he, by nature, that what others might esteem his faults were regarded by him as virtues—as the results of moral and religious convictions.

"General Superintendent Coleman, when at his best, was a strong man in the pulpit. While not specially gifted with oratorical power, and while neither a master of logic nor of rhetoric, he had convictions, and uttered them with such sincerity, strength, and utter confidence in their final triumph, that he produced deep conviction and inspired strong faith in others, and was particularly successful in the edification of God's people.

" 'Father Coleman' died the death of the righteous. Through his long period of suffering he was a paragon of patience and hopefulness. On one occasion he said, 'I do not know what I could conjure up to make me feel bad. I think I am pretty well fixed.' His interest in all the affairs of the church continued to the last. The letter sent him by the later General Conference deeply moved him, and, though near his end, he understood it all, and on hearing it read, remarked, 'I will answer that.' A few days later he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus."

Shortly before he answered the roll call of heaven at his home in Gainesville, New York, July 3, 1907, he wrote this characteristic letter to a friend:

"Well, for fifty and more years it has been the main thing with me to live for God. I have found my chief satisfaction in so doing. The results have been so satisfactory that if I had my life to live over again, with all the light of added years, I should have to take substantially the same course I have taken. I don't know how a person could take a course that would bring more satisfactory results. Words fail to express the sense of divine approval which I constantly feel, and have felt for years, and the consciousness that I have had an eye single to the glory of God."

His last message reminds one of the valedictory of another hero of the cross who, when he was about to wear a martyr's crown, looked death in the face and exulted: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

We present an editorial of Bishop Coleman which is characteristic of him both in style and content—in simplicity and directness:

Individual Responsibility

In this world alone God can treat men in an associate capacity, and even when thus dealt with he does not lose his identity in the light of God. We are responsible to the extent of our light and ability as moral individuals in this world—responsible for what we choose and for what we do—and the same responsibility will continue in the world to come. We cannot shirk the responsibility that rests upon us by transferring it to our friends or enemies; God must be supreme, first, last, always, in matters of obedience, no matter what our fellow men may think, say or do. Hence the words of Christ: "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me" (Matt. 10:37). The opinion of our nearest friends should weigh nothing with us if it stands opposed to the will of God. It will not do, when we give an account of our stewardship, to say, "My brethren thought I ought to do so."

We shall be held personally and individually responsible at last for the light afforded us. We cannot throw the blame on others for primarily the result of our conduct rests with ourselves. God had made us rational creatures, and will always treat us as such. Free moral agency and divine sovereignty can never be reconciled as a basis for human conduct. Whoever makes the latter sentiment the cause for his action will be "weighed in the balances and found wanting." God did not from all eternity, for reasons best known to himself, foreordain whatsoever comes to pass. Because God FOREKNOWS a thing He does not foreordain it; for it would have been no less certain unforeknown. God's works were known to Him from the beginning of the world (Acts 15:18), but He did not foreordain that a certain number should be saved and the rest lost, do what they would. This would clearly contradict the Scriptures. He has said, "Whosoever will," so that the matter of salvation or damnation depends, after all, on the human will. He doubtless will have to say to some, as Jesus said while on earth, "Ye WILL not come to me, that ye might have life" (John 5:40).

Nothing is more certain than that God will treat with each one of us as individuals. We must answer for what we are, morally, independent of all others. He treats the planets separately, though they are unintelligent, and man is more important than a planet. Each person is of sufficient worth for God to deal with as an individual, and the Word of God and our own consciousness teach that He will do so. Our real manhood lies in falling back on our own responsibility and acting as though we were under obligation alone to God. How many will let the Lord have the right of way in His own territory, and believe that whatever He does will be for their good, as well as for His glory? To do this, I judge, is to have the right kind of faith in Him. But many want to direct affairs themselves, as though God might make a mistake. For one I am glad we have an omniscient God, who always knows what is best for us, and who administers his government accordingly. He has given us a sense to know the right and wrong of moral questions, and He will furnish us light to walk in and never exact more of us than the fair thing.

We have no warrant to pin our faith on the sleeve of another, for "every one of us shall give account of himself to God." We are obliged to walk in our own light, and do our duty as the Lord shows it to us. We shall have to do our own thinking and make up our own minds as to how God would have us do it. In view of all this, well may we sing,

"Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give."

Some say, "It is impossible to live every moment as though it were our last," but the Bible says, "Be ready"; and so we can. We shall not have to live a strained life either, but simply live as God made us to live. Man in sin has a hard time of it, and is truly one to be commiserated, for "The way of the transgressor is hard" (Prov. 13:15). "The lamp of the wicked shall be put out" (Prov. 13:9). God's ways are "ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace."

We are under the most solemn obligation to God, growing out of our relation to him. He has done everything needful for us, and should we not do what we can for Him? We cannot repay Him for the love He has exercised toward us, but we can give Him all there is of us, and He promises to accept that; and shame on the man who would offer less than this to God. The endowments He has bestowed on us also are great, and we ought not to expect a reward if we are unwilling to meet the responsibilities He places upon us. He says, "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes" (Isa. 5:4)? He ought to have some return for the expenditure He has made, and we ought to be satisfied if He will consent to take up with the leavings after we have served His bitterest enemy many days. We may be sure He will not reap where He has not sown, nor gather where He has not strewn (Matt. 25:24). All he desires is his own, with what increase we can give.

The nobility of man is seen in the fact that he is called to act for himself. He is the arbiter of his own eternal fortune. We ought to help ourselves what we can since God does all the rest and makes salvation possible. God will never allow another to speak or act for such a dignified being, and no other being on earth is afforded such an opportunity, for there is no created being equal to Himself. The effects of man's choices reach through the eternal ages and put into the shade all questions of a merely earthly character. If God should do business with an angel, it would not compare with what He does for human beings; for a man is of much more value than an angel. The spiritual millionaires are of far more importance to God than those of earth, like Rockefeller, Carnegie, the Rothschilds or Morgan. They may attract much more attention among men, but God cares more for what will affect humanity forever. It is given to us to decide whether we will be happy or miserable forever; and such a question, so far as we know, is not left to any other creature but man, thus showing the light in which God views him. If it were not for the terrible work sin has done, we should decide such a question very quickly. He has put the whole responsibility on ourselves.

Burton Rensselaer Jones

WHAT THEN?

What then? Why then another pilgrim song;
And then a hush of rest divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage (Ah me, so long!)
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

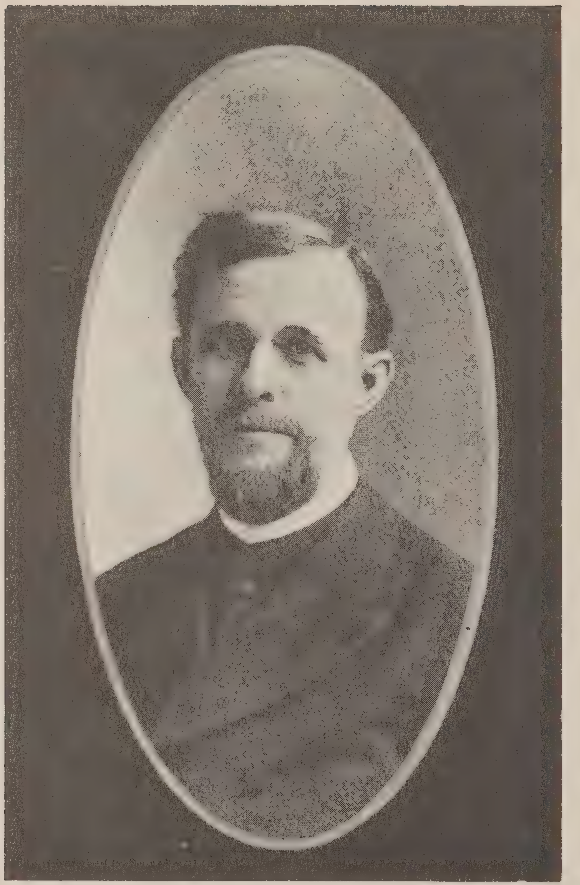
What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message sent,
To cheer the faint one for tomorrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
A fev'rish sleep; a heart opprest and aching;
And then a little water cruse to find,
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrows;
And then a loving Savior drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace,
For all my wants and woes His loving kindness;
For darkest shades the shining of God's face;
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley lone and dim,
And then a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light—a seraph hymn
And God's own smile, forever and forever.



BURTON RENSSELAER JONES
Bishop 1894-1919

IV

Burton Rensselaer Jones

Like Abraham Lincoln and many of America's great men of the last century, the subject of this sketch was born in a log cabin. Burton Rensselaer Jones made his advent into the world on a farm in Livingston County, New York, December 3, 1845, the third of a family of nine children.

His father, James Jones, was descended from New England stock, being a native of New Hampshire, while his mother, Eleanor Sabina Osborn, was a native of New York State. When about two years old, his parents moved to the little village of Greigsville, New York, where his father owned and operated the general store. They were thrifty, industrious citizens who did not have luxuries but who had sufficient to rear their children with the real necessities of life and to produce that type of self-reliant citizens which characterized the country in the days before the Civil War.

In the winter of 1853 a far-reaching providence entered into the history of the Jones family. That remarkable man of God, Rev. William C. Kendall, held a revival in Greigsville. Although honest and upright, the Jones family were not religious. When the fearless Kendall came to the circuit as a far-famed exponent of the doctrine of "holiness" he faced great opposition, but in spite of obstacles he continued his heroic gospel until the community was stirred for miles around. The work went deep and thorough. In this revival Father and Mother Jones were converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Later in this meeting Burton was clearly converted. As he knelt at the altar, that holy man of God placing his hand upon the head of the penitent said, "The Lord bless the boy." Afterwards he expressed the conviction that some day he would preach the gospel. This made a lasting impression upon the boy's young heart.

Mr. Jones gives this account of his early days: "I ran well for a season. Prayer was the delight of my soul. I thought the

Lord lived in the sky and to look in that direction seemed to inspire my heart. I would call my classmates together at the noon hour, sing and pray, relate my experience and exhort them to seek the Savior. A number were thus led to Christ. After a season, however, I yielded to the influence of my associates and the allurements of Satan, neglected duty, and fell a prey to the enemy."

In company with his parents, he attended a number of the camp meetings on the old Bergen camp ground which was the rallying place for the holiness people of western New York in those days. Here he heard the gospel preached by such giants as Asa Abel, B. T. Roberts, Loren Stiles, Doctor Redfield, Levi Wood, and Benjamin Pomeroy. The type of gospel he heard from these holy men and the demonstrations of divine power which he witnessed made a profound and lasting impression upon him.

Meantime the great upheaval took place in the Genesee Conference resulting in the expulsion of these strong exponents of Christian perfection and the organization of the Free Methodist Church. A revival of primitive Methodism was sweeping over western New York and was breaking out in Illinois and Michigan. In 1864 a Free Methodist society was organized in Greigsville by Rev. Asa Abel. In the following year, Rev. J. A. Wilson, assisted by Rev. G. W. Coleman, held a revival which again swept over the whole countryside in great power. At this time young Jones, twenty years of age, was attending the academy at Geneseo, New York, five miles distant. Although a backslider, the spirit of God came upon him in pungent conviction. As he passed the door of the church one evening the voice of prayer fell on his ear and strangely wrought upon him. Unable to pursue his studies on account of the moving of his conscience, he decided to return home and attend the meetings. A strange sensation crept over him whenever sinners were invited to seek the Lord. The great struggle for his soul was at its height. Every night he moved a seat nearer the front of the church. One night his mother entreated him—as only a mother can—amid tears to get right with God. Then and there he sought the Lord. As his emotions subsided, the fury of Satan was turned upon him presenting the separation from the world, the reproach of the cross, and the cost of taking the narrow way.

For several days he was in this distressed state of mind. One night after church, sorely tempted and discouraged, he knelt at the family altar. Resolved on victory or death, he settled every controversy and made a complete surrender. As his faith was reaching out, those about him sang:

> "My sins are washed away
> Through the blood of the Lamb."

Only a few lines had been sung when the clouds broke and the clear witness came at his father's altar about midnight, March 10, 1865. The struggling penitent passed from death unto life. In his own words, "The smiles of a reconciled God decorated the heart which but a few moments before was a dungeon of woe. * * * I was inexpressibly joyous. That night was the most blessed night I have ever known. The greater part of it I remained awake praising the Lord."

Having been reared under the ministry of men "mighty in the Scriptures," he had a clear understanding of the theory of Bible holiness. He believed in sanctification as a second work of grace. Since his highest ambition was to be wholly the Lord's, he responded to the invitation to seek a clean heart three days after his conversion. After making a complete self-dedication to God, he received the witness of the spirit that his heart was cleansed. "My own experience," says Bishop Jones, "confirms me in the belief that it is God's will that young converts should be made perfect in love soon after conversion." He immediately cast in his lot with the recently organized Free Methodist Church of which some day he was destined to become one of its bishops.

His consecration was now to be tested. He had often felt the call that he would have to preach the gospel. That had cast a shadow over him before his conversion; but now he felt like Paul "for necessity is laid on me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." He gladly accepted the call of his Master with the new-born vision that to be instrumental in the salvation of one soul would be worth the sacrifice of a lifetime.

About a year after conversion he was given an exhorter's license and began to fill a regular round of appointments, assisting the pastor on the home circuit which had a number of preaching points. His first sermon was preached in his father's home, from the text, Mark 13:37, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." The authorities had closed the doors of the Methodist Church where the new organization had been worshipping and the meetings were being held in his father's house. At the close of the service his mother said, "Well, my boy, you had a rather hard time."

In the fall of 1867, two years after his conversion, he received a letter from Rev. B. T. Roberts after adjournment of the Michigan Conference saying, "A place has been provided for you on Coldwater circuit with a most excellent brother, W. D. Bishop. Get settled convictions of duty and abide by them." Since he was young and frail in body, his parents were unwilling for him to go to Michigan—such a step seemed almost presumptuous. Young Jones earnestly put the matter before the Lord, that if it was His will, his parents would give their consent. The next morning his fond mother said, "Well, Burton, if you are satisfied the Lord wants you to go to Michigan you can go." The Lord seemed to say to him, "This is the open door; step into it." In after years he said that this was the critical time of his life. He never ceased to thank God that the right choice was made—he went immediately to Michigan.

In Michigan he associated with a noble body of self-sacrificing men such as E. P. Hart, C. S. Gitchell, John Ellison and others. During his first year in the itineracy he went through the sieges of homesickness common to youth away from home for the first time, rode over a widespread circuit on a borrowed horse, held revival meetings, suffered the hardships incident to pioneer work, and received as salary one hundred and thirty-one dollars and board among the people.

In September, 1868, he was received on trial at the fourth annual session of the Michigan Conference held at Rainsville, Michigan. The circuits in those days had to be built up by the pastors. Circuits had to be made. The most that could be expected from the conference was a "hitching post" from which to branch out into the regions beyond. Expecting to return to Coldwater, he was surprised when General Superintendent Roberts read off "Rainsville Circuit, B. R. Jones."

For two years he served the Rainsville circuit, covering a large extent of territory. At the Michigan Conference held at Holland, Ohio, he was ordained deacon by Superintendent Roberts. The Michigan Conference then embraced the states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and the Dominion of Canada. Hence long moves were included among the hardships facing the itinerant. The name of B. R. Jones was read off in the list of appointments for the Mansfield and Windsor circuit in Ohio. During the two years of his service on this circuit he did effective work in opening up new fields.

At the annual conference convening at Delta, Ohio, in 1872, he was ordained elder. He was stationed by this conference on the Evansville and Fort Branch circuit in Indiana, the most distant point in the whole conference. This circuit was pioneer work but he was signally blessed in opening new appointments. At the end of two years of successful labor in the distant field in Indiana, he was elected district elder at the conference convening at Coopersville, Michigan, in 1874. During these first seven years as pastor he averaged $299 a year salary.

After serving as district elder for a period of four years in the Michigan Conference, the Ohio territory was separated from the mother conference and organized at Windsor, Ohio, by Superintendent Hart in 1879 as the Ohio Conference. Mr. Jones was then elected as district elder in the Ohio conference in which capacity he served till 1884. At this time he was afflicted with rheumatism and also his wife died, leaving him with two children. The best solution of his situation was to accept an invitation from Rev. W. A. Sellew to come to Gerry to do evangelistic work and to put the children in the Gerry Home. After one year he accepted a call to return to Spring Arbor to act as pastor and at the same time to teach in the Seminary. Three profitable years were thus spent until he was again elected district elder in the Michigan Conference in 1888.

At the General Conference of 1890, Bishop Roberts, who had also been editor of the *Free Methodist*, resigned, since the additional work as editor was too heavy a load. Burton R. Jones was then elected editor. Four years later he was elected bishop, in which capacity he served the church until 1919 when he resigned because of failing health.

In his domestic life he met much sorrow. In 1869 he was married to Miss Ella M. Boyd, an excellent Christian young woman from his native town, who was taken by the hand of death about six years afterward. In 1877 he was united in matrimony to another choice Christian woman, Miss Mary E. Sanford of Albion, New York, only to go through the sorrow of bereavement again after a period of six years. In 1895 he was united in marriage to Miss Helen M. Hart, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Hart, who tenderly cared for him during his long illness.

As Editor of The Free Methodist

Burton R. Jones' work naturally falls into two divisions, as editor, and as preacher and administrator. During the years of his editorship, he stressed the doctrine of holiness, experimental religion, and reforms. His style as a writer is pointed and direct, without any attempt at rhetorical flourish. Bishop Zahniser gives this description of his literary style:

"As a writer he was clear, instructive and entertaining. When editor of the *Free Methodist* his editorials were of a high order, always short, spicy and spiritual. Anything from his pen is well worth reading."

A Distinguished People

A good example of his style of preaching is found in the Memorial number of the *Free Methodist* of December 10, 1912, celebrating the dedication of the Roberts Monument at North Chili, New York.

"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light, which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God" (1 Pet. 2: 9,10).

From its origin, the Free Methodist Church has borne the marks of a "chosen people," and been distinguished in many respects from the other churches of the age. Unassuming, unpopular, opposed and persecuted by the world and the worldly, these people have received inspiration and courage from the consciousness that God had chosen them and prepared them for a special work. To some extent, at least, God has given success to their efforts to maintain the Bible standard of religion and preserve a pure Methodism. Whenever the unity of the church has been seriously threatened, God has graciously interposed and carried her safely over the crisis. As of ancient Israel, so of God's people today it may be said: "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency; and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places" (Deut. 33: 29).

Evidently the Free Methodist Church is a true child of providence, and her mission is not yet fulfilled. Her foundation is the Rock of Ages, and so long as she keeps her covenant with God she will enjoy the consolations of divine approval and protection. But let us prayerfully consider a few things essential to the future success of the church.

1. Gospel simplicity must be maintained. As sure as she attempts to be like the nations around her, she will be robbed of her power and influence for good. Earnest, humble, holy, uncompromising as were the fathers and mothers of the church, so much every twentieth-century Free Methodist be who would aid in building up the church in righteousness and true holiness. Worldly encroachments must not be tolerated, costly churches, the pew system, choir singing and their usual accomplishments are among the things that the church faithfully discountenanced in her early history, and they are no less fatal to vital godliness today. Extravagance in dress, as forbidden in the Scriptures and excluded by the early Methodists, has been prohibited by the Discipline of the Free Methodist Church from its origin. Membership in any secret society is forbidden. To compromise on any of these lines is destructive to that simplicity and purity that has ever characterized true Free Methodism. Such a people are sure to be a curiosity to some and as great a dread to others. To see people dress as plainly as they did in the days when the mother church excluded from her love feasts all who wore "high heads, high bonnets, ruffles and rings," is rather a curosity to modern Methodists in fashionable attire.

2. Gospel thoroughness must be maintained. A thoroughly radical (not rabid) line of work, tempered by the Christlike spirit, propelled by Omnipotence, guided by divine wisdom, was never more needed than now. To give countenance to worldly compromises or compromisers is to encourage elements that are destructive to the most vital interests of the church. Ministers and members who are not Free Methodists in principle and in heart, and who attach little or no importance to the issues and principles of the church, are an element of weakness, and will sooner or later sell out to some worldly, time-serving people. The church should be thorough. The "ancient landmark" should be kept so prominent that the people can readily discern the boundaries of God's dominions. One soul thoroughly saved to God and in love with the

principles of the church will bring a greater inspiration of real strength and holy enthusiasm than any amount of superficial work.

3. The gospel standard of purity must be maintained. As Methodists we must make a specialty of the work of holiness; not simply as a theory, but as a vital experience to be definitely attained, faithfully lived, and boldly proclaimed. The church is required to "follow holiness"—make a life-work of it. A merely spasmodic effort will not answer the purpose. Holiness should be the all-absorbing theme of every Free Methodist pulpit in the land. It should fire the hearts of all our ministers and spread out through the membership as a leaven that shall work until the whole body is leavened. Thus equipped, the church will stand out as the "light of the world" amid the gross moral darkness that enshrouds the people. Thus far, holy men who earnestly and faithfully preach Bible holiness, denouncing sin of every character, find a warm reception in the Free Methodist Church. The utmost liberty is given to pure Christian testimony. While at times, perhaps, this zeal may not be sufficiently tempered with wisdom, or whatever may be the defects of the church, yet the old banner of holiness still waves unmolested at the masthead. Woe to the Free Methodist preacher that would presume to lower that banner.

4. In thus maintaining the Bible standard of Christian life and conduct, God is pledged to give success to His distinguished people. There is no ground for fear. No weapon formed against such a people can prosper. Their enemies may mock and taunt them, may misrepresent their motives, call them bigots, enthusiasts, and fanatics; infidels may malign their holy religion and scoff at their Redeemer, but while they hold to the grand old standard of salvation from sin through the blood of the everlasting atonement, the combined forces of sin and hell cannot successfully resist their onward march. Thank God! The old ship is "unsinkable." She is able to withstand the tempest of satanic wrath, incident to a voyage over life's rough sea.

It looks very much as though this stalwart vessel, launched with her weather-beaten crew in 1860, would yet make the final landing in safety. Fellow mortal, get on board. Our Father's at the helm.

He wrote an autobiography entitled "Burton R. Jones, His Life and Labors," issued from the press of the Free Methodist Publishing House in 1910. It is a volume of reminiscences of his long years of service, throwing many interesting sidelights on the early history of the church. He also prepared a "Digest of Free Methodist Law" which was the standard interpretation of the Discipline until a new volume was ordered by General Conference in 1935.

As A Minister

It was as a preacher of the gospel that Bishop Jones was at his best. He was concise and simple in his language, sincere in his manner and unctuous in his delivery. He was pre-eminently a preacher on Holiness. He used to say, "If I have a hobby, it is holiness." His preaching was a practical exemplification of his oft-repeated exhortation to the preachers:

"Begin low;
Speak slow;
Rise higher;
Strike fire;
Wax warm;
Quit in a storm."

He was a man of unusual courage both in the pulpit and in his contacts with men. This is well illustrated by the following incident:

When John Alexander Dowie was at the height of his influence, Brother Jones attended one of his "great" tabernacle meetings. On the occasion Mr. Dowie was scathingly denouncing Bishop Simpson. At the climax of his tirade he cried out, "Bishop Simpson is a liar. All who believe that I have proven that Bishop Simpson is a liar stand to your feet." The great congregation of his followers arose en masse. Brother Jones remained seated, whereupon Mr. Dowie, pointing to him, cried out, "Who are you sitting in that seat?" Voices from the enthusiastic crowd cried out, "He is a coward. He is a liar. Throw him out." Brother Jones, raising his clear, commanding voice above the noise of the clamoring crowd, cried out, "I am not a coward nor a liar. I travel extensively throughout the United States and am frequently asked about this work. I came today to see and hear first-hand that I might give an intelligent answer to these inquiries. You have declared that Bishop Simpson is a liar and that you have proved this. I do not believe, sir, that Bishop Simpson is a liar or that you have proven your assertion." Voices from the crowd again cried, "Throw him out. Throw him out." But Mr. Dowie quieted the "mob" and Brother Jones remained to the close and walked out quietly.

The reader will get a realistic picture of Bishop Jones from the pen of Bishop Zahniser:

"Though not robust in personal appearance, one could not closely contact the subject of this tribute without receiving the impression that he was more than an ordinary man. His splendid shaped head, piercing, expressive, dark eyes back of heavy eyebrows and the whole contour of his countenance would convince the critical observer that he could not be classified with the ordinary commoner. He had a severe attack of rheumatism which would have driven a less determined man to a life of utter dependence. He, however, heroically resolved not only to care for himself and his dependents but also to wage an aggressive warfare and render a worthwhile service to Christ and his fellow men. In his determined spirit there was a dynamo of energy and ambition. He was a living demonstration of the doctrine that, "The only use of an obstacle is to be overcome," and the only right way out of a difficulty is through it. This young man arose superior to his sufferings and with a commendable spirit of courageous confidence he chose a life of conflict and conquest. . . .

"He was a wise and proficient presiding officer and an excellent parliamentarian. Business moved forward with dispatch and precision when he occupied the chair in a deliberative body. In more than a score of years, as my memory serves me, not a single decision rendered by him was reversed by the General Conference.

"Brother Jones was a Spirit-filled man and contended for the freedom of the Spirit in the public worship of the church. He ministered the Spirit to others and contended for that type of spirituality which produced a high standard of practical living and negative as well as positive righteousness. He had a wealth of apt illustrations with which to 'clinch' the truth. In exhorting young preachers against long, dry preaching, he told of a preacher who preached two hours to a sleepy congregation from the text, 'Feed my lambs.' At the close a successful sheep-raiser arose and said, 'I don't know much about preaching, but I have three splendid rules for feeding lambs. First, feed them often. Second, give them a little at a time. Third, GIVE IT TO THEM WARM.'

"Bishop Jones excelled as a preacher. His sermons were masterful, delivered with an unction and power peculiar to himself. According to my thinking and liking I have seldom heard his equal. At the General Conference convening at Greenville, Illinois, in

1903, on the first Sunday morning following the greatest love-feast I have ever attended, he preached a sermon that in the opinion of many did more to influence the action of the conference favorably than all the speeches delivered on the floor. I can see him now as he passed from one height to another, carrying that great congregation with him. Reaching his climax in describing the devotion, consecration and great sacrifice by which our fathers established the principles of the church he raised his clenched fist and shook it threateningly, crying out, "AND PARALYZED BE THE ARM THAT EVER DARES TO LOWER THE STANDARD." The storm broke upon us in a veritable Pentecost. The preacher took his seat with a halo of glory shining from his countenance."

Burton R. Jones furnishes a shining example of Christian fortitude. In spite of the fact that he was afflicted with rheumatism during nearly all his public life, he served twenty-three years in the pastorate and eldership, four years as editor and twenty-five years as bishop. He preached approximately 8000 times, conducted 475 quarterly meetings, presided at more than 150 conferences, ordained about 350 deacons and elders, dedicated approximately 170 churches, attended 150 camp meetings, and traveled 200,000 miles after his election as bishop.

After his resignation as bishop he was a patient sufferer for the last seventeen years of his life. During one of his last sermons while preaching from his wheel chair, he said the Lord gave him this answer relative to his healing—Paul's answer, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." During a severe siege of suffering he wrote the following sketch entitled "Saturday Night" which reveals the personality of the man:

Saturday Night

"With firm resolve my steady bosom steal,
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel."

As I sit in my room this Saturday night, when the week and the day are dying together, my thoughts go beyond the unseemly clamor of the hurrying world, and memories come to me of bright hopes that were suddenly swept away, leaving only the wound which the dead days have thus far failed to heal.

I can but wonder why my hopes are so often wrecked, while others' joys go on and on. I have often tried to reason why one who is trying to please his Maker (for twenty years I've tried to do right) should so suffer, while others less scrupulous, perhaps, are permitted to walk where the path of life is smooth, and the flowers bloom, and the birds sing.

I cannot help but wonder why life to some is never life, but solely waiting for the end to come. Said a pilgrim sister, "When we reach the eternal shore we shall not care to take the journey again." So many hardships! So much suffering!

This I have tried to understand in my own weak way, and while I have looked, and wondered, and waited, and trusted, the sunshine from the invisible has broken in and touched my soul into perfect peace and rest. Thank God!

Now this Saturday night, reasoning will come back again, and I ask myself why these things should be as they are, and no answer comes, save that wisdom tells me that perhaps it is God's way of teaching me to be better and purer. Has it done so? If not, I trust that it may. The word of faith says, "Hope thou in God."

Job, a "perfect and upright" servant of the Most High God, testifies that, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." And in the bitterness of his heart he cried out, "My soul is weary of life." Yet he was not wicked, (see Job 10:7) and in the midst of his affliction he could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Surely, nothing can come out of the darkness of nightly doubt, but fear, and unrest, and the mistake we so often make of not casting our cares fully on the Infinite One.

"Faith brings a glimpse of heavenly day,
That drives the gloom of night away."

So light breaks in from the distant shore. Oh, to live from the turmoil of the world apart, hid with Christ in God, knowing the mysteries of His kingdom, fully prepared for that eternal peace which is to come when "sleep has kissed our eyelids to everlasting rest."

I am becoming more and more convinced that nothing sure and steadfast will there ever be in this life, save the inner consciousness that to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God" will insure peace of mind here, and joys immortal beyond life's everlasting Saturday night.

He answered the roll call of heaven at Pasadena, California, April 20, 1933. He who had been a heroic sufferer peacefully entered the haven of rest. His resignation to the will of God, even in the furnace, was significantly indicated by his parting words, "Amen! Amen!" Fittingly the funeral service was concluded by twenty-two ministers, in a circle around his casket, singing Charles Wesley's grand old hymn:

> "Servant of God, well done!
> Thy glorious warfare's past;
> The battles fought, the race is won,
> And thou art crowned at last."

Wilson Thomas Hogue

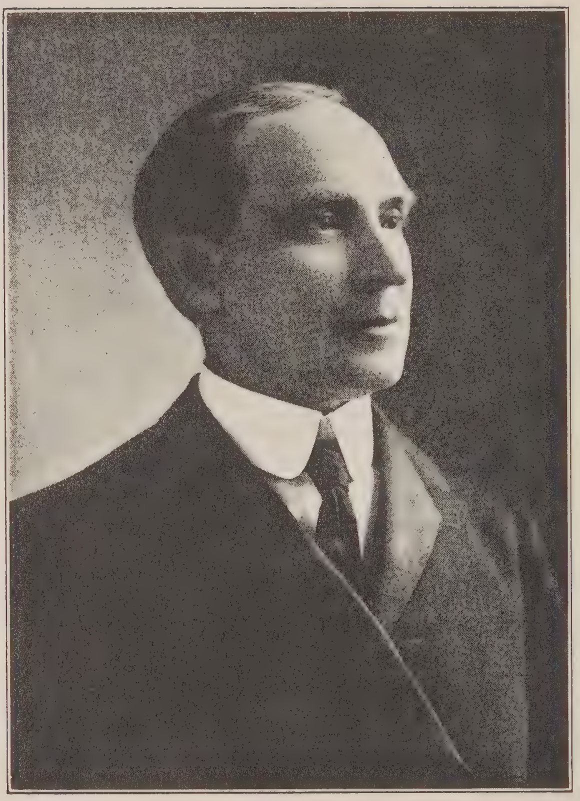
INVICTUS

“Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul.

“In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

“Beyond this place of wrath and tears,
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

“It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.”
—William Ernest Henly.



WILSON THOMAS HOGUE
Bishop 1903-1920

V

Wilson Thomas Hogue

On a beautiful September morning long years ago, I alighted at Greenville, Illinois, from an eastern train. Greenville was not a great city, a cozy community of twenty-five hundred inhabitants with nothing to perturb its repose which is so ideal for a college town. The campus, although attractive, was not large. No great quadrangle with stately halls of Gothic greeted the eye. There was one plain substantial brick building. The material assets were meager, the enrollment was small, the faculty were few in number. But in one particular the new-born institution was great—it was great in the person of its founder—Wilson Thomas Hogue.*

Emerson once said in paying a tribute to heredity, "If you wish to produce a gentleman, you must go back to his grandfather." The subject of this chapter was well born. His father, Thomas Hogg (the spelling was later changed to Hogue), related to James Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd poet, was born in Scotland, home of many illustrious sons. The words uttered by Ulysses in Homer's Odyssey may equally apply to Scotland. . As Ulysses was returning after long absence to his native island of Ithaca, scarred with craggy mountains, he exclaimed "A rugged country but a nurse of noble men." His mother, Sarah Carpenter, came from sturdy English stock. Although he was raised a Scotch Presbyterian and she a Baptist, they both belonged to the Methodist church in the community. Because they attended a camp meeting held by the Free Methodists, they were read out of the church along with a number of others in those days when such proscriptions were common. They then united with the Free Methodist Church and were staunch defenders of its principles to the day of their death. They were of that stalwart type who "feared God and eschewed evil."

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* I am indebted to Mrs. Emma L. Hogue for facts concerning Bishop Hogue; also to E. B. Middleton for assistance in the archives of the Publishing House on a number of chapters of this volume.

To bless their home Wilson Thomas made his advent at Lyndon, New York, near Franklinville, March 6, 1852. He had that greatest heritage any child can fall heir to—godly parents and a Christian home where a family altar was established as regularly as the daily meals.

When Wilson was only a week old, his older brother died. After the funeral his father went upstairs to pray in secret. He begged God to spare the life of the new-born boy. As he prayed, God spoke directly to him, "That boy is not yours, he is mine. You can't have him to spend his life on the farm. You must fit him to be a preacher." In that upper room, Father Hogue made a secret covenant with God. Later he greatly needed the boy on the farm. Following the Civil War, agriculture was given a heavy blow in the financial reaction that struck the nation; but true to his vow he kept the boy in school.

When nine years old he was taken to camp meeting at Allegany, N. Y., for the purpose of taking care of the younger children. In a children's meeting he was deeply convicted of sin, went to the altar and was so clearly saved that he never doubted its genuineness. Sister Matthewson, the local pastor's wife who had charge of the children's services, saw that the child at the altar was deeply moved upon. She patted the boy on the head and said, "Wilson, can't you believe Jesus?" At that moment a light from heaven shone upon him—the same that centuries before shone on Saul of Tarsus.

When eleven years old, the Holy Spirit definitely called him to preach. He said that even the thought of being a minister was repulsive to him. As a consequence he gave up his religion, although he never went into outward sin. During this time he was under constant conviction. When alone in the field or along the streams the Spirit of God would thunder in his ears the call to preach. At the age of sixteen, he again sought the Lord and made his consecration complete. From that time he never wavered in his devotion to Christ—like the Psalmist he could say "My heart is fixed."

During the years young Wilson was away from God, his father was deeply concerned lest some judgment from heaven should fall upon him or he should fail to carry out the purposes of God; but characteristic of the sturdy Scotchman he was, he never revealed to the boy his vow to God or his deep concern and anxiety until later years when he was a preacher of the gospel.

He received local preacher's license at the age of nineteen and soon after was baptized with the Holy Spirit. He united with the Genesee Conference in 1873; was ordained deacon in 1875 by General Superintendent B. T. Roberts; was ordained elder by General Superintendent E. P. Hart in 1877.

His work as a pastor was within the bounds of the Genesee Conference, in which he served with conspicuous success the following pastorates: Dunkirk and Jamestown circuit 1873; Jamestown, Buffalo 1877-8; Albion 1879-80; Rochester 1881-2; Buffalo 1883-4; Albion 1885-6; Buffalo 1887-92. In addition he served as district elder on both the Buffalo and Genesee districts.

For many years it had been the desire of Mr. Hogue to see the Free Methodist Church organize a full-fledged college. Divine providence strangely brought this about by moving upon a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Mr. James T. Grice of Abingdon, Illinois—whose munificence made the enterprise possible. Mr. and Mrs. Grice attended a camp meeting at Prairie City, Illinois, in July, 1891, which, though not large, was remarkable for its manifestations of the Holy Spirit's power. Being disappointed in the worldliness of a college of their own denomination which they had generously supported in their own town, they desired to see a college established under the direction of a distinctly holiness church. They were so impressed through this camp with the Free Methodist people that they sold a fine farm and gave the proceeds, $6,000, on the annuity plan to establish a college.

In September of that year, the Central Illinois Conference, upon the urgent recommendation of Superintendent Roberts, approved of the project and elected a board of trustees. Accordingly, the property of Almira College at Greenville, Illinois, an institution established as a woman's college by the Baptists, but later privately operated as a co-educational institution, was purchased for the sum of $12,200. The property consisted of ten acres of land and one substantial four-story brick building with its equipment. This, in a brief word, is the story of the birth of Greenville College.

Divinely led, the trustees called Wilson T. Hogue as president of the college yet to be. In September, 1892, he left the pastorate in Buffalo and the eldership of the Buffalo District boldly to pioneer in the untried field of higher education, in the Free Methodist Church. For years he had felt the need of a Christian college and now he had the opportunity of translating into actuality his high conceptions of the character and aims of such an institution. Only those who have had experience in our church schools can fully understand the great difficulties inherent in establishing such an institution. Yet in spite of the tremendous obstacles and the financial difficulties he held firm to his original plan to establish an institution of higher learning. His determination and tenacity of purpose were finally rewarded in securing for the school its rightful place in the recognition of the church. For twelve years he guided the destiny of the college.

President Hogue believed in a culture based upon reverence for God and upon the principles of righteousness. Of such a culture alike for the good of the individual, the church, and the state, he was the zealous exponent. His power as a platform speaker gave him unusual opportunity both to defend the principles of Christian education for which he stood and to promote the interests of the institution of which he was the head.

We give the following estimate from Mr. William Carson, editor of the *Greenville Advocate:*

"The editor of the *Advocate* will always be glad that he was a student under Bishop Hogue when the latter became the first president of Greenville College. How well we remember his address in the court room prior to the opening of the school in 1892. It was what would now be called a convocation address. The great dynamic force of magnetic personality of President Hogue was all-compelling and impressed itself upon the people. These first impressions were lasting. He was an outstanding figure because of his unusual characteristics and his versatility. He combined the qualities of an organizer, business man, literateur, theologist and diplomat. No situation seemed too difficult for him to master. He seemed equal to any emergency and as he forced his way unobtrusively to the front in his own calling, we believe that he would have climbed to the top in any other business or profession that he might have undertaken. He was a many-sided man, one of the bright and shining lights in the history of Free Methodism and a man who had a peculiar grasp upon the people of Greenville in the days when Greenville College was young."

Ex-county superintendent of schools in Bond County, Illinois, a student of Greenville College during the administration of President Hogue, in remarks made at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution said, "I once regarded Bishop Hogue as the greatest man in the world and in my association with many men since that time I do not know that so far as my personal knowledge and associations are concerned that I have had occasion to change my mind."

The lasting impress he left upon Greenville as president of the college will be seen from the following from the *Greenville Advocate:*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO BISHOP WILSON T. HOGUE

By the City Council of Greenville, Illinois

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove to the world beyond, Bishop Wilson T. Hogue, a former resident of this city, which act has caused sorrow and mourning throughout this place; and,

Whereas, President Hogue, as he was known to most people here, on account of his connection with Greenville College for twelve years as a thorough educator, great pulpiteer, worthy citizen, loving neighbor and sincere friend; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That these lines of respect to his memory, from us, with Newell Dwight Hillis, who said in speaking of his friend, David Swain, "Today in this presence we remember that the true measure of a city's greatness is the kind of a man it reveres and loves. It is to the lasting praise of our city, and proves how high our society has risen in the scale of refinement and character, that in his lifetime an eager hearing was given to this sage, whose theme was the folly of ignorance and vice, and the supremacy of truth and duty."

All will know that eloquence is due to the orator's personal charm and to the responsiveness of his hearers, so in President Hogue was comprehended a large measure of the rarest gifts of his Creator and in turn a kindling interest of ever-widening scope was manifested in him by his generation. His sermons and literary work were refined, eloquent and forceful and possessed a certain grace and delicacy and sweet completeness characteristic of this great man.

It would seem therefore a special token of divine favor that we were privileged to have him live as a citizen among us, and to have felt the uplifting of his daily life.

S. W. ANDREWS, JR., *Mayor.*
CHARLES T. MYER, *City Clerk.*

He had that unflinching tenacity of purpose, that patience in dealing with details, that spirit of toleration toward those of differing opinions, that poise in times of stress and strain which made him an administrator of the first order. The portrait of President Hogue hangs on the wall of my memory. I still see him now as he stood before us on that last Sabbath morning in 1904 delivering our baccalaureate sermon, with the light of eternity beaming on his brow. Next to my revered father, he made the deepest impression upon my life.

Born with the scholarly instinct, all his work evidenced the touch of the scholar and that touch he unmistakably left upon the school in spite of the lack of equipment arising from meager finances. The famous compliment paid to Mark Hopkins, the imperial educator, that a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other constituted a university may be fittingly applied to the founder of the first full-fledged college in Free Methodism. Greenville College stands as the living monument of Wilson T. Hogue.

A Promoter of the Publishing Interests

At the passing of Bishop Roberts, he was elected by the Executive Committee to fill the vacancy, serving the unexpired term during the years of 1893-94. He was then elected editor at the following General Conference held at Greenville, October 10, 1894. During the twelve years of his presidency of the college he did double duty as bishop and then as editor.

It was a felicitous providence in the development of the Free Methodist Church that he was elected editor. The nine years in the editorial chair gave him opportunity to pioneer in the field of our church literature and to establish our publishing interests on a firm basis. Like John Wesley, he saw clearly the value of the printed page not only in spreading scriptural holiness but in building up the organization to which he gave the services of his life.

A story of heroic sacrifice is recorded in the annals of the infant church by those men who, when the small denomination was not financially able to publish a paper itself, assumed personal risk and for many years published the *Free Methodist* at a personal loss. It was not until the General Conference at Coopersville, Michigan, in 1886, that the church took over the paper. The printing equipment was bought from T. B. Arnold. B. T. Roberts, then bishop, was elected the first editor. Resigning after four years, he was succeeded for a period of four years by Burton R. Jones and then Mr. Hogue became editor.*

The story of W. T. Hogue's work would not be complete without making reference to his relation to the publishing house. He was the chief factor in its establishment in Chicago. It was he who, after several years of agitation, finally secured an action of the General Conference of 1907 favorable to securing an eligible site and building in Chicago. A suitable site 100x100 feet on the corner of Washington Boulevard and North May Street was purchased for $20,000. The work of securing the architect's plans and financing the project involving about $70,000 was entrusted to him and Rev. M. B. Miller, secretary of the executive committee. Soon after operations were begun, Mr. Hogue was stricken with illness which disabled him for two years, leaving the execution of affairs fall upon Mr. Miller. Fortunate indeed was the church in having that able executive and financier, M. B. Miller, who completed the work and skillfully financed the project so that it was paid for without any financial strain on the denomination. Our publishing interests entered upon a new era of success. Since moving headquarters to Winona Lake, Indiana, this splendid four-story brick and stone building in Chicago was sold.

Not only was he editor of the church paper but for a time he also carried the burden of editing the Sunday-school literature. In this he was ably assisted by his wife, Emma L. Hogue. This extra load was borne until 1898 when W. B. Olmstead was elected as editor of the Sunday-school literature. Mr. Hogue was responsible for much important legislation concerning the Sunday schools and the development of the Sunday schools in the church. His interests embraced every department of the church.

He had long served on the missionary board and when he became editor he issued a beautifully illustrated missionary number. In fact, he originated *The Missionary Tidings.* Feeling the time had come for the launching of a missionary periodical by the Woman's Missionary Society, he published once a month in 1896 a "Missionary Supplement." It consisted of four pages the size of the church paper and was inserted between pages 8 and 9. He continued this until it was taken over by the W. M. S. and published as a separate monthly periodical with an editor elected for that specific work. The first number appeared in January, 1897. The wisdom of this new venture has been demonstrated by the ever-increasing usefulness of this magazine.

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* A detailed account of our publishing interests will be found in Hogue's History, vol. II, p. 237ff.; also "Dedication Number" of the "Free Methodist," November 9, 1909.

To assist in carrying on the work of the Woman's Missionary Society, he compiled "Missionary Hymns" in the year 1907. In 1908 he presented the copyright to the society.

The Earnest Christian was purchased the latter part of 1907 and its publication was begun by the publishing house the first of the following January. Mr. Hogue was chosen editor as the one capable of maintaining the standard established in this monthly magazine by Bishop Roberts in the very beginning of our church and continued by his son, Rev. B. H. Roberts, until the above transfer was made. Failing health necessitated the resignation of Mr. Hogue in October, 1908, and the publication was discontinued at the end of the year.

It will be clearly seen that practically all the important publications of the church have at some time been under his editorial direction or have been produced directly by him. The fortified position that our publishing house now holds is largely the fruitage of his vision and initiative assisted in its business policies by that master financier, Rev. Mendal B. Miller of the Oil City Conference.

His Literary Productions

Bishop Hogue was an accomplished writer, felicitous in the combination of original thought and lucid style. His English had an elegance characteristic of the make-up of the man, possessing both solidity and grace. His published works, regardless of the subjects treated, are of a uniformly high order. This power of impressing personality on language is one of the strangest and most inexplicable facts in the world of mind. Wilson T. Hogue possessed that power to an unusual degree.

His sympathies were always with the preachers and he always had a peculiar interest in them. It was a natural consequence that his first book should be "Hogue's Homiletics and Pastoral Theology" published in 1887, a guide to the young preacher in preparing sermons and a mine of helpful directions for pastoral work.

It justly found a place in the preacher's course of study where it has held its place until the present time. It has been widely used as a textbook in other denominations. The part of the book on Pastoral Theology was also printed in a separate volume entitled "Revivals and Revival Work."

To counteract the rising tide of Christian Science, "falsely so called," while pastor at Buffalo, New York, he read before the Buffalo Ministerial Association a paper upon the the subject which was of such worth that it was ordered printed and appeared in an expanded booklet under the title, "Christian Science Unmasked." In 1901 he published another booklet in opposition to the Seventh Day heresy, entitled "The First Day Sabbath."

When the church needed a Catechism especially for its Sunday-school work and when committees appointed by two successive General Conferences failed to make any report, at the request of the publishing agent Mr. Hogue prepared and published the work. The first issue appeared in 1902.

Harry Agnew, our pioneer missionary to Africa, left material concerning the building of our enterprise in the dark continent with Bishop Hogue with the request that he would produce the book in his stead in the interests of the foreign work to which he literally gave his life. After the death of Mr. Agnew, he wrote in 1904, "G. Harry Agnew, a Pioneer Missionary," a splendid piece of biographical craftsmanship.

"Hymns That Are Immortal," published in 1906, is a devotional classic. In each chapter the author gives the history and content of the great hymns which will live in the hymnology of the church until the end of time. He urges young people especially to commit them to memory as an aid in character building and "in coming years to afford delightful companionship along the highway of life as well as invaluable sources of light, inspiration and comfort in times of darkness and depression and amid the gathering shadows of life's declining years." Bishop Hogue himself wrote some excellent hymns, some of which were included in our 1910 Hymnal and other song books.

In order to counteract the decline of the fundamental institution of original Methodism, the class meeting, he published "The Class Meeting as a Means of Grace." His reason for writing the book is given in the preface: "There is evident danger of the class meeting so far falling into disesteem and change of character as to become only the nominal representative of what it once was in reality. * * * There is certainly need of reformation at once. Restore the class meetings of Methodism to what they once were and the power and efficiency of Methodism in all its branches will be incalculably increased." It is a valuable handbook which every class leader of the church should study.

Being vitally interested in the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection, he edited and was a contributor to "A Symposium on Scriptural Holiness." This volume published in 1915 contains an excellent exposition of holiness.

In 1915 a small volume, beautifully bound for gift purposes, was published. As the title indicates, "The Believer's Personal Experience of Christ in the Process of Salvation," it is a valuable book of instruction to all believers who, having experienced the beginnings of divine grace, are desirous of attaining "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ."

"The Holy Spirit—A Study" was the last work published by Bishop Hogue. It was a theme very precious to him and upon which he expended his serious and mature effort. In the preface he says that it burned in his heart for more than thirty years and that it absorbed his spare time for Bible study from 1884 to 1890 when most of its contents were written. "Since then the manuscript was occasionally reviewed and revised and the subject was one of much thought and study, the results of which have been incorporated in the book as it now appears." When about to publish this work earlier, he consulted a competent friend who advised him to wait for ten years, brood over it, revise it, then publish it. As a result, we have the present edition. In the opinion of the writer, no better work on the Holy Spirit has been published.

The crowning literary work of Bishop Hogue is his "History of the Free Methodist Church" in two large volumes. This work is all the more remarkable since it was written after the author had been disabled by a stroke which would have forced most men to retire from active service.

To understand properly a movement, we must know its background. To have an appreciation of the upheaval which brought into being a church, we must understand those forces which united to produce the upheaval. Nothing can give such an intelligent understanding of the Free Methodist Church as the careful reading of its history. The rising generation of Free Methodists needs to know the history of their heritage.

As a denomination we are most fortunate in having Hogue's "History of the Free Methodist Church," a masterpiece both of history and of literature. Its perusal will impart a sympathetic understanding of the origin of the church and a love for the heroic principles for which she stands. What could be more fitting and more profitable at this time than a widespread reading of the history of the church throughout the denomination?

The New York *Christian Advocate* of February 24, 1916, contained the following notice of Bishop Hogue's "History of the Free Methodist Church," from the pen of Professor John A. Faulkner, of Drew Theological Seminary:

"Methodism has been peculiarly fortunate in its historians. Speaking of America only, we have the classic work of Dr. Abel Stevens, "History of the Religious Movement Called Methodism," three volumes, and "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church" (to 1816), four volumes; Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse's very important "History of Methodist Reform and of the Methodist Protestant Church," two volumes; and now we have the first thorough and adequate *History of the Free Methodist Church.* Thanks to the diligence and skill of Bishop Wilson T. Hogue, we now have a full, interesting, well-written, well-documented, well-illustrated history, worthy to stand beside Stevens, Atkinson, McTyeire, Drinkhouse and other authorities in the noble temple of Methodist literature. Of course the author writes from the Free Methodist point of view, but that is all the more welcome because we already have the 'official' Methodist Episcopal view, from three or four hands. But we have never had the *full* facts of those tragic times in old Genesee from the Free side, with a welcome republication of all the old valuable, rare documents, and especially we have never had the full history from that day to this of those heroic souls who were thrust out—whether rightly or wrongly let the reader judge, after studying both sides and the original sources—in the bitterness of their souls to build up from the bottom what they thought a genuine Methodist Church after the original pattern. He will find the whole story told here with sympathy, literary interest and ample quotations from the contemporary writings, now exceedingly scarce. It was a piece of work well worth doing, and it is now done so admirably and thoroughly that it need never be done again.

After almost nine years as an outstanding editor of the *Free Methodist*, he was elected bishop at the General Conference at

Greenville in 1903. The next year, as soon as his contract with the college would allow, he resigned the presidency in June, 1904, in order to give himself wholly to the duties of his new office.

In September, 1908, on his way home the day after the close of the Wabash Conference at Henning, Illinois, he was stricken with an attack of cerebral hemorrhage. He rallied from this attack but on the sixth of July, 1909, he was stricken with paralysis, which affected his whole right side. Through the prayers of the church and the aid of the best medical skill, he recovered sufficiently to assume his official duties and to complete a remarkable amount of literary work. After he was first stricken he told the family that he hoped to live ten years longer in order that he might write the "History of the Free Methodist Church" and complete "The Holy Spirit—A Study." The Lord graciously granted his wish by sparing his life eleven years so that he was able to complete those volumes, although under great difficulty.

Notwithstanding his grievous handicap, he bravely continued to struggle on in holding his conferences. In response to his invitation the writer made the rounds of the most of his conferences in 1918 in order to assist him as his strength was failing. His faithful wife then accompanied him in September to the Kentucky and Tennessee Conference. As he opened the session of the conference he suffered a collapse which ended his public work. Since that time he steadily declined until pneumonia ended his career, February 13, 1920.

Like Moses of old, he had a premonition from heaven that the time of his departure was at hand. He told Mrs. Hogue there would be a funeral in the house within a week. He then inquired if his son-in-law, Mr. Middleton, with whom he was living, would be home immediately from his trip as a traveling salesman. As the end drew near the family in company with Professor John LaDue gathered by his bedside and with remarkable resolution sang the entire hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." As they sang "he took his feeble hand out from under the cover and tremblingly held it up, toward that heaven and that victory into which he was just entering." He hailed with joy the rising morn of eternal joy. In the charming stanzas of Bishop Burns, he heard the trumpets of heaven calling.

The trumpets are calling, I've come to the sea,
But far out in the moonlight glow
I still hear the trumpets, they're calling to me,
The trumpets are calling—I go.

And lo, a strange boatman is here with his bark,
And he takes me all silent and dumb;
But my trumpets! my trumpets! they peel through
the dark,
The trumpets are calling—I come.

Funeral services were held at Springfield, Illinois. Rev. John LaDue, a life-long friend, preached a memorable sermon from the text: "Father, I desire that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world" (John 17:24). His mortal remains are sepulchered in the family burial plot in Franklinville, New York, where a substantial monument has been erected by his friends throughout the church in appreciation of his noble service.

In his domestic life he was most fortunate. It was a day destined to yield increasing happiness when on December 29, 1874, he took as the partner of life's pilgrimage, Miss Emma L. Jones of Jamestown, New York. Gentle, capable and sympathetic, she made home a place of quiet heavenly retreat where his energies were refueled for his arduous tasks. The family circle consisted of three estimable and deeply attached daughters, Mrs. Nellie Orr of Louisville, Kentucky; the late Mrs. Grace Middleton and Clara, a literary editor, of Winona Lake, Indiana.

He was a tremendous worker. One of his favorite texts "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work," was also the motto of his life. Samuel Johnson etched on the crystal of his watch in Greek "The night cometh." Sir Walter Scott inscribed the same Greek phrase on her sun dial at Abbotsford that old Greek epigram made immortal by Jesus, "The night cometh when no man can work." During the twelve arduous years he was founding Greenville College he was also bishop and then editor of the *Free Methodist*. During the same period, when men usually have their formal education completed he was toiling to take his degrees from the Illinois Wesleyan University, receiving his Ph.B. 1897; A. M. 1899; Ph.D. 1902.

Even after his stroke, he did an unthinkable amount of work. In addition to his regular official duties as bishop, he wrote the exhaustive "History of the Free Methodist Church," involving toilsome research. Upon request the writer spent many weeks in assisting in this work, and one of the pictures that will never fade from memory is the persistent historian with the shadow of death falling upon him typewriting the manuscript with the fingers of his left hand, since his right hand was paralyzed. The candle of life, fanned by his resistless spirit and giant intellect, burned out prematurely. Yet we can say with the poet:

> Better a day of strife
>   Than a century of sleep:
> Give me instead a long stream of life
>   The tempest and the tears of the deep.
> A thousand joys may foam
>   On the billows of all the years;
> But never the foam brings the brave bark home—
>   It reaches the haven through tears.

Bishop Hogue's Message

Bishop Wilson T. Hogue whose health prevented his continuance in the office of bishop, sent the following message which is great in its simplicity, to the General Conference.

To the Members of the General Conference assembled in Greenville, Illinois, June 11-26, 1919.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

In the providence of God it is probable that I shall not be with you in this session of our general conference. For the first time since I have been a member of this body I shall not be able to answer the roll call. God alone knows the bitter disappointment and how I shall miss being with you; but He also gives grace and patience, and helps me to say Amen to His will.

By the blessing of God I have been able to hold the conferences alloted to me during the past quadrennium, have dedicated several churches, and assisted in holding some revival services; have also done considerable writing.

Last fall after presiding at five of the large conferences, without a day's rest between, I started for the Kentucky and Tennessee Conference to be held in Petroleum, Kentucky. While on the way I suffered a nervous collapse and was unable to hold the conference after reaching the place. My physician says the attack was the result of overstrain. Since that time I have improved in health, but am not able to do any public work.

I wish to thank you all for your prayers and the kindness shown me during my affliction. My heart is and shall be with you to the end. I do not wish to be considered for any position. I only crave your prayers. May the Lord guide you in all your deliberations and lead you to wise and right conclusions. And may the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost be with and abide with you all. Amen.

Yours in Jesus' love,
WILSON T. HOGUE.

As a Minister and Administrator

Wilson T. Hogue was a prince among preachers. To those natural qualifications of the preacher—dignified presence, diapason voice, forceful gesture—were added the finish and breadth of culture. His presentation of the gospel was at once philosophic and evangelistic, appealing both to the intellect and the heart. The pulpit was his throne and mighty was his dominion over that throne. The heights to which he habitually arose will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to sit under his peerless ministry.

A true picture of his character and versatility will be given by the following tributes:

TRIBUTE BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Bishop Wilson Thomas Hogue was a great man. Those who knew him need no argument in proof of this statement. But in loving tribute to his memory and for the stranger, who, perchance, may read these lines, the greatness of the man appeared in the following particulars:

1. Benjamin Franklin said, "There never was yet a truly great man who was not at the same time virtuous." Bishop Hogue was all that and more, because he was a Christian. Negative virtue and morality are a definite asset to any character, but, when these are based upon, and grow out of, a holy heart and are exemplified in a holy life, they become the outstanding features of a life truly great. Bishop Hogue was truly great because he was truly good.

2. One has said, "Great men undertake great things because they are great." Great in mental powers, magnanimous in soul, courageous in spirit, Bishop Hogue was ever undertaking the great things. Perhaps he attempted too much. But it must be admitted that where others would have said, "It can not be done," he did it. Pastor, district elder, college president, editor, bishop, author and historian, he magnified every position because he was great enough to attempt and successfully accomplish great things.

3. Bishop Hall once said he who is his own master is great. The sturdy sense of right which came to Bishop Hogue from his Scotch forebears; his vision of truth in its many aspects; his fearlessness and his zeal for the cause of God led him often into the arena of debate. His duties as bishop brought him to the trying scenes which come to the lot of a presiding officer in annual and general conferences. But Bishop Hogue was ever master of himself because he had been mastered by Jesus Christ. As greatness lies, not in being strong, but in the right use of strength, so the greatness of this fearless leader was revealed in the mastery of himself while his magnificent talents of mind and soul were literally poured out for the church of his choice and the salvation of men.

4. South once wrote, "There never was any heart truly great and gracious that was not also tender and compassionate." The intimate friends of Bishop Hogue know full well how this attribute of greatness was exemplified in him. In his home, in the community, to his friends, to the needy everywhere, he was always personifying the Master who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

But why say more! A character so strong; a life so active; a mind so fertile; a service so versatile—language is lame in attempting to render tribute to it. It is fitting that this body should pause at this time to honor the memory of our departed friend and brother and leader. Bishop Wilson Thomas Hogue—devoted Christian, able minister, tireless student, wise counselor, skillful administrator, gifted editor, faithful historian, manly man—"God's hand touched him and he slept."

BY BISHOP WILLIAM PEARCE

I am thinking of his smile, the combined expression of the refined gentleman and the saint. Even such a supposedly little thing as a smile is an index of character. With him it was tender, benign, and absolutely genuine.

What he conceived as righteous principle he unswervingly upheld. No consideration of cost in public disfavor, or anything else, caused even a delay by his great soul in carrying out the plan of rectitude and honor. He was granite of the finest grade. Such sturdiness is often coupled with rigor and the unapproachable, but in him this undying force of character served to adorn his native tenderness and "sweet reasonableness." A lady of great refinement once said to me, "What a gentleman Bishop Hogue is!" His friendship, too, was a very valuable asset.

Anywhere in the wide world and under any true standard, he would pass for a great preacher. In him the well-trained homilist never obscured the Spirit-guided gospel preacher, and one could but feel as his well-chosen introduction yielded to the orderly massing of his divisions and those to the grand climacteric and application, "Could anything on earth be richer, more directly profitable to the soul, more sublime!"

His aim evidently was to keep abreast of the best thought of the day. It is rare indeed that one man carries so many excellencies. As president of Greenville College he revealed dignity, efficiency and scholarship; as editor of the *Free Methodist*, comprehensiveness, beauty and strength of editorial diction, and a general wisely guiding hand, and in every department of life nobility.

His devoted wife, intimate friend of his wonderful career, and the children who gave to their distinguished father a love that was rich and beautiful are bereaved indeed. And all the relatives will feel the privation of his death. May the consolation of the Spirit be theirs profoundly. The eleven years of personal subduedness through suffering have now given place to personal vigor and untrammeled energy in the presence of the Lord and a future of great reward.

He was a fine church officer, not a prelate but an overseer of souls, an exceedingly capable president of conferences, annual or quadrennial, skilled in parliamentary law, luminous in conference addresses, wise in administration. The church of Christ at large has suffered immense loss in his death.

As an example of Bishop Hogue's forensic ability we give his address at the dedication of the monument to B. T. Roberts at North Chili, New York, which is also worthy of preservation as a historical document.

MY FRIENDS: We are assembled today to do honor to the memory of a great man. Nearly twenty years have passed since he left the scene of earthly action, and during those two decades his greatness has become more and more apparent to those who have watched the trend of affairs which he, during his lifetime, set in motion. We knew he was a great man while he lived with us and wrought among us, but we did not know the measure of his greatness as we know it now. We were too near him then, and too familiar with him, adequately to appreciate his eminence. The distance of twenty years from those stirring events, in the midst of which he lived and was a principal actor, lends a perspective to his life which gives us a juster conception of its influence and worth to the world.

Men like Benjamin Titus Roberts are never adequately appreciated by the generation in which they live. There is too much of the prophetic in them to admit of their being understood and estimated at their true worth. They live so far in advance of their contemporaries that they are usually misunderstood and regarded as enthusiasts and visionaries. No generation properly estimates its great men. A just verdict of their worth must ever await succeeding generations.

> "Eight Grecian cities strive for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Men like Moses, Elijah, Paul, Luther and Wesley are usually persecuted by the very people whom they seek to benefit and bless, while their greatness as benefactors of mankind is made more and more apparent as decades and centuries pass away. John the Baptist lost his head as the price of his fidelity to duty, but centuries, and even millenniums, have since emphasized the character and greatness of his work. John Brown was thought to be a reform fanatic in his protest against American slavery, and especially when his reformatory principles took the practical form of the historic raid at Harper's Ferry, and he was ordered to be executed as a consequence; but a few years later the defenders of the Union were singing over all the land,

> "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
> His soul goes marching on."

It was much the same with the man in honor of whose memory we gathered here today as it was with those illustrious men of an earlier time. He was too great, too profoundly impressed with the magnitude and responsibility of his mission among men, too full of holy earnestness and fiery zeal, to be understood and appreciated by his contemporaries generally. As a consequence he suffered great persecution from those who should have been foremost to hail a man of such unswerving devotion and fidelity to God. In the midst of it all, however, he steadfastly pursued his course, and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Moreover, the tongues that once wagged in attempted defamation of his character have long since been silenced, while the same conference which placed the ban of excommunication upon him more than fifty years ago, but two years since testified to the injustice of that action by declaring its belief in his blamelessness and purity at the time it occurred, and by publicly restoring to his son the parchments of which they had deprived him. They also bore similar testimony in behalf of the noble men who stood with him in defense of truth and righteousness, and who shared with him the same humiliation, reproach and persecution.

It is meet that this monument should have been erected by friends of Mr. Roberts and his most estimable wife throughout the church of which, in the province of God, he was the chief founder. It is a fitting testimonial to our appreciation of the heritage bequeathed to us by their self-sacrifice and zealous labors. Few of the younger generation of Free Methodists have any adequate conception of the degree in which they suffered, sacrificed, toiled, wept and prayed, in their unswerving fidelity to principles of righteousness during the conflict which raged within the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church back in the fifties, and which finally resulted in the formation of the Free Methodist Church. Others, who stood by them, and who shared the persecutions which gathered first about the head of Mr. Roberts, and the disappointment, humiliation, sacrifice, hardship and toil which ensued, are entitled to equally grateful remembrance by the church at large; but inasmuch as the providential turn of events finally made him the chief instrument in founding the church, and in shaping and guiding its development for nearly a third of a century, it is peculiarly fitting that this monument should have been erected to his memory and to that of the noble woman who ever stood heroically at his side, and was a tower of strength to him throughout his public career.

But why do we erect this monument to the memory of the departed dead? Why do men instinctively try to perpetuate the memory of public benefactors and of their deeds in monuments of enduring character?

> "Can storied urn, or animated bust,
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
> Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

Impossible! Naught that we can say or do can in any wise undo the wreck and ruin death has wrought, or change the condition of those who have departed. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

We erect monuments commemorative of the deeds of great men as a means of expressing and cultivating gratitude for the benefits they have transmitted to us and our posterity. We do not worship the ancestral dead, but we do venerate their memory, and we appreciate the beneficence of their lives upon ourselves and others. Moreover, we seek to cultivate in all a lively sense of gratitude for those who have been benefactors of the race.

Also by such events as that which we here celebrate we exercise an educative influence upon succeeding generations. Forgetfulness of the worthy dead is indicative of low ideals; and, where it becomes general, it betokens a declining civilization. Respect for the dead is always a means of cultivating self-respect. No man or woman whose sensibilities are normal can reverently walk among the monuments of Britain's illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey without being quickened in intellect, elevated in morals, inspired with veneration and broadened in all that makes for the loftiest type of manhood. A monument commemorating the virtues and achievements of a great man or woman preaches to all succeeding generations the excellence of virtue and the loftiness of service to one's fellow men.

Then, too, the monument of one who has been illustrious in personal character and in self-sacrificing service to mankind has a subduing, mellowing, refining influence upon those who behold it, and who trace thereon the inscription which, in few words, sums up those virtues and deeds of service to others in which the departed one excelled. Who that visits the tomb of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, McKinley; of Wesley, Clarke, Fletcher or Whitefield; does not instinctively uncover his head, tread softly, speak in whispers if at all, and even breathe more lightly than usual, feeling that he is on holy ground, and being thus softened and mellowed by his surroundings? Only the most hardened wretches are unsusceptible to such an environment.

Moreover, monuments commemorative of our dead are silent but effectual testimonials to our belief in immortality. Why should we or others care to be remembered when we are gone hence? Why do we who survive the death of the friends we loved care to perpetuate their memory in monuments of marble, granite, bronze, or other enduring material? Are not both of these things due to our instinctive sense that the real man is immortal? Were we assured that death ends all, who would care to be remembered, or who would care to be at trouble and expense to perpetuate the memory of his departed friends through coming generations? Thank God! though our departed loved ones have gone within the veil, they have not ceased to be nor ceased to love. We remember them with pleasure; and we love them still, though they are gone beyond the reach of mortal vision. We shall go to them, but no more can they return to us. In the erection of monuments to their memory we proclaim our faith in immortality, our love for those who are gone from us, and also our hope of ultimate reunion with them in "the resurrection of the just."

The man whose memory we honor today was well worthy of all the recognition the Free Methodist Church gave him from the time of its formation until his death. He was also equally worthy of the honors paid to his memory by the erection and dedication of this monument. Benjamin Titus Roberts was indeed "a prince and a great man in Israel." Nature formed him for distinction among his fellow men. His robust physique, his striking physiognomy, his well-formed head, his striking penetration, his mental balance, his incisiveness, the quickness of his intuitions and his readiness and clearness in speech, all indicated the man born for leadership of others. His was a striking personality, such as would command attention and mark him as a distinguished man in any circle of society. He was one of Nature's noblemen.

To his natural endowments were added the acquirements of a thorough university education, which, instead of being used for purposes of self-aggrandizement, were consecrated to the service of God in the service of mankind. Graduated with high honor from the most representative university of American Methodism, his university equipment was turned to such employment as ever reflected high honor upon his alma mater. He was not only thoroughly but broadly educated. The breadth and thoroughness of his mental equipment, together with his natural aptitude, gave him much versatility, and contributed to his efficiency in various directions. Being a diligent student all his days, he never crossed the deadline from growing usefulness. His educational acquirements were never used for display, but rather as tools to accomplish the various duties of his calling. Instead of mystifying men with a show of learning, he used his educational equipment to simplify the truth of God for their edification. So unaffected and simple was his manner of speech that, occasionally, one who heard him, and who expected him to use "great swelling words" of worldly wisdom, would go away saying "What a power for good that man might have been if he had only been educated!" As with the Master, however, "the common people heard him gladly." Moreover, those who heard were sure to be instructed and edified. His presentation of truth was so simple, so concise, so lucid, and so vividly illustrated that men of very ordinary minds could carry away the entire sermon in substance, and never be able to forget it. He was a very ready man on almost any subject. One great secret of his power as preacher, writer, debater and conversationalist was the fact that "his tools were always ready, and he carried them in his pocket."

But the greatest element of strength in the character of Mr. Roberts was that of his religious experience. As another is to speak particularly of this, I need say but little concerning it. However, had it not been for the depth and intensity of his religious convictions, the consecration of his whole heart and life to God, and the consequent depth and genuineness of his experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ, he might, and doubtless would have risen to eminence in the legal profession, and to leadership in the political world; but the Church of God would never have been able to enroll him on her list of great men. The grace of God, added to his natural and acquired abilities, quickened, refined, exalted and consecrated them, bringing them all into effectual contribution to the service of God in the social and moral uplift of mankind.

There are several respects in which the subject of this memorial service particularly excelled as a public man, and which required a passing notice. The chief of these are mentioned, in the inscription on his monument, as, "Preacher, Writer, Edutor, Reformer."

First, he was remarkably effective as a preacher. Bishop Sellew was to have spoken of him under this head, and so I will barely remark in passing, that, while he was always unostentatious and made no effort at studied eloquence, he always spoke to instruct, convince and persuade his hearers, and there were few who excelled him in these respects. As a preacher he aimed at and usually accomplished immediate results. Few men could say so much, make every point so clear, and drive the truth home so effectively by way of application as could he. Few could so admirably and effectively adapt themselves to high and low, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, refined and unrefined, either as separate classes or in a mixed audience, as could Mr. Roberts. Also when it served his purpose, as on some state occasion, he could approve himself as a scholar abreast of the times: and, on occasions that called out his reserve force, he could speak with an eloquence born of conviction and earnestness, and adapted to producing like qualities in those who heard him.

Mr. Roberts also excelled as a writer. This topic has been assigned to Bishop Pearce, and so here I must also confine myself to very narrow limits. Bacon tells us that "Reading maketh a full man: conference a ready, and writing an exact man." Brother Roberts excelled in all these respects. Because of his broad and constant reading he was always full of important matter. As a consequence of his lifelong habit of writing he had learned the secret of exactness in his way of putting things. He was likewise a ready man, because of his having learned to think on his feet. He wrote with simplicity and dignity, with purity and strength, with energy and suggestiveness. No one tired of reading after his pen. In no other respect did he excel more than as a writer.

Moreover, Benjamin Titus Roberts was an educator of no mean rank. Yonder group of seminary buildings, with the splendidly equipped farm belonging with them, are a monument to his zeal and ability in this direction. For the founding and early maintenance of that excellent institution Father and Mother Roberts bore burdens for many years such as added new wrinkles to their brows. At a time when no one else desirable could be obtained to act as principal, Mr. Roberts assumed the principalship of the school in addition to his other duties, and proved himself successful in that line of work. He also took an active interest in the founding of several of our other institutions of learning and to the close of his life did all that he could in connection with his manifold other duties to further the cause of Christian education.

Again, the subject of this memorial service was a true reformer. He espoused the cause of abolition in the very beginning of his public career, and never ceased to employ both tongue and pen in favor of the emancipation of the slaves of our country until American slavery was dead. He espoused the cause of abolition, too, when to do so was most unpopular—when to take such a course was to risk reputation and position, if not life itself. He was not one of those pseudo-reformers who hold their peace until the lion is dead, and then attempt to make a show of bravery by kicking the carcass. When any form of political, social, or moral evil lifted its head against the welfare of race or nation, he was ready to "beard the lion in his den" and fight the battle to a finish. He never compromised with evil principles, or with evil-minded men. He never asked concerning any contemplated course of action, "Will it be popular?" or, "How will it affect my reputation and my standing among my friends and neighbors?" The only questions with him were: "Is it right?" "Is it duty?" "Will it please or displease God?" In the light of such questions, honestly asked and answered, he decided upon his course with reference to every issue he was called to meet in church and state.

This characteristic of the man also made him a strong advocate of the temperance reform. He believed that the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited by the federal government. His whole soul hated the business with all its alliances and associations. He framed the section in our church Discipline which prescribes our line of action for its destruction. He both spoke and wrote frequently and strongly against the saloon as a menace to the nation. He was absolutely intolerant of the giant evil, and ever desired the church to maintain the same attitude regarding it.

Nor had the cause of woman's emancipation from those laws and customs of society which in all ages and countries have more or less enslaved her, and of her full enfranchisement, until she should stand on an equality with her sturdier brothers before both civil and ecclesiastical law, a more sincere and earnest advocate than he. Many in our own communion thought him at least extravagant in his early utterances on this subject; but it now begins to look as though the Spirit that stirred the hearts of ancient prophets may have been moving him; and we shall do well to pause and inquire seriously if this was not another instance illustrative of how he lived a generation in advance of most of his contemporaries. At all events, it was in the spirit of a true reformer that he applied himself so diligently and vigorously to the championship of woman's cause, and that at a time when it was much more unpopular than it is today. Could he but have lived to see one of the great political parties, besides several lesser ones, making woman suffrage a prominent plank in the platform of its national campaign, as we have lately seen it, he would in some measure have seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied.

Mr. Roberts was not only a reformer on social, civic and political questions, but as well on questions of religion and the church. In fact, he was a religious reformer first of all. When the Methodism of his day had "forsaken the heroic ideals of the elder time," and had entered into compromise with the manifold forms of worldliness and evil, the burden of this condition so weighed upon him that he could not rest. Many others sympathized with him in this, and together they sought to stem the worldward tide and recall the church to her primitive simplicity and purity. Opposition was aroused, which finally took an organized form, and which sought, by most unworthy means, to crush out the spirit of reform and to defame the character of the reformers. It was in the midst of such a conflict that Mr. Roberts wrote and published his article on "New School Methodism," which brought on the final crisis, and led, ultimately, to his expulsion from conference and church, involving others who sympathized with him in the same humiliation. Thousands of protests were raised against such perversion of judgment, but in vain. The expelled ministers, save one, appealed to the ensuing General Conference, in an honest effort to have their wrongs righted and themselves restored to their former standing; but their appeals were refused consideration, and the doors of the church were thus effectually barred against them. When Roberts' appeal was denied, he sadly turned away, saying, "I appeal to God and the people." Being Methodists of the primitive type, and having nowhere else to go, the excommunicated preachers, and a goodly number of laymen who had been more summarily dismissed from their church relation because of their expressed sympathy with the persecuted ministers, finally met in convention at Pekin, Niagara County, New York, and organized the Free Methodist Church, August 23, 1860.

Through all this agitation the paramount issue was that of holiness, or entire sanctification as expounded by John Wesley and incorporated in the then standard works of Methodism. This is the point at which the defection of the mother church began. This was the point at which to begin the effort at reform; and this also was the real storm center about which the conflict raged. Other things, such as the church's departure from her primitive unworldiness and from the traditions and usages of her fathers, came in for attention, but all else was in subordination to the earnest contention for spiritual religion in opposition to that of a formal and worldly type. It is unpleasant, and might also appear unseemly, to go further into detail in this direction, which I shall not attempt to do.

Unpleasant and deplorable as the split in Methodism which occurred at that time, and which grew out of the state of things just recited, appeared to be to all who were familiar with those conditions, in the light of the present, it must be equally manifest to all that these things have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the kingdom of God. Free Methodism has been given to the world as an evangelizing agency, which otherwise would not have been the case; and the Methodist Episcopal Church has evidently felt the reformatory effect of the agitation which then occurred in a much greater degree than would have been the case had the division never taken place. The reformatory effect upon other religious denominations is also generally acknowledged by those who are intelligent on the subject.

Benamin Titus Roberts was a man of unflinching courage and indomitable perseverance. With him to know his duty was to do it at any and at every cost. Though one of the gentlest of men, he possessed the courage of a lion and the determination of General Grant. He was a man.

"who feared
Not, had heaven decreed it, to have stood
Adverse against the world, and singly stood."

It is said of Athanasius, "the Father of Orthodoxy," who was several times banished from his country for the courage and tenacity with which he held and avowed his belief on the Sonship of Christ, that when one who would have persuaded him to a different course said, "Athanasius, the world is against you," he replied, "Then Athanasius is against the world." Athanasius against the world may have seemed to his contemporaries as a foolhardy attitude, but it finally gave the Christian church that part of her creed which declares the eternal Sonship of Jesus, or the equality of the Son with the everlasting Father, as against the Socinian doctrine that Jesus Christ was a created being and therefore less than God. It was with the man whose memory we honor today as with Athanasius. If the world was against B. T. Roberts, then B. T. Roberts was against the world. To be sure, this firm adherence to his convictions was characterized by many as ambition, obstinacy, contumacy and fanatical zeal, but the final outcome has fully justified his claim to have been acting from divine conviction, and under the guidance the the Holy Spirit.

The world owes much, yea, more than can be estimated, to the influence of such men. They help to arrest the drift of the world toward destruction. Isaiah says, "A man shall be * * * as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." In his exegesis of this passage Dr. George Adam Smith tells us that a great rock in a desert arrests the drifting sand, and also forms a shade, both of which are conducive to the forming of a beautiful oasis on its leeward side, where the weary traveler may find rest and refreshment. The great boulder accomplishes this beneficent result simply by arresting the drift.

"Now that is exactly how great men benefit human life," says this great exegete. "A great man serves his generation, serves the whole race, by arresting the drift. * * * History is swept by drifts: superstition, error, poisonous custom, dust-laden controversy. What has saved humanity has been the upraising of some great man to resist those drifts, to set his will, strong through faith, against the prevailing tendency, and be the shelter of the weaker, but not less desirous, souls of his brethren. 'The history of what man has accomplished in the world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked there.' Under God, personal human power is the highest force, and God has ever used it as His chief instrument."

Of course, "when the prophet says *a* man, he means any man, he means the ideal for all men." Jesus Christ alone is the ideal Fulfiller of the prophetic thought, and every man becomes a benefactor of the race in proportion as he "follows in His train." Tested by this standard, Mr. Roberts was a great man, a public benefactor, to whom succeeding generations will be greatly indebted.

There are other points in the character of our lamented father in Israel which it would be both pleasing and profitable to consider, but as it is my purpose to be consistently brief, they must be unnoticed here. I do wish, however, to emphasize one thing more which, as I view it, contributed more to his success than anything else save the grace of God; and that is, the lofty Christian character of Ellen Lois Stowe, who later became Ellen Lois Roberts, his affectionate and ever faithful wife. I trust Miss Carpenter, who is to speak regarding Mother Roberts, will pardon me for barely making mention of this good woman, and giving, in a word, an estimate of her character. I seldom think of her without being reminded of the Wise Man's words. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." It has been said, and I judge correctly, "No man ever becomes greater than his wife will permit." Ellen Lois Roberts imposed no restrictions upon her husband's growth in knowledge and efficiency. On the other hand she was ever the inspiration of his life, the sharer of his burdens, the partner of his toils, the sympathizer with his tears, the helper in his prayers, the earnest co-worker with him in all the manifold activities of his busy life. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her. She was ever a tower of strength to him, an unfailing source of comfort and joy. To the very close of his life he was accustomed to look upon her with the affection and delight of a young lover. She was "the desire of his eyes," as she was also, next to God, the joy of his life.

My friends, we should all be better men and women for having attended this memorial service. We have unveiled and dedicated a monument of granite to the memory of the chief founder of the Free Methodist Church and his devoted and excellent wife, and in doing so have acted the part of their sons and daughters in the gospel. But there is a greater and more enduring monument to their heroic self-sacrifice and toil, namely, the church itself of which Benjamin Titus Roberts was the principal founder, and for nearly a third of a century the leading spirit; and, if we would observe the present occasion most in keeping with what would be their wishes, could they speak to us from the world of spirits today, we should, around their graves solemnly dedicate ourselves anew to the defense and propagation of those principles which were so dear to them; and then, inscribing upon our banners, "NO COMPROMISE WITH SIN," go forth to fight the battles of our King as good soldiers, singing as we enter the conflict,

"Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see their triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

This is to me, as I trust it also is to you, a deeply impressive hour. The spirits of the departed seem to be hovering near, and we are treading on holy ground. Voices from within the veil seem to be speaking to us, and exhorting us as of yore to be faithful to our trust. A cloud of witnesses seems to be hovering over us, deeply intent on the course the Free Methodist Church will henceforth pursue. Among them I fancy I see Redfield, Kendall, Stiles, McCreery, and other "spirits of just men made perfect," with Benjamin Titus Roberts in their midst. He is calling and waving the church on to victory, while those about him are responding, "AMEN. HALLELUJAH! THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH!" Shall not our response be,

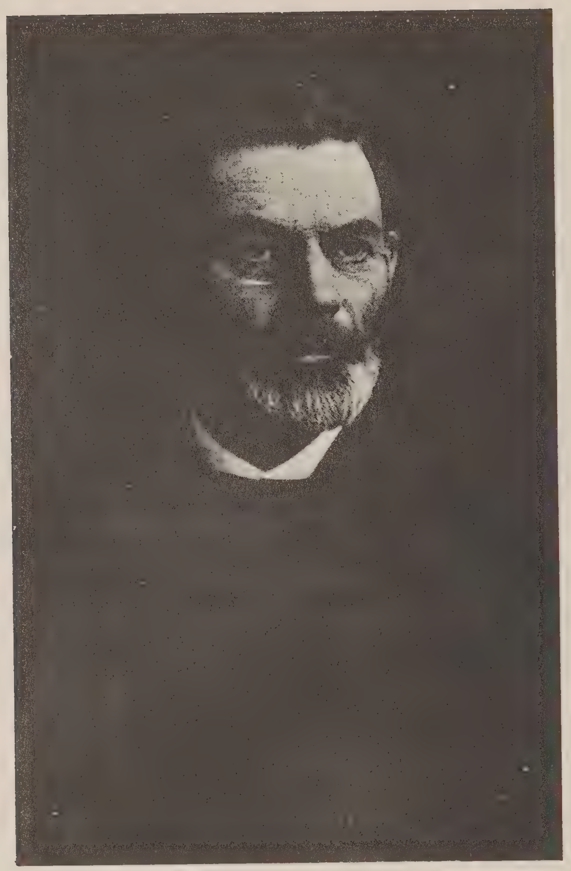
"Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death."

We shall soon bid adieu to the spot where lie the ashes of our sainted dead; but, as we go forth from this hallowed place to resume the ordinary duties of our respective callings, we shall go forth with renewed faith and hope that "some sweet day by and by" we shall meet them and greet them again on the banks of that "river of the water of life, clear as crystal, which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." In the meantime let us give diligence so to emulate their example of integrity, devotion, self-sacrifice and flaming zeal for God and the cause of holiness, that, finally, with our work accomplished, we may, like the good man whose memory we have this day tried to honor, say our final "AMEN" and mount upward to be "Forever with the Lord."

Walter Ashbel Sellew

" 'Come with your shield, or on it,' thus would say
The Spartan mothers when into the fray
They sent their sons to dare, to do, or die;
And from maternal lips was wrung no cry
If on those shields their sons at last were borne,
With pale, still faces, for why should they mourn
A son who yet as worthy hero came
Upon his shield? Without it were his shame!

"Dear noble heart! Bravely you've kept the shield
Of Christian faith on earth's great battlefield!
And now, spent, pale, and silent, you are borne
Home from the conflict. But why should we mourn?
For no defeat is yours, nor yours the shame
Of faithless sons who back from battle came
Without their shields. Hail, conqueror! As you come
Upon your shield to your eternal home."



WALTER ASHBEL SELLEW
Bishop 1903-1929

VI

Walter Ashbel Sellew

A train speeding along the Connecticut River valley in the midnight hour suddenly leaves the tracks, hurtles down a steep embankment into the river, a terrible train wreck follows, and many souls are hurled into eternity. That was no ordinary train wreck. The far-reaching providences of God are working—the mills of the gods are grinding. A young man is clinging to the window of a coach which is half submerged in the rushing waters of the river. That young man is running away from God. The Lord wants him to yield to Him, He wants to harness his energies. He has great plans for him. As he hangs with his life trembling in the balance, in the blackness of the night, he makes a solemn vow, "O God, if you will spare my life, I will surrender myself to Thee and take Thy way." That young man was Walter A. Sellew.

Walter Ashbel Sellew was born at Gowanda, New York, on February 27, 1844, the son of Ashbel and Jane Tucker Sellew. His parents were Quakers, and to the boy they bequeathed that noble heritage of Quaker integrity and tradition which has blessed the nation with so many noble sons. Coming in contact with that great spiritual awakening that swept over western New York and eventuated in the formation of Free Methodism, they were clearly converted and cast in their lot with the infant church in the days of its fiercest persecution. As a boy, Walter was doubly blessed by the solid tradition of the Quakers and the example of personal experimental religion of primitive Methodism.

After completing the course of study in the grade schools of Gowanda, he studied three years at the Fredonia Academy. In 1861 he entered Oberlin College in the days when Charles G. Finney was president. At the end of two years, when the nation was in the grip of the Civil War, he left Oberlin, being too young to join the army. All but three of the members of his class went to war, and the college, like many institutions of learning in those dark days, was practically closed for lack of students.

After attending a business college in Buffalo for a year, he entered Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1864 as a junior. At Dartmouth he made a fine record in his studies and was elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa for superior scholarship. Though of only medium size, he was fast on his feet and was a great ball player, being captain of the team. When Bishop Sellew made a gesture with his hand in the pulpit, the writer, having been a ball player, always noticed the first joint of the index finger on one hand which was bent stiff as the result of being hard hit by a baseball. He received his A.B. degree from Dartmouth in 1866, and his Master's degree in 1869.

Although reared in a thoroughly Christian home, he was not converted until his senior year. The account of his conversion is furnished by Mrs. Rebecca Sellew:

So thoroughly indifferent was he that two years of college work in Oberlin under Finney's preaching, where people were swept like a field of wheat under the power of the Spirit, had no effect whatever on him any more than water on a duck's back. His mother, a consecrated, plain Free Methodist, cried when he left for college and he wondered why this was. What she foresaw happened, for he became worldly, joined a fraternity, and smoked cigars. Before his conversion, however, finding that he was becoming a slave to the tobacco habit, he gave up his smoking.

Six months before his graduation from Dartmouth College, returning from Christmas holidays spent in Dunkirk, the train, going along the bank of the Connecticut River about midnight, was suddenly wrecked. Lights went out and the train rolled over into the river. Aroused at that moment by the screams of trapped passengers, clinging to the back of the seat in front of him as his coach toppled over, all his past life, careless and untouched by spiritual things, came before him, a young man of twenty-two years, going into eternity without hope. He promised God right there that if he was rescued he would give his life to Him. His end of the car did not go under water and he got out through a window without a scratch.

When the danger was over, he begged the Lord "to let him off" his promise to Him until after his graduation; but conviction increased, and after a long struggle one night, lying awake until three o'clock, he got out of bed and prayed through to victory. On the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation we visited his suite of rooms in the college hall where he had found Christ.

A friend, a scoffer, whom he dreaded to meet, said soon after this, "Well, Sellew, I hear you have got religion." "Yes," was the reply, with details as to what had led up to it. Instead of ridiculing, the friend made the unexpected remark, "I wish I had the courage to do the same."

The Free Methodist church in Dunkirk at this time was small and the members for the most part elderly. So he joined the Presbyterian church, going there on Sundays and to the prayer meetings at the Free Methodist church, where alone he found help and food for his soul. After three years of this unsatisfactory procedure, he decided to "lodge where he took his meals" as he expressed it, and he joined the Dunkirk class. He often remarked in reference to taking up his cross that he might have *shrunk* but he never *dodged*.

On the sixtieth anniversary, while going across the campus, Dr. Lord, one of his old professors, made this remark: "Bishop Sellew, something happened here which made a great impression on me. I was going by the ball diamond one evening when the church bell rang, and I heard you say 'Boys, you'll have to get some one in my place; I'm going to prayer meeting!' "

The matter was summed up at an anniversary class banquet by a fellow classmate, Mr. Lane, a banker of Lombard, Illinois. He said, "We have been busy making a living, but Sellew has been living a life."

After his graduation he returned to Gowanda where he studied law for a year. He abandoned law to enter the employ of his father in the firm of Sellew and Poppell, manufacturers of farm implements and oil well supplies.

In 1872 he was ordained as a minister and in 1873 began his ministerial career as a supply pastor on Gowanda, Collins Center, North Collins, and Leon circuit. During this first year as pastor he married Jennie Peters of Mechanicsville, New York, an estimable Christian woman, who blessed his life with a helpful companionship for twenty-two years. She passed away in 1895. In 1874 he was received as a regular clergyman by the Genesee Conference and was sent to be pastor at Tonawanda where he served one year at a salary of $278. He was then transferred to Rochester, New York.

In 1876 he accepted the call of the church to Spring Arbor, Michigan, to take charge of the Spring Arbor Seminary. After two years as principal, he was transferred to the pastorate at Dunkirk, New York, at the same time becoming a member of the firm of Sellew and Poppell and assuming an active part in the management of the firm. For a period of seven years he was pastor in Dunkirk and at the same time preached in various nearby towns.

In 1884 he established and as principal took charge of the Gerry Seminary in Gerry, New York. Feeling that his work was in the ministry rather than in the field of education, he turned all his energies to the preaching of the gospel, serving as pastor at Alleghany during 1888 and 1890; at Buffalo in 1890. He was then elected district elder, serving the Bradford District from 1891 to 1892; the Oil City District from 1893 to 1895; the Pittsburgh District from 1896 to 1897; the Bradford District again in the fall of 1897. In 1898 he was elected bishop at the General Conference in Chicago, serving eight consecutive terms until his death in 1929.

The home-going of Bishop Sellew was ideal. He did not suffer any sickness to impair the active functioning of his body; his mind was keen and alert to the last. His end always reminds the writer of the close of the long life of John Wesley who was past eighty-six years before he began to notice a weakening of his physical powers. Wesley wrote the following on his eighty-eighth birthday: "For above eighty-six years I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated. But last August I found almost a sudden change. My eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me. My strength quite forsook me, and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted, and humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till 'The weary springs of life stand still at last.' "

In 1791 Wesley planned his usual journey through England to begin on February 28, but on February 20 he was taken with his last illness. His end was beautiful. He lingered only three days after taking his bed—no pain, only a sense of weakness.

The Sunday before his passing Bishop Sellew dedicated the new church in Toronto, Canada. He gave an address to the Sunday school of unusual appeal, and preached twice with much vigor and help of the Lord. On Monday he returned to Jamestown with his plans completed and tickets secured to go to California at the end of the week to hold special services during the winter. But a cold turning to congestion of the lungs suddenly stopped the beat of his heart which for eighty-five years had driven the agile human machine. Peacefully the white sail faded into the West and Walter A. Sellew was with the immortals. How ideally Wesleyan was his departure:

"My body with my charge lay down
And cease at once to work and live."

A host of friends gathered to honor his memory at the funeral service held at Jamestown, New York. Rev. M. B. Miller, of the Oil City conference, a life-long friend and associate in the administration of the general affairs of the church, preached the funeral sermon from the fitting text "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." We quote a part of the discourse giving the prominent traits of his character.

And the first that I will mention is his preeminent *Christian Manliness.* He was so the man of God, so truthful, so free from intrigue, so honest in his convictions, that he could scarcely understand what guile, deceit, or prevarication was in the case of others; for he was just what he seemed to be, he was just what the people took him to be; he was just what those who knew and loved him wished him to be. He was loving and lovable. It can be truthfully said of him that "gentleness had made him great." Like the Christ whose he was, and whom he followed, our brother went about doing good. Bishop Sellew was a Christian gentleman.

Then, in the second place, connected with this, was *Thoughtfulness.* He was preeminently a thoughtful man. He did not go through the world with eyes and ears closed, but he saw much, he heard much, he read much. He thought much about the people whom he met, of the incidents encountered. We who have heard his missionary addresses knew full well how observing and thoughtful he was. He thought much of the history of the Bible. He thought much upon the subject of religion, especially upon his personal connection therewith, and the connection of those near and dear to him therein; and he formed his conclusions concerning that upon which he thought carefully; and having done this he adhered to them with tenacity. With Bishop Sellew things were never settled until they were settled right. He wished "no guess for a dying pillow."

But notwithstanding his apparent gravity, his associations were pleasurable to him. He enjoyed the society and fellowship of friends, especially of those with whom he was intimate. He was one of the most delightful of companions to those who knew him well.

In the third place, permit me to speak of our departed bishop as a *Theologian.* Reared by a godly mother he early in life was thoroughly instructed in the great doctrines of the Bible. These he greatly loved, these he held most tenaciously into the end. He was well read in the Word of God, well read in the theologies of the Christian church, and what was well, he studied what he read, thought of what he read. The study of the Bible was food to his soul, he was refreshed, stimulated, quickened, elevated, and enlarged by it; and this brings us naturally to look upon him as a *Preacher of the Gospel.* He was a unique minister of the Word. I feel warranted in stating that upon entering his duties as a Christian minister he felt assured of this. That the great duty of a Preacher of the Gospel was twofold: To instruct and edify those already Christians, and to be the means of bringing to repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ those who were still without. This idea seemed to dominate his whole ministry. * * *

Bishop Sellew dead? No! he is not dead; he only sleeps. Like these flowers which are shedding forth for us their sweet perfume in this solemn presence, his life will yield us sweet memories, holy influences, and give forth an aroma like the rose through years yet to come. Thank God for Christ; for the Christian religion; for what it can make of a man, and help him to be and to do!

Such was Walter Ashbel Sellew, such was his life, such was his work, such was his reward: "Well done, good and faithful servant * * * enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Farewell, thou Man of God, Bishop of the church, Shepherd of the flock, Brother Beloved! Thou hast attained the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense; thou hast entered within the veil! Farewell, "until the day break and the shadows flee away," when we hope by grace, to enter with thee into the joys of our Lord, when our voices will mingle together in the song of Moses and the Lamb, and with the redeemed of all ages join in the Grand Doxology of

Redemption: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Bishop Sellew, farewell!

Another largely attended service was held in the Free Methodist church at North Chili, New York. There he was laid to rest in the historic cemetery near his fellow "soldier of the cross," Benjamin T. Roberts; there to await the resurrection morn.

A Versatile Man of Wide Interests

Walter A. Sellew was a versatile, many-sided man whose activities embraced every interest of the church. In the words of Bishop Pearce: "All the interests of the church he served so well will greatly miss his extended and able administration. What departments of life he filled with credit! He was a devoted Christian, a gentleman of culture, a skillful financier, a ready parliamentarian, a superior citizen, a delightful host, an engaging conversationalist, a powerful preacher, a practiced administrator, a greatly beloved homemaker, a true churchman esteemed and honored."

The experience gained by Mr. Sellew as a partner and administrator in the firm of Sellew and Poppell gave him a valuable training in business which was of immense value to the church. Much of the church business naturally fell to him. As a business man he had few equals. Foresight, accuracy, precision in details, scrupulous honesty marked his long career. By his keen vision and business tact he pulled the church through many a financial strait. Many times he secured large loans for the church on his own responsibility. Rev. George W. Saunders, accountant at the publishing house for a number of years, made this statement: "Having been so closely connected with him for some years in all the financial and business interests of the church, I learned to admire his clear judgment, his sincerity of purpose, his impartiality in decision and perfect honesty in all details."

The Gerry Orphanage and Old People's Home at Gerry, New York, stand as a monument to his generosity and his humanitarianism. It is another evidence of the practical side of his religion. There was a sentiment in the Genesee Conference that an effort should be made to establish such an institution. Accordingly Mr. Sellew introduced a resolution to the conference in 1885 at Parma Center, New York, which eventuated in the present institution, so well-known in Free Methodism. In 1888 he transferred the Gerry Seminary property, which he then owned, to the trustees for the Orphanage and Home.* the Seminary property consisted of eight acres of land, one large two-story building with a barn and other smaller buildings. In 1898 a separate building was constructed for the aged. In 1905 a fine farm was purchased to furnish much of the living for the institutions, and from time to time generous amounts have been given as an endowment. . During the years his philanthropy to this institution of mercy was large and he was ever its guardian angel.

He was an ardent proponent of missions and for a long period of years was president of the Missionary Board. Rev. W. B. Olmstead, formerly Missionary Secretary, who was associated with him for more than thirty years on the Missionary Board, made this appraisement of his work:

"Concerning his relation to our missionary interests much might be said. First, he had a knowledge of the work which few possessed. He knew the field. Several times he had been to China and Japan and once to Africa and India, at which time he and Mrs. Sellew continued their journey around the world. In 1907, he organized the South Africa Mission Conference. He also knew the missionaries and many of the native Christians on the various fields and was familiar with their trials and difficulties. Then, he knew to a remarkable extent the problems in connection with the administration of the missionary work. Second, Bishop Sellew possessed the missionary passion. He was not only informed, he was interested. No missionary task was too great for him to undertake. The missionary interests weighed heavily upon his heart. He loved the work and made personal sacrifices to assist in carrying it on. Third, he was a source of strength and power on the Missionary Board. When confronted with trying and difficult problems we instinctively turned to him for counsel and advice and his opinion was always valuable. His influence was far-reaching. Fourth, his prayer life and devotion to God and to the church were especially outstanding in his missionary activities. His prayers were unique in their simplicity and power and will never be forgotton."

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* For a detailed account see "Hogue's History," Vol. II, p. 344.

He took a personal interest in the Olive Branch Mission in Chicago. When in Chicago, he regularly visited the mission not only to give Sister Everhart, its founder, his wise counsel but to preach salvation to the unfortunate and outcast. A member of its board of directors, auditor of its accounts, sub-treasurer of its funds, during a long period of years he watched over its interests as carefully as though they were his own.

One of the impressive features of his character was the simplicity of his life. Descended from Quaker ancestry, he held to many of their ideals of simplicity and plainness in manner and personal appearance. Although always immaculately attired, something would have been lacking without his clerical vest. It fitted into the other-worldly pattern of the man. He was one of the most consecrated and practical Christians it has ever been our privilege to meet. His religion entered into everything he said or did—his eating, his sleeping, his dress, his conversation, his business. Like his Master, his was a life of self-denial in behalf of others. He practiced daily self-abnegation. He did not follow the modern trend in living up to the limit of his means but he sought to be a benefactor to mankind by denying himself.

He had an innate aversion to all sham and show. His personal conception of stewardship was that nothing be spent for mere display. Like Bishop Roberts, he was opposed to the lavish expenditure and display which the undertaking profession has brought into vogue. Knowing his convictions, we could not but admire the fortitude of his good wife who had carried out his desire to bury him in an inexpensive casket—not because means were not available but for the sake of a principle.

"For what are trappings after all
But camouflage and sham?
By character I stand or fall—
Not what I wear but am."

Again the writer was reminded of John Wesley who made the following provision in his will: "I give six pounds to be divided among six poor men, named by the assistant, who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this."

We quote following paragraphs from Rev. J. T. Logan, editor of the *Free Methodist* (Memorial Number, February 15, 1929):

"He was a thorough Free Methodist. He had no apology to make for the existence or work of the Free Methodist Church. He heartily believed in her doctrines and in her issues and defended both with ability when occasion demanded. We are safe in writing that no prominent man in our church was ever more grieved at any evidence of departure from the 'old landmarks,' or because of a disposition of any to violate the provisions of the Discipline, than he. He had no sympathy with compromise measures, but stood foursquare for the clear-cut, radical, burning truths of the gospel. His sermon before the last General Conference contained a faithful warning to the church, and he urged them to hold to the old line and not become worldly.

"Another commendable trait of his character was his strict observance of the sanctity of the Lord's day. He would not use the street cars or trains on Sunday even to go to church. No milkman stopped at his door on that day to deliver milk. He would not use the telephone or open his mail or send letters on that day, nor would he mail letters on Saturday that had to travel and be handled on Sunday. When a telegram arrived on Sunday, he would courteously inform the messenger boy that he would call for it himself on Monday, and he testified that in every such instance it was about something that could just as well wait as not. He did not make this a hobby and deal in terms of condemnation of those who did not see as he did in these things, but meekly, strictly, and consistently regarded the sacredness of the holy day and kept his conscience inviolate in these matters. All honor to the good bishop for his wholesome example in this respect."

In middle life he suffered a nervous breakdown, due to heavy burdens and especially on account of worry. It was the period when, in addition to his other duties, he was bearing almost lonehanded the financial strain of establishing on a stable basis the Gerry Orphanage and Home. From this experience he learned a lasting lesson—not to worry. He who was by nature fearful and worried when ominous clouds hung overhead became one of the finest examples of implicit trust in God we have ever seen. He often prayed in this strain: "O Lord, this is Thy work. We are merely Thy servants." In his advanced years, when he was dispatching the business of the Oil City Conference (of which he was a member) with the keenness and alertness of a young man, he was asked the secret of his undiminished powers. He replied in his pointed style: "There are two reasons—I eat abstemiously and I refuse to worry."

After the passing of his first wife in 1895, he was felicitously married to Rebecca E. Muse of Oil City, Pennsylvania, two years later. With her qualities as a home-maker and his gifts as a conversationalist, their home was a model of Christian hospitality. Deeply devoted to the cause of Christ, she became the companion of his travels, and her solicitous care for him undoubtedly lengthened the years of his service until he rounded out a cycle of fifty-five fruitful years in the ministry, the last thirty-one years as bishop.

Of all the Christian graces which adorned the character of Bishop Sellew, the one which appealed to the writer most was his humility. In my conception of his character this grace stood out preeminent above all his fine qualities and cast its mellowing influence over his whole life.

This was manifest at his last visit to the district quarterly meeting of the Oil City District, just a few weeks before his death. Naturally it was the writer's wish as district elder to have him preach Sunday morning. But he replied that he had come to his own district meeting (he was a member of the Oil City quarterly conference) to hear his district elder preach and to enjoy once more the testimonies of the pilgrims of the district on which he had formerly been elder. He even declined to consecrate the elements, saying it was the elder's duty. He then took the bread and began to pass it. The spirit of the Lord fell on the communicants and he was moved to tears. It was a beautiful sight to see him, under the anointing of the Lord, give the communion first to his devoted companion. The writer never saw the deep of Bishop Sellew's nature so broken up. That which cast a halo of glory over the whole scene was Christlike humility.

It was this element in his spiritual composition which gave such charming simplicity to his manner; which gave him an inherent distaste for show and sham; which made it a pleasure to retract from a position which he afterward saw was not well taken. Humility was not a veneer on the outside but was a component part of the inner life of Walter A. Sellew. His humility made him great. God's favored temple is the humble heart. He frequently requested his friends to call him "Brother Sellew" rather than "Bishop Sellew."

As a Writer and Preacher

He published "The Life of Clara Leffingwell," which is also a history of our missionary enterprise in China, since she organized the work in that field under the Free Methodist board. It is also a history of the Boxer Rebellion, as she lived through those eventful times and had many unusual experiences during the rebellion.

He was a strong advocate of the ordination of women. For twenty-five years there had been controversy in the church over this question. He published a pamphlet on this subject which was so favorably received that the church finally legislated to ordain women ministers.

When an octogenarian he was honored by an invitation to give an address before the Chautauqua Assembly. His speech entitled "The Obligations of Civilization to Christianity" received very favorable comment in the press. It was published in expanded form in a book. This represents Bishop Sellew at his best both in thought and style.

In his preaching he did not deal with theoretical abstractions; he was the prophet of the practical. His sermons were examples of simplicity and orderly arrangement. When you heard him speak you carried the sermon home. In his writing, as in his preaching, he was direct, pointed and pungent. He never used words for mere ornament. The following contribution illustrates this directness, characteristic both of his writing and his preaching.

Death and Resurrection

Death is an enemy. It is a penalty for sin. Its terror grips humanity as no other one event. The dread of it puts bitterness into every anticipation of life's pleasures and worldly enjoyments. It casts a shadow over the young. It darkens the doorway of married life. It brings a sad frown on the brow of the successful business man. Its rate of discount on the value of money is extremely large, and, if given any latitude whatever, becomes almost a panic to old age. Its rust mars the beauty of every condition of human existence.

In satisfying divine justice, Christ must encounter the dreaded enemy of man. He must share with sinful man this penalty. The innocent suffer with the guilty to discover salvation. The full price must be paid. Whatever effect the thought of death may have had on the life of Christ, it is not disclosed in the Bible. If the cross cast its dark shadow over His growth and manhood, that fact finds no expression from Him in word or deed. We may imagine that it was a minor cause of His habitual sadness, but the Bible does not substantiate the supposition, though it may have been true. There came a time, however, when Christ was brought face to face with this monster, and in the garden He cried out, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." He merged His human will into the will of divinity and He died the death of the cross. Had death really conquered Him? It seemed so. His disciples said, "We trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel." The Jews thought so. They said, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." The Roman official reported to his superior that he was dead. Of Pilate it is said, "And when he knew it he gave the body to Joseph." To all the world it appeared that death had triumphed over the Christ of God.

For three long days darkness and despair covered the world, and then came the resurrection. Christ burst the bonds of the grave and appeared before the world as its greatest Conqueror. He conquered the Roman empire, broke its official seal certifying to His death, defied its authority, put its army in contempt and openly triumphed over its world-wide power. He conquered the whole Jewish nation with its tremendous ecclesiastical authority and its historic and sacred traditions. His resurrection ended its prestige. Henceforth Judaism must acknowledge Christianity, its religion must accept salvation through Christ, or it must be lost.

His triumph over death was also the conquest of sin. Sin had reigned since Adam, but now its power to hold a soul under bondage was broken, and whosoever willed to do so could be free from the law of sin and death. Sin shall no more "reign in our mortal bodies." "Sin shall not have dominion over you." Who can estimate or conceive the value to sinful humanity of this glorious victory?

Through the death and resurrection of Christ the saints of God have attained to this heritage. They may triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil, and they may be resurrected to newness of life. For the world and the worldly minded, "the end of these things is death," but those who accept this wonderful redemption offered through Christ shall prove the absolute truth of the Scripture which states that, "Now being made free from sin and become the servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life."

The passing of Bishop Sellew marks a historical divide. He was the last in official position of those personally acquainted with the stirring events which brought forth Free Methodism. He stood as the last binding tie between the original generation of Free Methodists and the present. In this respect, his loss to the church is unique and irreparable.

His sermon the last Sunday morning of the General Conference at Rochester, New York, was a fitting farewell for the last general gathering he would ever attend. As an introductory remark he said, "I am probably attending my last General Conference." His text was "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." His central thought was that peace and joy come as a result of inward righteousness and righteous living; not from temporal things. One of his statements will never be forgotten by those who were present, "We do not have much trouble with God, because there is only one God and we live so far from Him. We have more trouble with our neighbors because there are more of them and we live nearer to them. We have still more trouble with ourselves because there is more of us and we are closer to ourselves." Feeling this was his farewell to the General Conference, like Moses, he gave his parting advice to the church—to guard against the encroachment of worldliness, to walk humbly and to preserve the spirit of unity. May the church remember his admonition, "When we lose the glory, we are done." It was a fatherly message such as a fond father gives to his sons. It is unfortunate that the conference did not take a stenographic report of this farewell message for preservation.

Tributes

We present an estimate of Bishop Sellew by his life-long friend and colleague, Bishop A. D. Zahniser.

BY BISHOP A. D. ZAHNISER

Walter A. Sellew, though not of supersize, was blessed with a strong, properly proportioned, wellbuilt physique, and a pleasing address, a rather striking personal appearance. As a youth, he was of an athletic turn, particularly fond of baseball and was captain of the first team in the college from which he graduated. He was ambitious perhaps to a fault and did not seem to realize that there was a limit to his physical endurance and through overwork he suffered a nervous break in middle life, and from this experience he learned lessons that doubtless added years to his life.

According to his own testimony, the young man Sellew was not naturally inclined to spiritual things. He had a severe struggle with unbelief in youth. His mother's prayers, godly example, and the strivings of the Holy Spirit, however, prevailed against the arguments of unbelief and he gave his life to Jesus Christ once and for all. He did not choose the gospel ministry as a career. He had a hard struggle at this point over a divine call to preach. His closest friends seemed to feel confident that he should devote his life to the ministry, and as he sometimes put it he was practically drafted into this field, but he has said since, "Whatever of obscurity or uncertainty there may have been about my original call, I am now certain that I am called to keep at it."

Notwithstanding his high appreciation of culture, as evidenced by the thorough educational preparation he made for his life's work, the young preacher was inclined toward the opinion that a studied, detailed, previous preparation of a sermon did not give proper latitude to the Holy Spirit, and was not the divine plan. In discussing this matter with Rev. R. W. Hawkins, he became convinced that God not only desired him to consecrate his education to Him but also that he use it to the best possible advantage in His service. One of the first sermons which he carefully prepared was from Zech. 11:7, "Beauty and Bands" (strength), which was a masterpiece indeed.

He was a prince among preachers. When he stood before an audience his manner and appearance impressed them. His language was plain, simple and correct. He was a natural orator of a type peculiar to himself. He spoke every word distinctly. He had a wonderful voice that carried out into an audience. He could speak to ten thousand people so that the man on the back seat could hear what he said almost as plainly as the one on the front; he did not speak in a strained manner; he did not declaim; he did not yell at the audience yet he spoke enthusiastically, zealously, forcefully, feelingly, impressively and with authority. He knew how to illustrate truth so as to make it impressive and clear; he never wasted words. A highly cultured, professional man, not a member of the Free Methodist Church, recently heard Brother Sellew preach. He remarked in substance, "That was the greatest sermon I have ever listened to. The sermon and the language would interest, instruct, and entertain the most cultured, yet it was so plain that a child could understand every word and know what was said." * * * His direct style resembled that of John Wesley.

Bishop Sellew was a natural leader of men. He did not seek leadership; but when it was voted upon him he exercised all the authority necessary to function properly in the relation to which he was called, and stopped there. He was never arbitrary but always resolute and determined. He excelled as a parliamentarian. A Presbyterian preacher, moderator of his presbytery, who attended practically all the business sittings of an annual conference, where he presided, said, "Your bishop is one of the most proficient presiding officers it has ever been my privilege to meet." An ex-speaker of the house, in one of our leading states, who attended a session of the General Conference where he presided when an unusual parliamentary tangle was handled in a most skillful manner, said in substance, "Bishop Sellew is one of the keenest parliamentarians that I have ever met."

Beyond the bounds of the Free Methodist Church, Bishop Sellew had a wide circle of friends. He was recognized as one of the leading citizens of Jamestown, N. Y., not only as a churchman but as a business man. This is evidenced by the following resolutions by the Jamestown Ministerial Association.

BY THE JAMESTOWN MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

Death loves a shining mark, a single blow,
A blow, which while it executes, alarms,
And startles peoples with a single fall.

"Bishop Walter A. Sellew, the friend of the people, the efficient minister of the gospel, the Christian of unfeigned faith, the apostle of abundant labors has returned to the bosom of divinity.

"Two great forces claimed him as their own: the church he so faithfully served, and the city in which he lived. Beyond these, people of all churches and of no church vied with each other in paying the honor justly his due.

"The edifying influence he everywhere exerted, the richness of his personality, his unfailing optimism, and his unclouded spiritual atmosphere radiated blessing upon all with whom he came into contact, especially upon his brethren of the ministry by whom he will long be held in sacred memory.

"We pray that the comfort and consolation of our Divine Lord and Master may rest in unlimited measure upon the devoted companion of his years and upon his bereaved and afflicted household.

" 'And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.' "

John Samuel MacGeary

THE GREAT COMMISSION

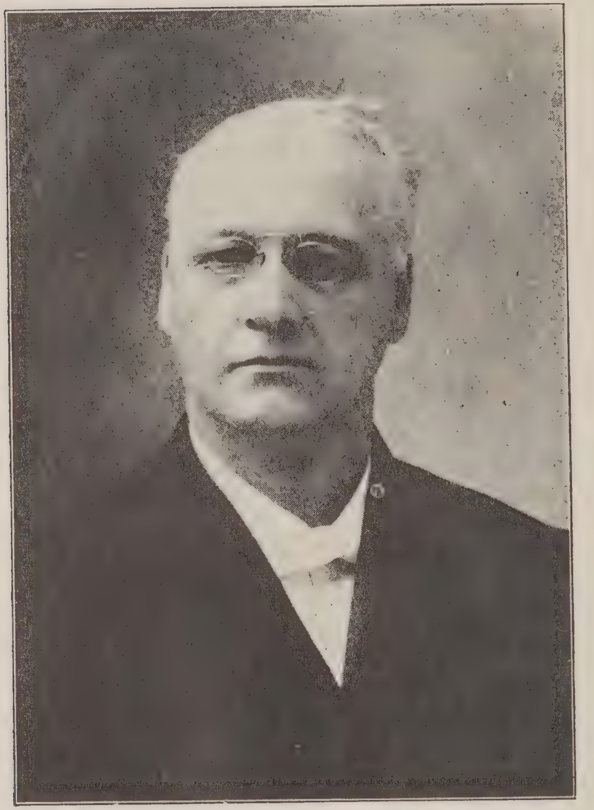
All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

The spirit of missions is the spirit of the Master; the very genius of his religion. I am a missionary heart and soul. God had only one Son and he was a missionary and a physician. A poor imitation I am. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die. . . . I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk, when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for me.

—David Livingstone.

The missionary spirit is the spirit of Jesus, the spirit of the Incarnation and the Cross. Not then to the instrument of the Master, however dear, however noble, but to the Master Himself be all the praise, Who lives to carry on by His own unfailing resources and chosen instrumentalities His work of the redemption of a fallen world, to the high and glorious issues of His eternal kingdom.

—H. Grattan Guinness, D.D.



JOHN SAMUEL MACGEARY
Missionary Bishop 1911-1915

VII

John Samuel MacGeary

The Hills of Pennsylvania not only produce fine coal and oil; but they also have brought forth many "men to match her mountains." Among these illustrious men from a rugged state may be numbered the subject of this chapter, who was born near Pittsburgh, February 13, 1853. His rugged environment was matched by an equally rugged ancestry going back to the Scotch Covenanters and farther back still to the French Hugenots. His father was a soldier in the Mexican War and later in the Civil War, having been a prisoner in Libby Prison. Liberty was as dear to him as his life.

At the tender age of eight years Mr. MacGeary's home was broken up and he was compelled to shift for himself. Being of a studious turn of mind, he succeeded in fitting himself for teaching, which occupation he followed for a short time. He never formed any bad habits, nevertheless he felt himself a sinner in need of God. When about twenty-two years of age he found his way to a meeting in the neighborhood, where the people were so dead that they did not pray for him, although he requested prayer. On the way home, in the woods by himself, he sought God and was most soundly converted.

He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Later the sainted Rev. S. K. J. Chesbrough and others held a grove meeting in the neighborhood. The young man's heart responded to the truth and he cast in his lot among them.

Feeling the call of God to preach he, after a long struggle, said yes. After some correspondence with General Superintendent B. T. Roberts, he made his way to the Genesee Conference, was admitted on trial and assigned to the Lockport, New York, circuit, as junior preacher with C. C. Eggleston, in 1876.

When the Pittsburgh Conference was organized in 1883, he became one of its charter members, transferring from Genesee.

When the conference grew so large that it was advisable to divide the territory in 1899, he remained in the northern part, in the newly-organized Oil City Conference.

His early ministry was pioneer work in new fields. There were few churches in those days and of necessity most of the services were held in homes, schoolhouses or rented halls. He with other pioneers in western Pennsylvania—Sellew, Barnhart, Bean, Bently, Tobey, Hawkins, Miller, Zahniser, the Sager brothers and a host of others—suffered hardships such as the present generation knows nothing about. Henry Blews, grandfather of the writer, brought J. S. MacGeary into New Castle, Pennsylvania, and after great toil and sacrifice organized the Arlington Avenue church, and from that point as a hub the New Castle District was built up.

In order to give the children the benefit of a Christian college, he moved to Greenville, Illinois, and Mr. MacGeary traveled for the college about three years, but tiring of the work he returned east, where he was again elected elder in the Oil City Conference.

In 1911 he was elected the first missionary bishop of the church, going directly to India, where he spent three months, thence to South Africa for two and one half years. After he returned to India for about six months. From there he returned to the homeland by way of China and Japan.

The office of missionary bishop being discontinued, Mr. MacGeary was elected missionary secretary and spent one winter visiting the work in China and Japan. He was re-elected the second term and served till the October Executive Committee meeting, when he resigned, feeling the strain of the weighty problems and grind of the office work was too much for his strength.

At the invitation of his boyhood friend, Rev. J. Barnhart, he went to the California Conference, where he was in active service up to the time of his death—during the last decade of his life.

The call to eternity came just as he wished. His desire was to die in the harness and God granted his wish. While immersed in the busy cares of his pastorate at Oakland, California, preparing for a revival campaign, he suffered from an attack of influenza which on January 20, 1931, suddenly affected his heart and John S. MacGeary, missionary bishop, hero of a thousand battlefields, was with his Lord. His comrade-in-arms at home and on foreign fields, Rev. A. Youngren, preached the funeral sermon from the text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" A cloud of glory overshadowed the service. Six fellow ministers carried his dust to rest in the Mountain View cemetery of Oakland, to await the return of the Lord.

What an enviable record he left behind! For fifty-five continuous years—in season, out of season, enduring hardness as a good soldier without a murmur—he served God and the church of his choice. Few servants of the Lord are privileged to equal that record.

During these fifty-five years he served as pastor nineteen years in the Genesee, Pittsburgh, Oil City, and at the close of his life in the California Conference; as district elder, nineteen years; as financial agent of Greenville College, almost three years; as missionary bishop, four years; as missionary secretary, four years.

He was a member of the Missionary Board for a period of sixteen years. He served as delegate to the General Conference eight times and was elected for the ninth time when death called him. For twenty-seven years he was a corresponding editor of the *Free Methodist.*

Like a star in the firmament, the Christian shines out in luminous luster. A radiant glory abides upon him. Of the Christian graces there are some that stand out in individual lives with greater brightness than others. We would call attention to those graces which characterized the life of John S. MacGeary.

Tenacity of purpose. Although having many obstacles to overcome, he pursued his course through a long life, having only one objective—the glory of God. Nancy C. Morrow, who knew him in his boyhood days around Tionesta, Pennsylvania, developed this feature of his character.

If the life story of Rev. John S. MacGeary, that prince among men who so recently left us, were to be fully written, no choicer volume could be given to the youth of our own and of future generations. In it could be clearly traced the plan of God for one of varied talents wholly surrendered to Him from his youth up. However, this plan might be disappointing to some, for it contained no "flowery beds of ease"; but, on the other hand, proved that "there is but one element in luck, and that is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck," or Scotch, as it was in this case.

Left an orphan at a very tender age by a father who was one of the loyal defenders of the Union, it became his lot to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," among the honest tillers of the soil. Yet for all this, the Holy Spirit, true to His office, in due time showed this youth his great need of salvation, and led him unerringly to the foot of the cross, without any special aid of man.

"Girded when he knew it not," his plans for himself, which seemed right and good, were ruthlessly broken by a Master hand. With him there was no gaining of heaven at a single bound, nor falling headlong into the applause of the world. His diffidence was hard to overcome after he entered the ministry, and his retiring disposition was not conducive to the winning of the applause of those who believed that the true measure of a preacher consisted in the overwhelming power produced on his audience. And, had it not been that he believed God was faithful who had called him, he might doubtless never have been known outside his own conference. Such was the beginning of his ministry.

But the fiber of a sturdy Scotch ancestry that was numbered among the "martyrs of the covenant" was strongly interwoven in Brother MacGeary's character and he met every providential discipline with a calm submission that bespoke a filial spirit buoyed up by communion with Him who is invisible. Faith was shown under every sharp trial. With ambitions baffled, but with unfaltering trust, he turned aside without complaint. Following this, circumstances providentially arose that turned the whole current of his life into the broad, deep, tried and safe channels of Christian activity. God prepared for him an exceptional helpmeet, who was to be for him a true companion indeed, and who was to be of great assistance to final triumph as a minister.

Not satisfied with his attainments, Brother MacGeary became a diligent student of the finest type. Through industry, perseverance, and patient faith, he became a refined Christian gentleman and an eloquent preacher.

Guilelessness. He was a transparent man, free from the arts of diplomacy which lead to self-advancement. He could be taken at face value. He practised the advice he once gave a young preacher, "The Word of God teaches that we will be rewarded for our *works,* not for our *scheming.*" We quote Rev. N. B. Ghormley:

"Others will speak of his eminence as a minister, of his ability as an administrator, of his genius and versatility as a writer, of his pleasing impressive personality, of his enduring qualities as a friend. But to us who knew him well on the mission field and subsequently, his outstanding characteristic was that of *guilelessness.* More than once we have observed the shining of this quality, under circumstances which to many if not most would seem to justify a measure of dissimulation, a suggestion of self-interest. In him, never the discourteous, the uncouth, or the ungentle; always the considerate, the self-effacing, the absence of the ego. As he takes the little step within the veil, to enter upon activities greater by far—for One who rules there affirms that the faithful shall be made rulers over many things—let us bid him farewell with, '*So bonana ekuseni*' ('we will meet you in the morning'), as we bade him good-by at the Durban wharf. May God raise us many, equally gracious, equally patient, equally *guileless.*"

Strength and gentleness combined. On this point we quote the well-chosen words of Bishop Pearce:

"Rev. John S. MacGeary was a blend of two great character elements, strength and gentleness. Strong men, men well endowed intellectually, are, oftener than not, sternly vigorous and in many cases self-assertive and grandly patronizing to those actually, or seemingly, less favored than themselves; and this is sometimes so very apparent that friendships go glimmering and the little Lucifer son of the morning, elicits only a small amount of sympathy from the body politic when for evil cause the wonder is evoked, 'How art thou fallen'!

"With our brother's evident strength went a rare, a superb refinement of soul. God's gentleness made him great; the Spirit's anointing made him strong. His native fiber, cleansed by the redeeming blood of Jesus, made for a singularly influential and godly life and a devoted and successful service for the Lord of the church.

"Look at the symmetry of his life! He was a husband and father of the first order. In East or West or in lands across the sea he was the same unfluctuating personality. Some men seem essentially local. He was a cosmopolitan man through a cosmopolitan Savior, always thoroughly furnished to all good works.

"He was a great preacher, a worthy bishop, a wise administrator, wonderful among his loved ones, firm and true in his friendships."

As a Missionary Bishop

It is upon his work as missionary bishop that we wish to lay special emphasis. In this field he made his greatest contribution to the church as a whole. He was deeply devoted to the cause of missions. In addition he had almost unlimited patience in sifting the details necessary to render just decisions regarding both persons and policies on the foreign field. He was unusually free from personal bias. His administration of our missionary interests was eminently successful. Aggressive in extending the missionary program, he kept within proper financial bounds so that no sinister reactions came upon the work so dear to his heart. Consequently his administration of our far-reaching missionary project was unusually satisfactory both to the workers in the "no man's land" of distant climes and also to the church in the homeland.

An evaluation of his work in the foreign fields can best be given by the missionaries themselves.

BY REV. S. D. CASBERG

I feel that God has removed from His church on earth another of her great pillars, and through that removal not only the church in the homeland has suffered loss, but the foreign field has lost one of its most earnest and able advocates.

As one member of a large group of missionaries, I feel the loss most keenly. We shall never forget the wise counsel and fatherly advice of Brother MacGeary during the time he spent with us in India as missionary bishop. He captured the hearts of the Indian Christians from the very first. His great fatherly spirit was instantly manifest to both missionaries and Indian Christians alike.

Later on, when he honored the church by accepting the office of missionary secretary, we, as missionaries, became more deeply attached to him. His tender sympathy and fatherly counsel during that period are some of our memory's most sacred treasures.

Rosa H. Smith gives this appraisal of his work in Africa:

> When the General Conference of 1911 ordered Brother MacGeary to Africa he came with a missionary's (not a bishop's) salary, ready to use oil lamps, travel on donkeys and ox wagons, and endure the hardships of mission life, and we at Inhambane knew he endured them without a murmur.

He was a great preacher, feeding the missionaries with a feast of good things and also the colonial people of Natal, when he was invited to preach in their churches. But, notwithstanding the depths of his preaching, he could simplify his addresses so that the humblest natives could grasp the thoughts, a difficult task for many new missionaries.

He was a leader, not a driver, firm for the right, yet tender, actually shedding tears for persons with whom he had to deal firmly and showing such tenderness and fatherly sympathy and fairness that even those in the wrong could not but feel in him the spirit of Jesus and that he was a friend and father to all.

As a Writer

As a writer, he excelled. Those stable qualities of his personality were unmistakably interwoven in his writing. He had a distinctive mission to spread scriptural holiness—and he fulfilled it both in the pulpit and with his pen. His articles in the *Free Methodist* on holiness will long be remembered. His thought, clear and comprehensive, was expressed in sturdy Anglo-Saxon. His declarations of truth were not "a flash in the pan" but were of the type which were worthy of meditation and critical scrutiny. In 1924 he wrote an extended series of editorials upon his favorite theme, the atonement, which are worthy of preservation.

For a long period of years he was a corresponding editor of the *Free Methodist* and for a number of years was a contributor to the Sunday school quarterlies. When the first teacher's training course was inaugurated, the Sunday School Board requested him to write an "Outline History of the Free Methodist Church" as a unit of the course. It served its purpose admirably and was also widely read by the church in general, since Hogue's exhaustive history was not yet published.

A Tribute from His Life-long Friend, Bishop A. D. Zahniser

About the year 1884 a new family moved into a community center known as Stewarts Run, Forest County, Pennsylvania. The only established place of public worship in this vicinity was "The White Church," where the Wesleyan Methodists and the Free Methodists worshiped on alternate Sabbaths. The announcement was made that a young Free Methodist preacher who had been reared and converted in the community and was formerly a district school teacher, would occupy the pulpit on the following Sabbath. The oldest son in this new family, then about eighteen years of age, attended the service.

At the appointed time, a large, fine-looking man, about twenty-seven years of age, with clean-cut features, a wealth of dark brown hair, with beard and mustache to match, the sides of his face being clean shaven, entered the church, kneeling reverently in silent prayer as he took his place in the humble pulpit. He was very plainly but neatly dressed and presented a striking personal appearance. The young minister was introduced to the congregation as "Johnnie MacGeary." The preacher's voice was clear and forceful, his manner pleasing, his gestures and movements peculiar to himself, his language plain and correct. The speaker evidenced a sincerity, simplicity and an unconscious dignity.

Little did that unsaved lad of eighteen years, who sat in the congregation, dream that he would some day be associated with the preacher of this occasion in the ministry of the same denomination and write a tribute as a meager expression of his high appreciation of this good and great man at the close of his life's labors. This was the youth's first introduction to Free Methodism and his first time to see Rev. John S. MacGeary.

The subject of this inadequate tribute had much to overcome in the beginning of his career. He was compelled to rely exclusively on his own resources. He was naturally bashful and retiring. Nature had endowed him with a strong physique, fine personal appearance, a bright and inquiring mind, a tender conscience and strong will.

This ambitious youth capitalized the obstacles that confronted him, making them stepping-stones to a useful and successful career. Converted and sanctified in his teens, he took the Word of God as his counsel, the life of Christ as his pattern, and the Holy Spirit as his inspiration and guide. He united with the Free Methodist Church as a matter of clear conviction, and responded to a definite, divine call to the ministry of the gospel and became an outstanding figure in her history; a strong and able defender of her principles and doctrines.

The young minister's marriage to Miss Ella L. Hapgood, a teacher in the public schools, an excellent young lady, and a fine

Christian character, proved a mutual blessing. She was an excellent conversationalist, and possessed fine social qualities, which seemed to supplement his natural seclusiveness. Theirs was a very happy marriage relation. His ardent love and loyal devotion for his life companion continued to the end. They each had their independent opinions and occasionally agreed to disagree harmoniously, maintaining their individuality in a mutually helpful manner.

J. S. MacGeary possessed an analytical, discriminating, constructively-critical mind. He accepted nothing as final that would not pass a fair test according to the process of reason, based on a sound premise.

He was an excellent writer. Anything from his pen was always worth a careful and thoughtful reading. He was a wise counselor, an able and efficient church leader. As pastor, district elder, missionary bishop and general missionary secretary, he was impartial and absolutely fair to all. His work was never inflated or exaggerated. He was an easy man to follow. His successors found his work based on a solid foundation. He was ever ready to take a firm stand for truth and righteousness, without respect as to how it might affect his standing, though few, if any, prized the confidence and esteem of his fellows more than he. He was fair, open and frank in debate and always manifested the spirit of the Master.

As a preacher Rev. J. S. MacGeary excelled from practically every viewpoint. His messages were masterful; they were logically, homiletically, theologically, scripturally and experientially sound. He glorified God, as God, and magnified man as man, stressing the atonement and the infinite possibilities of redeemed humanity in time and eternity. He faithfully warned the wicked of their sure, dreadful and everlasting retribution if they continued in rebellion against the government of God.

A TRIBUTE BY THE AUTHOR

The Roman poet Ovid said, "The way to be loved is to be lovely." John S. MacGeary was lovable because of his lovely character. The words of Jesus concerning Nathanael under the fig tree, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile," had a faithful incarnation in him. The soul of sincerity, he never stooped to any human expedients to further his own interests. He was a transparent man.

With the passing of Brother MacGeary the church has lost one of its pioneers who literally suffered want for Jesus' sake in the raising up of Free Methodism in western Pennsylvania. Just before his death he wrote the following letter to his lifelong friend, Rev. Edward Blews, who was celebrating his sixtieth wedding anniversary:

"The recent sudden passing of M. B. Miller caused me to take a retrospect of the past forty-five or fifty years. It made me realize that I am getting to be a bit like 'the last leaf on the tree in the spring.' So far as I know there is only one man now living who was a member of the old Genesee Conference when I was admitted in the fall of 1876 and he has been laid aside from active work for perhaps fifteen years. Of those received into the original Pittsburgh Conference at its organization all are gone but D. B. Tobey, M. L. Schooley and myself. And I am the only one of these still active in the work. You and your brother, Harry, and Joe Zanini are about the only ones left who were received into the New Castle society when I organized it forty-five years ago. I shall never forget that winter. I was insufficiently clad for such cold weather and suffered intensely with the cold on those long drives from Charleston in Mercer County to New Castle and back and forth (a distance of about thirty miles). You remember, I think, that I was taken sick during the revival meeting and was confined to the house for about six weeks. I lay in a stupor most of the last day I was in New Castle, in your father's home, but preached in the evening and the next day drove home. Part of the way I did not know where I was, but my horse took me home. I got into the house and went to bed. Wife sent for Dr. Lee and he came and worked over me a good deal of the night. I feel that under God I owe my life to him. Brother Sager continued the meeting. But I would gladly go through it all again to see such a revival as we had at that time. And the fruit has come since. Surely, 'the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper shall mingle together in joy by and by.' What a goodly number have gone over from the New Castle and Coaltown work. What a meeting it will be in the morning."

As a boy, his spirit of sacrifice and that of his faithful wife made a deep impression upon me and, in the words of Paul, "I am a debtor." His life is like that of the monk, who was shipwrecked on a lonely island. This monk always carried his pockets full of seeds to plant as he went about. He planted his seeds, then died. Many years later when men came to inhabit the island they found it covered with apple trees laden with fruit. So we today enjoy the fruits of his faithful toil. May his spirit of sacrifice fall upon the younger preachers of the church.

We feel concerning him personally as did Benjamin Franklin who wrote this classic to a friend:

"I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living.

"A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society?

"We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them.

"Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the body, parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases which it is liable to or capable of making him suffer.

"Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him: Adieu."

Brother MacGeary is gone—one of God's noblemen. He was a calm man, well-poised, pointed in speech, accurate in thought, sane in his judgments, a penetrating gospel preacher whose message searched the consciences of men. The Free Methodist Church has lost one of her most able servants, who after more than a half century's toil has entered into his richly-merited reward.

David Snethen Warner

I know not if of dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my hopes delight
Is best or not.

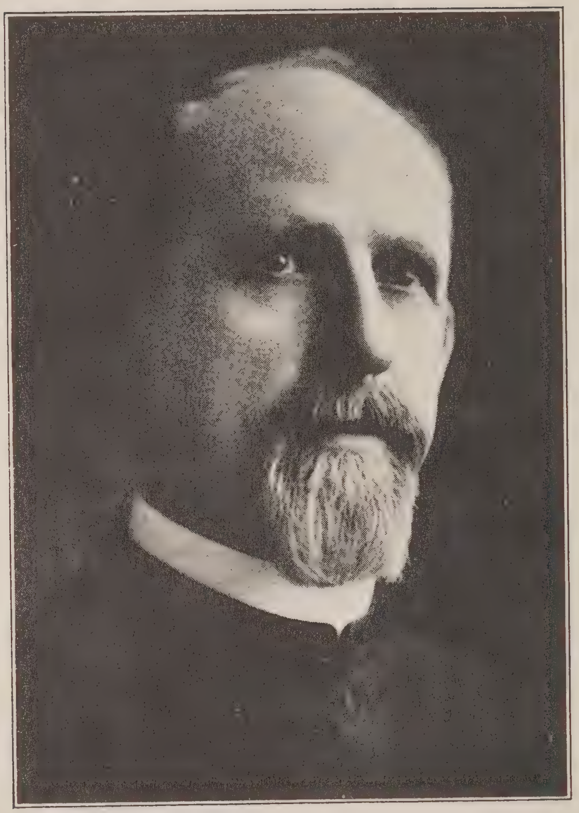
My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board:
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short, if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the Land, safe to the Land—
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Henry Alford.



DAVID SNETHEN WARNER
Bishop 1919-1927

VIII

David Snethen Warner

Joy came to a peaceful farmstead one wintry day, October 29, 1857, in Livingston County, New York. The source of this joy was the advent of the sixth child to bless the home of David and Phylancy H. Warner. He was named David Snethen, receiving his first name after his father and his second after the maiden name of his mother, Phylancy Hold Snethen. Although full of life, he was always an obedient and studious boy. Until thirteen years of age, he was trained in that great nursery of American character—the rural school. Hearing of the fame of the school recently started by the Free Methodists, his parents sent him to Chili Seminary in 1871, where he remained until his graduation in 1875. Here he came in contact with that master Christian, the Rev. B. T. Roberts, whose impress remained upon him to the end of his days.

In the stimulating atmosphere of the Seminary he sought the Lord, April 29, 1874. In those days the necessity of immediately crossing over Jordan into the promised land was held before the students. One week later he sought the experience of entire sanctification and the foundation of his spiritual life was firmly laid.

Immediately after graduating from the Seminary, he enrolled as a student at the University of Rochester and was graduated in 1879 with the Bachelor of Arts degree. Dr. Anderson, the President of the University—whose statement in an address at the dedicatory exercises of the Seminary to B. T. Roberts became famous, "Young man, you will find many people who will be willing to sacrifice you on the altar of Christian education"—was deeply impressed with the piety of young Warner who always kneeled during prayer at chapel exercises while the other students stood. One day the President asked the young man why he always kneeled at chapel. Quickly he replied, "I always kneel when

I pray as a matter of conscience." That fidelity to conscience characterized his whole career. In the year 1888, he was given the degree of Master of Arts by his Alma Mater.

The same year of his graduation, he was married to Louisa S. Conner, a woman of refinement who was the companion of his journey for a period of thirty years. To them were born two children—David A., a successful attorney, and Susie L. In the year 1909 a heavy blow fell upon him in the passing of the wife of his youth. He was again married in 1913 to Verna B. Hanford, who still survives. Three children were born to this union, two of whom are still living, Robert Pearce and Mrs. Harriet G. Whiteman.

Rev. David S. Warner's public life logically falls into three divisions: his work as an educator, as editor of the Sunday-school literature of the church, and as a minister of the gospel.

His teaching career in the schools of the Free Methodist Church began in 1879 in Spring Arbor Seminary under the principalship of Clark Jones. For four years he gave himself wholeheartedly to this institution and created a place in the affection of the church in Michigan which continued to his dying day.

We will let Professor Warner give his own statement concerning his going to Spring Arbor. In the *Echo,* an annual published by the Seminary, in the issue of 1924, under the caption of "Personal Recollections," written by Brother Warner, he says: "During the year 1878 and '79, Prof. Clark Jones (principal at that time) corresponded with me, as to my coming to Spring Arbor Seminary as teacher in Mathematics. The resources were slender then, and I was asked what was the least amount I would accept as wages. I was just graduating from the University of Rochester, New York. I intended to teach, and desired a position in our schools. I finally decided to offer my services for two dollars and seventy-five ($2.75) a week, with board and room. My offer was accepted, and I was on hand at the opening of the school year 1879 and '80. The four years spent in Spring Arbor, under the principalship of Prof. Jones, were busy years, and full of pleasant memories. A part of the time I taught twelve classes daily, and my subjects ranged from mental arithmetic to general geometry and calculus, with some subjects in the sciences thrown in."

Meanwhile Rev. Walter A. Sellew had opened the Gerry Seminary at Gerry, New York. Professor Warner returned to his native state and for another period of four years gave splendid service at Gerry. During these years he grew in stature not only as a teacher but as a preacher.

In 1893 he answered an urgent call to return to Michigan. He accordingly returned to Spring Arbor Seminary as Principal and continued to guide the destiny of the school for twelve years. Ripened by experience, yet possessed of the powers of manhood at high tide, these years at Spring Arbor represent the cream of his life as an educator. He was president of the board of trustees for many years and held that office at the time of his home-going. Thus he spent sixteen years as instructor and principal in addition to twenty-three as an outstanding trustee.

The truest picture of him as an educator can be given by some of his students. Rev. S. W. Stone gives this picture: "My first acquaintance with Professor Warner was in the year 1879, when he came fresh from Rochester University, New York, to take up work as teacher of mathematics at Spring Arbor Seminary, with Professor Clark Jones as principal. He was retiring in his nature and could easily bear encouragement. He was then a single man He was honest and conscientious. Being retiring, it took him a little time before he swung fully clear and was powerfully blessed. Well do I remember as we were walking to church one Sunday evening we heard a great noise in his home just by the old store and we said, 'Professor Warner is getting blessed.' That night he made the old chapel ring with his shouts of praises to God. We heard him take his first text. It was I Timothy 3:16, 'And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.' He was at home in the schoolroom, and with his firmness mingled a kindness that caused his students to respect and love him.

"In later years, as he for so many years had the full charge of the Seminary, drawing five hundred dollars for his pay, some one said to him, 'Professor, why do you stay here for five hundred dollars when you could just as well get fifteen hundred dollars as principal of some high school?' His reply was, 'It is worth one thousand dollars to be in this element.'

"He was a saint. He ripened with his years in saintliness. He retained his humility to the end. No doubt his rank among the redeemed will be recognized far more as a saint than any official position he ever held."

Rev. B. J. Vincent gives the following tribute: "I know Bishop Warner was a wise, patient, and successful teacher, for I sat in his classes for three years at the time he was principal of Spring Arbor Seminary. He had large resources of knowledge and he knew the scientific art of teaching; but the teaching he did by the sheer force of his character made his teaching service complete. With hundreds of others who had the same privilege that I had of receiving his instruction, I rejoice now that a kind providence placed me under his influence at a period when strong, godly men meant so much to my future life. He has gone. And yet he lives and will continue to live in the spirit and words and actions of those who partook of his spirit and knowledge and ideals when he was a teacher. He will long be remembered as editor, writer, bishop; but when those who knew him slightly in these offices have allowed the impact of his life upon theirs to fade from memory, those hundreds who sat at his feet as students day after day from one to four years or more will still clearly bear the stamp of his gracious personality. So 'God buries his workers, but the work goes on.' "

In the meantime the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary was in urgent need of an experienced man to administer its affairs. He answered the call and was principal from 1906 to 1908. Miss Adella P. Carpenter, who gave her life as a teacher in the school, contributes the following interesting side lights: "Others may write of the saintly character and life of Bishop Warner, but having spent two years in the work of the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary with him, I wish to relate only an incident or two.

"It was the custom for an inspector of the State Board of Regents of New York State to make us an annual visit, and on this one occasion he arrived early and was present at the chapel exercises. Professor Warner prayed, as he was wont to do, with unction. The inspector, sitting beside me, said, 'This is the kind of school I believe in. My parents were Christians. They sent me to Cazenovia, New York, to school when a boy. In that school I received a poise that has never left me. I believe in this school and am sorry to have Professor Warner leave it.'

"On another occasion, under his fervent prayer, Miss Emily A. Clark, Latin teacher in the school for four and one-half years, a member of a church, but unsatisfied in her Christian experience, came out into the clear light of conscious salvation. Miss Clark has been for many years laboring in North Nigeria, West Africa, under the Sudan Interior Mission, and among the trophies that shall crown Bishop Warner's work in heaven will doubtless be some from darkest Africa.

The second period of Professor Warner's service was in connection with the Sunday-school literature of the church. He was first elected assistant editor of Sunday-school literature for 1905-6, and at the General Conference at Greenville, Illinois, in 1907, he was elected editor. Re-elected in the General Conferences of 1911 and 1915, he filled the position for twelve years. His background as an educator fitted him for this field of service. *Arnold's Practical Commentary* on the Sunday-school lessons was ably edited, and became a leading exponent of holiness teaching in the Sunday-school world. All the Sunday-school literature increased in circulation since it made an increased appeal to those outside our own denomination.

For many years he was one of the corresponding editors of the *Free Methodist*. His writings, like his ministrations in the pulpit, were plain, practical, orthodox and spiritual.

While editor of the Sunday-school literature he realized a fond dream of his life—a trip to Palestine. Upon his return he gave an interesting account of his journey which was published in book form with the title "Glimpses of Palestine and Egypt." He also wrote two small volumes—one on "The Holy Spirit" and the other entitled "The Book We Study," which is a brief tribute to the Bible. The latter contains three chapters, "The Authority of the Book," "The Excellence of the Book," and "The Power of the Book."

His work in the ministry began as supply in the pastorate on the Perry and Burke Hill Circuit in the Genesee Conference, 1883-4. During the period of his instructorship in the Gerry Seminary he went through the process of ordination. He was received into the Genesee Conference on trial at Parma Center, New York, 1885, General Superintendent Hart presiding; was ordained deacon at Akron, New York, in 1887 by General Superintendent Roberts; was ordained elder at Albion, New York, in 1889 by General Superintendent Coleman. For a period of time he devoted himself exclusively to the ministry. Appointed pastor of the Perry and Burke Hill Circuit, 1888-1890, he also served as stationed chairman of the Wyoming District during the last year 1889-1890. Next came a pastorate at Gerry from 1890 to 1892. He was then pastor of the Fredonia and Dunkirk Circuit and at the same time was stationed chairman of the Chautauqua District from 1892-1893. He then became principal of Spring Arbor Seminary and was pastor of the Spring Arbor church for several years while principal.

The General Conference held at Greenville, Illinois, in 1919, elected him bishop. Re-elected in 1923, he continued to serve in that capacity until the end of the quadrennium when his term of office was terminated because of fast failing health. When his health began to fail about four years before his death, an examination at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, revealed that he had internal cancer and that nothing could be done for him. It is remarkable how he kept up his work during the last four years with the shadow of death upon him.

The Lord whom he had served so faithfully during the years revealed Himself to him graciously during his affliction so that he was fully resigned to the will of his Master. He had no fear of death but continually praised the Lord while facing the inevitable. On Thursday night preceding his death, he was very ill and for a time went into a state of coma, but when he regained consciousness he was filled with praise, while his face was illuminated by the manifestation of the divine. He continued low until Sunday evening, May 13. His wife stayed by his side the whole day, realizing the time of parting was near. Just before the end he said to her, "Mama, I am near the crossing," and the white-sailed ship quietly slipped over the horizon. As he drew near the heavenly haven, angels ministered unto him, divine music enraptured his soul, heavenly light broke upon his vision and his spirit was borne into the paradise of God.

Before his passing, he calmly made all arrangements for his funeral with his lifelong friend, the Rev. J. T. Logan, editor of the *Free Methodist*. It was fitting that the funeral should be held in the Free Methodist church at Spring Arbor, Michigan, where he had given so many years of service. According to his plan, the Rev. J. T. Logan preached the funeral sermon from the text: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The body was taken to Rochester, New York, for burial in Mt. Hope Cemetery to await the "resurrection of the just."

One of the crowning graces of Bishop Warner's life was his humility. Rev. F. A. Perkins gives the following incident: "I believe no one I have ever come in contact with has had the influence over my life and stamped upon my memory the impress of humility as Rev. David S. Warner.

"Some thirty years ago he visited one of our camp meetings in the East Michigan Conference, of which I was a member. At the early morning prayer meeting, Brother Warner was praying. I was especially attracted and greatly impressed with the earnestness and humility of his prayer, which increased in fervor until it became a veritable agony, as he seemed overwhelmed with a realizing sense of his unworthiness. He would cry out, 'I'm unworthy, I'm unworthy, I'm unworthy.' A great solemnity rested upon the entire encampment. Those who walked about the grounds did so with bowed heads, and any conversation was in low, subdued tones; and through all these years, many, many times I have seemed to hear his voice as plainly as on that day, sobbing out, 'I'm unworthy, unworthy, unworthy.' Again and again I have wept and repeated those words until my own heart has broken and melted as I have felt so deeply my own unworthiness.

This characteristic is illustrated by an incident from the pen of the late Rev. R. A. Thompson of Texas: "How sad my heart feels to read of the home-going of Bishop Warner, and yet how sweet is the sadness, rendered so by the fact of the great glory that is now his, and therefore our tears are full of joy, for the loss is only to this world.

"He was one of the meekest men I have ever known. I shall never forget with what sincere earnestness he came to ask forgiveness of the writer and Brother Vinson for an imaginary mistake made in a conversation on the train the day before."

Bishop Walter A. Sellew gave this summary of his life: "Bishop Warner was a Christian gentleman, with the emphasis on the Christian, and on the gentle and on the man. He was essentially a holy man. Every phase of his being shone forth to those with whom he associated as expressing his communion with God. No one could be associated with him, even for a brief period of time, without feeling that he had been with Christ. All his speech, his actions and his spirit were Christlike. His speech was always seasoned with grace. I never heard him say anything which he afterwards had to retract or for which he had to apologize.

"It therefore goes without saying that he was a Spirit-filled man. He had 'an unction from the Holy One.' His preaching, his exhortations, and his testimonies moved the people who heard them. As long ago as when he was a student in the Rochester University and attending the Free Methodist church in Rochester, New York, his testimonies and exhortations are now remembered by those who are living and who heard them then. In his later years and after he was elected to the general superintendency his preaching was peculiarly characterized by the unction of the Holy Spirit.

"He was a very wise and careful administrator of church affairs. He carefully considered all matters coming before him, and his advice and counsel in all the activities of the church were sought for and had great weight with those who were associated with him in the councils of our denomination.

"He was also very happy and successful in his management of our Sunday-school interests while they were under his jurisdiction. His editorship was especially pleasing and satisfactory, not only to our own people but to those of many other communions who had the opportunity of reading the literature which he so ably edited.

"His loyalty to his convictions and to the church vows which he had taken was very prominent in his character. His associates in any department of church work or in any religious activities always knew where he would be found when any question came up affecting such convictions and his church vows.

"He was equally successful in his connection with our educational institutions. He was a thorough and interesting instructor, a wise administrator, and had a splendid personality. He touched and blest so many people in all these various activities that eternity only will bring to light the vast amount of good he accomplished in his lifetime."

Of him Bishop A. D. Zahniser said:

"The subject of this tribute was a Christian scholar. With fair foundation in early life and a student all of his days, an instructor in the field of Christian education for many years, and extensive travel in home and foreign lands, he had treasured up a wealth of worth-while knowledge and was a wise and safe counselor.

"Professor Warner might be regarded as one of the pioneers in the cause of purely Christian education in the Free Methodist Church, having spent a goodly number of the most useful years of his career in the very prime of his life as instructor and president of our first institutions.

"I regarded Bishop Warner as a strong and able minister, a faithful and fearless defender of the truth, with a clear spiritual vision. He was a wise and well-informed executor; a dignified and deliberate presiding officer, always fair-minded, mild, kind, but ever firm and uncompromising.

"He was an author of superior ability in his field. His writings were smooth and clear; his English almost faultless; his matter interesting, instructive and inspirational.

"Brother Warner was the very personification of 'true holiness.' He was an able exponent of the doctrine of full salvation by precept, and exemplified it in his life. To know him intimately was to appreciate him, greatly love him, honor him and respect him. He was a man of a few and well chosen words and you knew just what he meant by what he said, a man in whose spirit there was no guile. Sincerity and honesty were spread all over his countenance. He was ever ready to hear with close attention the cause of the most humble and to give sympathetic counsel and aid. When it became necessary to administer reproof he could do so with such a kindly firmness as to produce the desired results and yet retain the confidence and respect of those he reproved. Loyalty in every relation was recognized as one of his outstanding characteristics."

We give the following articles from the pen of Bishop Warner:

Christ the First-Fruits

"But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept" (I Cor. 15:20). Whatever may have been the origin and nature of the Easter festival, it now brings to our minds most impressively the great doctrine, the glorious doctrine, of the resurrection. To the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" the devout Christian heart can give as an answer the words of Jesus, "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John 14:19). He may also refer to the strong assurance of Job who says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another" (Job 19:25-27).

It was difficult for the disciples at first to believe that Jesus had risen from the dead, though John, as soon as he entered the empty tomb on the resurrection morning, and saw the linen clothes lying and the napkin which had been about His head wrapped together in a place by itself, "he saw, and believed" (John 20:8). It was difficult, "For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead" (John 20:9). It was specially difficult for Thomas to believe, for he was of a turn of mind to demand evidence that to him must be unmistakable, but Jesus favored him with just the evidence he desired and when he saw it, he said, "My Lord and my God."

The great battle of Jews and pagans against Christianity was over the resurrection of Christ. The New Testament Scriptures declare with all positiveness that He rose from the dead. The existence of the Christian church with all its institutions for the uplifting and salvation of mankind, and with all of its triumphs declares that Jesus lives.

The multitudes of transformed men, women and children through the atonement of Jesus Christ bear powerful testimony to the fact of His resurrection. If He were not the living Christ there would be no efficacy in the atonement; in fact, the atonement would be a myth: but the atonement of Jesus is efficacious. The fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem is efficacious. "Sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains." The blood of the slain, but risen Christ "cleanseth us from all sin."

Personal testimony enters to declare that Jesus lives. He who has been saved from sin experiences the power of the living Christ. He does not need to refer to treatises on the resurrection to be assured that Jesus lives. He has a consciousness that the living Christ is with him.

Jesus became "the first-fruits of them that slept." In him only we have immortality, but we have it in Him. It is eternal life to know Him. The body will go into the grave, unless the coming of Jesus should interfere, but not forever. It will come forth at the summons of the Son of God. We shall rise from the dead. We shall in our "flesh see God." The power that raised up Jesus will raise us up in God's own good time. Jesus said, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev.

1:18). He is "the first-fruits" and we shall follow. We have the right to declare, "Death is swallowed up in victory," and to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. 15:54, 55).

For Our Justification

Christ's death was essential to the procuring of our salvation. Without the shedding of blood there could be no redemption. The blood of beasts could not atone for man's sin. Man's blood could not atone for man's sin. The blood of the Infinite Being, the Christ, must be shed. Who should shed that blood? In His very nature He could not be a suicide and shed His own blood. A good man would not be guilty of such an act. The very shedding of His blood by accident could not answer the case. Christ's blood was shed of set purpose by wicked men, whose hatred of Him was stirred into madness by the words and works of Jesus and by His claims to deity. Their act was by no means divinely inspired, but was inspired by Satan himself. The Father was in no sense a party to the tragedy. The enemies of Jesus plotted to rid the world of Him who was most offensive to them. The Father permitted the Son to be betrayed into the hands of men who did to Him what they desired. His enemies did all that lay in their power to destroy Him, but they had no power to take His life. He laid it down of Himself. This is one respect in which His death differed from that of all the multitudes who have passed away. The death of our Lord opened the way from sin and destruction to holiness and heaven.

The resurrection of Christ made declaration of His deity to all the world to all ages. He was eternally God, but His resurrection was an indisputable evidence of this fact. There were several miracles of the restoration of the dead to life, the accounts of which are given in the Scriptures; but they were raised from the dead to die again, while Jesus was raised from the dead to die no more. He is alive, and is alive forevermore.

If He had not risen, there could be no such system as Christianity. With His resurrection stands the entire structure of our holy religion. Every Christian church, every Christian service, every Christian song, every Christian prayer, every Christian man, woman and child is a standing declaration of the resurrection of Christ. The hope of the Christian is without foundation if Christ did not rise from the dead. He did rise, and all the claims that He made and all the claims made by inspired writers with respect to His mission are valid.

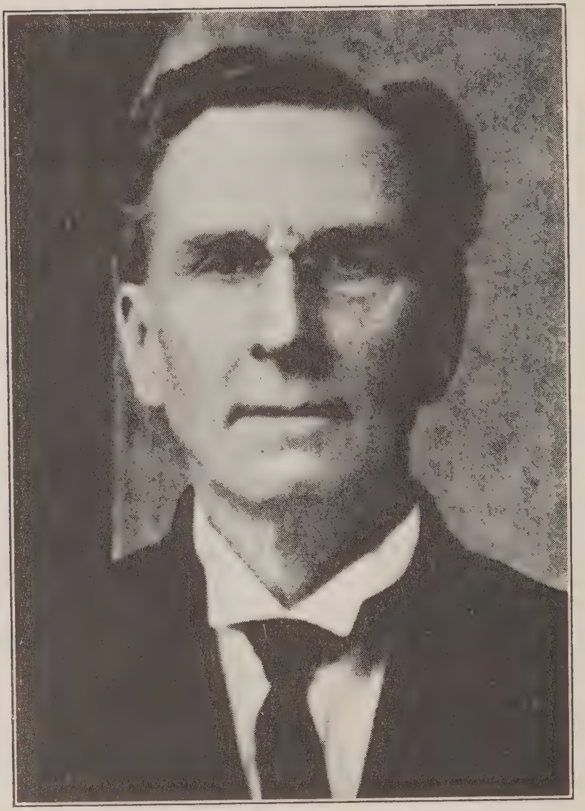
He rose for our justification. He came to be the Savior of men. He has power on earth to forgive sins. He came to destroy the works of the devil. He lives to seal the contract made with humanity to be its salvation. His death was a propitiation for our sins; His resurrection marks the completion of His work of procuring our salvation. Our justification is assured and realized by His resurrection from the dead, and by this also we are certain of His ability to save to the uttermost and to keep.

Christ's resurrection assures us that we, too, shall be raised from the dead. Because He lives, we shall live also. We shall be like Him. We shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness.

William Henry Clark

Thus, men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong. The natural measure of this power is the resistance of circumstances. Impure men consider life as it is reflected in opinions, events, and persons. They cannot see the action, until it is done. Yet its moral element pre-existed in the actor, and its quality as right and wrong, it was easy to predict. Everything in nature is bipolar, or has a positive and negative pole. There is a male and female, a spirit and a fact, a north and a south. Spirit is the positive, the event is the negative. Will is the north, action the south pole. Character may be ranked as having its natural place in the north. It shares the magnetic currents of the system. The feeble souls are drawn to the south or negative pole. They look at the profit or hurt of the action. The hero sees that the event is ancillary; it must follow him.

—Emerson.



WILLIAM HENRY CLARK
Bishop 1919-1925

IX

William Henry Clark

A revival meeting was in progress at the Free Methodist church in Alton, New York. Great conviction was upon the community and many were seeking God. One night the Holy Spirit settled upon the audience with the spell of eternity, as the altar call was being given. A tall young man nineteen years old is at the parting of the ways. As he stands weighing his soul in the balance, Rev. Moses Downing, a veritable son of thunder in early Free Methodism, pointing his finger at him cries out, "Young man, if you don't yield to God, you will go to hell." Recognizing the finger of destiny pointing at him, and the call of eternity summoning, he broke for the altar. That young man was William H. Clark. Later as he continued to pray in the sitting room at home by an old rocking chair, he received the witness that Christ forgave his sins.

The conversion of W. H. Clark was similar to that of Charles Spurgeon. Spurgeon as a young man was under deep conviction He says in his unique way, "But of a sudden, I met Moses carrying the law. . . . God's Ten Words . . . and as I read them, they all seemed to join in condemning me in the sight of the thrice holy Jehovah. . . . If I opened my mouth, I spoke amiss. If I sat still, there was sin in my silence. I was in custody of the Law. I dared not plunge into grosser vices: I sinned enough without acting like that. My impression is that this is the history of all the people of God, more or less! . . . in this state, the Bible threatenings are all printed in capitals, and the promises in such small type we cannot make them out."

During this period of heavy conviction the young Puritan went to all the churches of Colchester seeking release from his burden. None of the preachers in the large churches helped him. Sunday morning on January 6, 1850, found England in the grip of a driving snowstorm. While making his way to a certain church recommended by his mother, the fury of the storm compelled him to turn down a side street. There he entered a little building with the sign "Artillery Street Primitive Methodist Church."

About a dozen people were present. The minister, snowbound, failed to appear. A thin-looking layman, a shoemaker or sailor, filled in the gap. The lay preacher was unlearned but he knew God. Taking the text from Isaiah 45:22, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," he hammered on one thought —Looking to Christ for salvation. In about fifteen minutes "he swiftly came to the end of his tether." He observed the distressed face of the boy as he sat alone and pointing his long bony finger at him, shouted in old-fashioned Methodist vigor, "Young man, you're in trouble! Look to Jesus Christ! Look! Look! Look!" And Spurgeon looked, his faith reached out and his burden rolled away.

Spurgeon's own account is a classic: "The cloud was gone, the darkness rolled away, and in that moment I saw the sun! Oh, I did 'Look'! I could almost have looked my eyes away! I felt like Pilgrim when the burden of guilt which he had borne so long was forever rolled from my shoulders. I could now understand what John Bunyan meant, when he declared he wanted to tell all the crows on the plowed land about his conversion!

"Precious is that wine which is pressed in the wine vat of conviction: pure is that gold which is dug from the mines of repentance; and bright are those pearls which are found in the caverns of deep distress. A spiritual experience that is thoroughly flavored with a deep and bitter sense of sin is of great value to him that hath it. He who has stood before God, convicted and condemned with the rope about his neck, is the man to weep with joy when he is pardoned, and to live to the honor of the Redeemer by whose blood he is cleansed.

"I could realize then the language of Rutherford when, being full of the love of Christ, in the dungeon of Aberdeen, he said, 'O my Lord, if there were a broad hell betwixt me and Thee, if I could not get at Thee except by wading through it, I would not think twice, but I would go through it all, if I might but embrace Thee, and call Thee mine!' "

Bishop Clark used to relate the severe mental struggle he had over the question of sanctification. When he heard people testify to it, he thought such an experience was impossible, for he had been raised a Calvinist. Yet his heart cried out for it but his head opposed it. Finally he rolled on his bedroom floor crying out for what he thought was impossible. At last his heart and his head got together and he was gloriously sanctified. Charles Wesley's great hymn, "Wrestling Jacob" fits the case of wrestling Clark.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
  Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
  To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
  Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
  Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
  I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
  Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

His native endowment. He was blessed with good parentage—the old New York State type of thrift and integrity. He was born at Racine, Wisconsin, April 8, 1854, but his parents were there for only a brief time, and returned to their native state. His father owned a fruit farm near Alton, New York, where the boy was raised near to nature's heart. In him was a blending of English, Scotch, and Irish. His father, Daniel Willis Clark, was of English and Scotch descent, while his mother, Mary Cassidy, was Irish. Before her marriage she was converted from Roman Catholicism and summarily turned out of her home because of her new faith. She died when William was about two years old. The father later married a close friend of his first wife, Mary Lyle, who tenderly cared for the little boy. When he was converted, she told him privately that he would be a bishop some day. His father was a member of the Baptist church until after his son's conversion and entrance into the ministry, when he also joined the Free Methodist Church and served as Free Methodist minister for fifteen years, till superannuated.

On August 30, 1877, W. H. Clark was married to Ella Southworth, a daughter of Rev. William Southworth of the Susquehanna Conference. Honored by the conference with an evangelist's license, she was an able speaker, whether in the interest of missions, the Sunday school, or the W.C.T.U. A woman of esthetic nature, she was the soul of poetry and music as well as piety. She composed the words and music for a number of hymns and temperance songs, as well as many poems. She died at Rome, New York, July 9, 1923.

A gentle woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Nature was generous in her gifts to Bishop Clark. Possessed of a robust constitution, six feet in height, muscular yet slender, straight as an arrow, he was a man of striking appearance. To see him, one was reminded of the words of Humbolt, "Earth holds up to her master no fruit like the finished man." His face was as striking as his physique. Converted in his youth, he had never gone into the coarse ways of sin which mar the beauty of the human temple. His erect carriage, his face classical in its clear-cut lines, his keen eyes, the window of a noble soul, his courteous, gentlemanly bearing, his grave yet pleasant demeanor, his well-weighed words—all contributed to produce a living example of a "finished man."

An exemplary Christian. Stability was the cornerstone in his life. When he turned his life over to his Lord in 1873 at Alton, New York, he never took it back but pursued God's plan to the end. When the high call came to turn from his own ambitions and preach the gospel, he like Paul conferred not with flesh and blood. The rugged lines of Browning may well apply to him.

Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee,
Thee and no other, stand or fall by them!
This is the part for thee; regard all else
For what they may be,—Time's illusion.

Shortly after his conversion he joined the Free Methodist Church at Alton. At the sixteenth session of the Susquehanna Conference held at Alton in 1876, he was received on trial under Bishop Roberts. His first circuit was Lansingburg and Bath on the Saratoga District, with Rev. B. Winget as district elder. From that time he went as an obedient servant wherever his conference or the church sent him, always the same exemplary Christian man.

Humility beautified his life—not as an ornament but as an integral part of it. He made little reference to himself in the pulpit or out, but strove to hold up Christ and Him crucified. Whatever position he held in the church was thrust upon him unsought. Before he died he gave careful direction that no eulogy should be pronounced at his funeral. His desire was that the gospel should be preached and Christ exalted.

Integrity was stamped upon his countenance and upon the entire range of his life. In the words of Rev. J. T. Logan, "He was too great to descend to anything that savored of self-aggrandizement or self-exaltation or that would not bear the white light of heaven upon it; but was humble and kind; careful and considerate of the interests of others. No one would entertain a doubt as to his sincerity or in the least question his integrity."

"His tongue was framed to music,
His hand was armed with skill,
His face was the mold of beauty
And his heart the throne of will."

Although cast in a manly mould, his rugged qualities were softened by an esthetic taste which was uncommon. He loved the beautiful whether in the flower of the field, the landscape, or the work of man's hand. While serving as pastor on a certain circuit he used to call at a millinery shop. As he called one day, the milliner had before her the form of a hat she was about to trim. Mr. Clark suggested that he could trim that hat. The challenge was accepted; he trimmed the hat. When he rose to declare his text the next Sunday morning, he saw that very hat, just as he had trimmed it, on one of his leading members in the front seat. Even the dignity of Bishop Clark was ruffled by a rising sense of mirth. This esthetic taste gave him an abiding love for music and poetry, and made him a master of choice language.

In the latter half of his life, he received a great spiritual enduement. He was district elder at the time. Not witnessing the results in his own preaching and on the district that he longed to see, and feeling the need of a more fervent spiritual life, he gave himself up for several days to secret self-examination, fasting, and prayer. As a result he received a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. The fruits of this experience were manifest to the end of his life in increased humility, augmented spiritual power, and more clear-cut convictions on moral issues. Whereas men generally become more liberal with advancing years, he became more positive on the distinctive lines of separation from the world. Without discrediting what God had done for him in the former years, he emphasized this experience in the light of the experience of Charles G. Finney who held that Christians, and especially ministers, need pentecostal renewings so positive and powerful as to produce effects like being converted over again. Those who met him in his later years beheld his life luminous with the abiding effusion of this upper-room experience.

A royal ambassador of Christ. Bishop Clark was one of God's chosen ambassadors. He needed no credentials to certify to that—it was self-evident. He bore the marks of the aristocracy of heaven. It was as a preacher of the gospel that he excelled and especially upon the profound theme of the atonement. Of his mastery in the pulpit we will give the verdict of his contemporaries.

BY BISHOP SELLEW

Bishop Clark's whole life was given to preaching the gospel. He was absolutely *devoted* to it. He had no side lines, but was unalterably set for the defense and for the propagation of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

He was preeminently a preacher. His diction was remarkably clear and smooth, his voice was pleasing, penetrating and powerful, his theology was sound, his logic convincing and his conclusions were irresistible. His whole manner and bearing commanded attention and a respectful hearing in congregations of every caliber and quality. His preaching also had another remarkable quality. Those who had heard him the most were the most eager to hear him again. His preaching never wore out or became threadbare with those who had heard him all his life. The writer presided at a conference in his home town where he had been known all his life, and before he was elected to the office of a bishop, and when he was announced to preach, the church was packed to its capacity.

In official administration he was quiet, dignified, pleasing, and popular. All who came in contact with him in an official way not only admired him, but loved him as well.

BY REV. O. B. RUSSELL

His personal presence notified those he met that he was extraordinary. In form and motion, feature and look he disclosed the fact that he was a mental and spiritual giant.

He was genuinely modest. His great nature was adorned with Christ-like humility. He put truth and principle and Christ into the foreground, but said no more about himself than he was compelled to by necessity. His personal achievements would be little known, if the knowledge of them could not be obtained from any other source than his personal mention. His example was a constant reproof to the strut and obtrusiveness of the self-conceited.

The items of his faith were not mere chips floating around on the surface of his oceanic mind, but living growths whose roots struck deep into the fertile soil of his great heart. His convictions were inwrought with his life. The truth he thought and felt, he fearlessly declared.

Being sincere and fair in his treatment of others, he despised sham and duplicity in low or high, in pew or pulpit. He was ready on the occasion of fitting opportunity to put himself on record against anything he deemed questionable.

As a preacher Bishop Clark had few equals. His hearers were impressed with the fact that he had a definite objective towards which he advanced by sound exposition and faultless logic. His sermons increased in depth and force clear through to the end. A text furnishes some preachers simply the topic for a discourse; but in the case of Bishop Clark, it saturated his soul with its truths, and in his stately sentences the whole man spoke the gospel of the Son of God.

His noble presence, clear judgment, manifest sincerity, and clean life, gave him unusual influence with his fellows. This is specially true in regard to his home conference, the Susquehanna.

Bishop Clark excelled as a doctrinal preacher. His favorite theme was the Atonement. We present a short article, "Easter Assurances" which for its comprehensiveness in small compass would be difficult to surpass:

Easter Assurances

The literal resurrection of Jesus concludes and consummates the visible processes of redemption, and stands as the final proof of the great truths embraced therein.

It attests the claims of Jesus concerning Himself. He declared Himself to be in a unique and superlative sense the Son of God. John 10:36; 14:9. Of this stupendous assertion neither the great truths He uttered, the miracles He performed, nor the prodigies attending His crucifixion afforded final and sufficient evidence. Only the reassumption of His surrendered life could supply the essential visible and moral demonstration, and fulfill His own prophecy. "He was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead."

The resurrection assures the final and eternal dominion of Jesus. As the crucifixion expressed the utmost possibility of vicarious self-sacrifice, so the resurrection manifests the finality of moral triumph. It completes the Savior's personal and racial victory, and assures His everlasting kingship. Through death, Death was destroyed. Heb. 2:14. The vacant tomb completes, attests, and assures the conquest of the cross. By the resurrection "captivity was led captive," his otherwise endless dominion destroyed, and his involuntary captives set at liberty. The "iron gate" opens "of its own accord" before the triumphant victors of redeeming grace. The point of responsibility shifts from the Edenic catastrophe to that of a personal choice. John 3:19. Only those who have trampled emancipation with unhallowed feet will remain in self-determined captivity.

The surrendered life of Jesus pays the penalty of transgression, creates a new value available for moral indebtedness, and redeems the last rood of the forfeited inheritance. His supreme exaltation grows out of His self-abnegation. Phil. 2:6-11. His resurrection assures His sovereignty, secures His highest title, "King of kings, and Lord of lords," and with His ascension releases the agencies of regeneration. John 3:5; 16:7-11.

The resurrection assures the everlasting dominion of holiness. Sin not only assaults the government, which it would overthrow, but assails the governor, whom it would destroy. God and sin are in irreconcilable conflict. There can be no adjustment of their diverse claims, and no armistice in the struggle. They cannot live together. God must destroy sin, or sin will destroy God. The final contest came at Calvary. Here sin reached the last possibility of daring assumption. The final conquest came on the first Easter morning. The outcome has never since been called in question. Though still contending, Satan acknowledges defeat. "He knows his time is short." The Edenic promise and prophecy (Gen. 3:15) have been fulfilled and hastening events bring near the glory of His return and of the "first resurrection" (Rev. 20:5, 6).

"A Tribute to Bishop Hart"
Illustrates His Choice Diction

The world honors its heroes. The memories of great men and great events are fitly preserved in shaft and statue and on history's written page. They constitute an increasingly priceless heritage from the past, without which the world would be poor indeed. Nor has the church less occasion to remember its history and honor its great leaders. God commanded permanent memorials of the miraculous deliverances of His chosen people lest they should pass from the knowledge of the generations yet unborn and the writer to the Hebrews enshrines in imperishable honor the named and unnamed heroes of faith.

The departure of great and good men is of more than individual and local interest. Their going enriches the past by the impoverishment of the present and is worthy of more than momentary notice as the links uniting the church that was and the church that is are broken one by one.

The passing of Bishop Edward P. Hart removes well-nigh the last personal landmark of early Free Methodist history. His pioneer associates have all preceded him. Among them all none sacrificed more heroically, battled more bravely, or wrought more efficiently than he. To have known him personally is a privilege, and to have listened to his logical, eloquent, and crystal-clear expositions of the great doctrines of Christian faith, an abiding inspiration. In his official relations his clear discernment, quick and sound judgment, and able, impartial, and unvaryingly courteous administration will not be forgotten. He has gone, but his work goes on. The great continuity of life cannot be broken by the passing within the veil. "His works do follow him," and the larger harvest may be gathered from the coming years . . . .

The most worthy memorial will be to preserve in its original purity, simplicity and power the church he loved, for which the labors of his early and mature manhood were unstintedly given and whose welfare he still cherishes.

Reverently I would place this brief tribute to the memory of the honored man by the imposition of whose hands I was ordained to the Christian ministry and whose acquaintance and example have been during many years and still remain as an abiding inspiration.

As one grows older he instinctively feels life more in terms of places and things. This is not placing a materialistic conception upon life, but rather the contrary. Places and things become so closely knit with associations that they symbolize the most sacred experiences of the past. Thus things become saturated with the loveliest and tenderest intimacies of life. Following this urge, men of affairs, after business pursuits have taken them afar, return to the home community or the old homestead to spend their last days. Increasingly Bishop Clark became attached to the home retreat at Rome, New York, in the midst of his books and memories. Near the close of his life he related to the writer how he enjoyed visiting the cemetery and upon bended knee at the grave of his devoted wife pouring out his soul in prayer that it would not be long until his spirit would join hers in the land of endless day.

When John Knox, Scotland's great preacher and reformer, was nearing the end his faithful wife asked him if she should not read to him from the Word of God. The dying warrior replied, "Yes, where I first cast anchor." She accordingly read the seventeenth chapter of John containing the great High Priestly prayer of Jesus of which Melanchthon said, "There is no voice which has ever been heard either in heaven or in earth, more exalted, more holy, more fruitful, more sublime, than this prayer offered up by the Son of God." As his physical energy ebbed and his power of speech failed, one of the friends at the bedside cried aloud as to a distant traveler, "John Knox, hast thou hope?" Slowly he lifted his finger and pointed toward heaven. The evidence was conclusive. Peacefully his soul slipped away to his Father's house of many mansions.

Shortly before his death, the writer visited Bishop Clark at Rome, New York. How serene and calm he was in the face of death! A few months before he had gone into a state of coma for two or three days. When he regained consciousness he was disappointed to find himself on the earth. He remarked, "I would like to have slipped off quietly to be with the Lord." As he wrote to Rev. F. L. Baker, "I am patiently waiting while the Lord is taking the tabernacle down," and when the last curtain was taken down on Sunday afternoon, November 8, 1925, he pitched his tent in the land where the sun never sets and the leaves never fade.

He faced the rising sun with the firm faith of the poet.

"Upon a life I did not live,
Upon a death I did not die,
Another's life, another's death,
I stake my whole eternity."

Rev. B. N. Miner preached the funeral sermon from the text the departed had chosen, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He requested no eulogy; he needed none. Forty-nine years of unclouded service as pastor, district elder, the last six as bishop, spoke its own eulogy and reared in human hearts its own memorial. He was laid to rest in Rome, New York, beside the faithful companion of his toils and triumphs, to await the Easter morn of eternity.

Arthur DeFrance Zahniser

NOT CHANGED, BUT GLORIFIED

Not changed, but glorified! Oh, beauteous language
For those who weep,
Mourning the loss of some dear face departed,
Fallen asleep.
Hushed into silence, never more to comfort
The hearts of men,
Gone, like the sunshine of another country,
Beyond our ken.

O dearest dead, we saw thy white soul shining
Behind the face,
Bright with the beauty and celestial glory
Of an immortal grace.
What wonder that we stumble, faint and weeping,
And sick with fears,
Since thou hast left us—all alone with sorrow
And blind with tears?

Can it be possible no words shall welcome
Our coming feet?
How will it look, that face that we have cherished
When next we meet?
Will it be changed, so glorified and saintly
That we shall know it not?
Will there be nothing that will say, "I love thee,
And I have not forgot?"

O faithless heart, the same loved face transfigured,
Shall meet thee there,
Less sad, less wistful, in immortal beauty
Divinely fair.
The mortal veil, washed pure with many weepings,
Is rent away,
And the great soul that sat within its prison
Hath found the day.

—Anonymous.

ARTHUR DeFRANCE ZAHNISER
Bishop 1927-1935

X

Arthur DeFrance Zahniser

Methodism in England was born in the blazing fire of a far-reaching revival that continued unabated for half a century; Methodism in the United States was born in the fervor of a revival continuing for several decades until a church that was not became the greatest in the land; Free Methodism was born in a rekindled flame of evangelism, and her life depends upon keeping that flame aglow. Among her sons of varied talents, Free Methodism has brought forth no greater fire-crowned prophet of evangelism than Arthur DeFrance Zahniser.

He was born near Mercer, Pennsylvania, August 26, 1865, and passed away on August 14, 1935. In 1894 he was married to Miss Sarah J. Carrier, a well-balanced Christian woman who was an adornment to his home and a true helpmeet in the work of the Lord. Of four children, two survive, Mrs. Bernice Weidman and Mrs. Lefa Snyder.

In October, 1890, he joined the Pittsburgh Conference on trial. Two years later he was ordained deacon. In 1894 he was ordained elder. He served the following circuits as pastor: Hickory, one year; Philipsburg, two years; and Bradford, three years. He was then elected district elder, serving the Greensburg district three years, Rochester district four years, and Pittsburgh district four years. In 1911 at the General Conference at Chicago, he was elected General Conference Evangelist, which office he held until elected bishop in 1927. He was re-elected at the General Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, just before his death in 1935.

This brief outline of his ministerial career is given to supplement the following autobiography which he wrote upon request, just before his last General Conference, in 1935.

Autobiography by Bishop Zahniser

I was born near Mercer, the county seat of Mercer County, Pennsylvania. All the Zahnisers in the United States, now numbering approximately 3,000, are the direct descendants of one Valentine Zahniser who, enroute from Germany, died and was buried in the sea. His widow, with her four-year-old son, Matthias, arrived in the United States in 1753. The family were of the respectable, middle class, usually thrifty. My mother's people were of French and Irish descent.

Our immediate family consisted of seven sons and three daughters. I was the senior of the boys.

My parents, and their ancestors for several generations, were Calvinists (Presbyterians). As a child, I learned the Ten Commandments, the Children's Catechism, etc. I attended Sabbath school and church services regularly, until I left home to attend school at Grove City, Pennsylvania.

In early life I was reared in a highly moral and religious community. I do not recall a man who lived in that immediate vicinity who used profane language or who drank intoxicants, though practically all the men (including church officials) used tobacco. I had a very interesting and happy childhood. The enrolment in our district school one year numbered sixty students. Thirty-nine of these were Zahnisers. I was not regarded as a brilliant student. I was much too interested in fun and frolic to take my school work very seriously. However, I managed to keep along with my classes. I received my first standard grades at an examination for teachers when sixteen years of age, but was too young to be given a certificate. This I received about two years later.

When I was about thirteen years of age my father was elected prothonotary of Mercer County, Pennsylvania. At the close of his term of office, he purchased a farm near the county seat of Forest County, Pennsylvania (Tionesta). The moral standard in the new community was lower than in our former home neighborhood. I was susceptible to this new environment. Having already formed the tobacco habit, I naturally acquired others commonly practiced by my new associates. I became known far and wide in this vicinity as a fun-loving and fun-making young man.

It was in this new community that we first contacted Free Methodism. I heard some powerful preaching from great preachers, such as Rev. J. T. Michael, Rev. R. W. Hawkins, Rev. J. Barnhart and Rev. J. S. MacGeary. Though I knew little or nothing about homiletics or systematic theology, I recognized the ability of these great men. However, my Presbyterian background rather inclined me to look upon them as unorthodox and therefore not to be taken too seriously.

There were a few years in my life (17 to 22) into which I crowded many attempts at various occupations, canvassing, taking small contracts, working on salary, etc. I finally secured an interest in a small lumber manufacturing business, employing six or eight men. I decided to finish a business course in view of permanently entering the business of manufacturing, buying and selling lumber.

PROVIDENCES LEADING TO MY CONVERSION

I had engaged to work on a salary for a few months, preparatory to my school plan. In this period were many vital, interesting and even thrilling experiences. The lack of time and space forbids their record here.

It was reported that the boiler in the plant where I worked was not safe. This news reached my people. They became concerned for my safety. My brother, Jacob, who had been converted in a Free Methodist revival, but now backslidden, dreamed that the boiler had exploded and that I was killed. He saw my mangled body lying on the ground, and cried out, "Oh, my brother is lost. Had I remained faithful he might have been saved!" The dream so distressed him that he started at four o'clock in the morning and made a three-hours' drive to see if I were safe. I returned home with him over the week-end. He related this dream to me. It did not appear to impress me seriously. I recall that I replied, "Oh, of course, one would feel better about the death of his friends if they were Christians." My people, especially my mother, urged that I should not continue my work at that place, but since it was so vitally related to my plan, I could not consider such a course.

Arriving at my boarding house on Monday morning, I discovered that the daughter in the home had the measles. Not having had this disease, I did not feel free to enter. I secured a man to take my place.

On my return home, I found a Free Methodist revival meeting in progress, conducted by Rev. S. Sager, assisted by his brother, L. A. Sager. I attended the meeting just as a sort of pastime, or a place to meet the young folk. My good Presbyterian mother, without my knowledge, had sent my name to the Fulton Street prayer meeting in New York, requesting them to join her in prayer for my conversion.

MY CONVICTION

One memorable night, without any conscious previous conviction on this occasion, after the Christians had gathered to pray for the seekers, a German man, who called himself "Brother Will," who had drifted into the meeting, began to pray in broken English, then shifted to pure German and back to broken English. He lifted his hands heavenward. The Holy Spirit fell on the altar service. He spoke to my soul (though I did not recognize His person), saying, "That is God. You have known your duty all your life. Heaven or hell—take your choice. This is your last chance."

I began to pray. I had not offered a prayer of any sort for years or since I had ceased praying the childhood prayers my mother had taught me. I promised God that if He would permit me to live until an opportunity was given to "arise for prayer" I would be the first man on my feet. At the close of the altar service the opportunity was given. I arose and stood, it seemed, for almost a minute. The preacher appeared to think I was "making fun," and spoke of the danger in mocking God. My older sister came to me at the close and said, "Oh, brother, don't make fun; don't mock God." When assured that I was really in earnest, she hurried home to tell the good news to my mother who, while rejoicing, quietly said, "Oh, I have been expecting that."

MY CONVERSION

I presented myself as a seeker at the public altar the next night. Then followed an extended period of earnest, continuous seeking. I appeared to be wholly ignorant as to how to make a full and unconditional surrender to God and exercise saving faith in the Word of God through the provisions of the atonement. There seemed to be a vague consciousness that there must be something real and tangible in religion, a conscious contact with God. For this I diligently sought.

In the midst of my earnest quest an engagement previously made fell due. My promise was out. What must I do? My mother heard me say that I was going to carry out the plan. However, in answer to her prayers the Lord sent two young men, one of whom had prayed through the night before, to invite my brother Jacob and me to evening dinner and to go with them to church.

I took the newly-converted young man out alone and earnestly demanded of him that he tell me most solemnly whether sleeping over his seeming "happy religious experience" he felt the same now. He assured me that he did. I replied, "Well, Charles, it appears to me that I might as well be dead and buried as to get religion the way these folk are preaching it; but I am going to do it, if I never laugh again, if I never have any more pleasure; I will settle it."

I wrote a letter to the party most directly concerned in the social arrangement about as follows. "Doubtless you have heard that I am seeking religion at the Free Methodist revival. I am most miserable. My presence tonight could not add to your pleasure. I am sending Mr.——— in my place. He is a fine young man. I am coming out of this revival either a real Christian or an avowed infidel. You will hear from me later."

As I was about to enter the church that night the burden lifted from my heart and mind. It appeared that a combination of all the good sensations I had ever experienced came into my life. I hardly knew how to account for this condition. I had supposed that to be religious I must feel solemn. I tried to repress this conscious delight, even to reproach myself for it. The preacher preached a strong sermon on hell, but I could not feel badly or solemn. I went to the altar to try to get "a religious frame of mind." I attempted to think of the funeral of my grandfather to accomplish this. I found myself rejoicing in my attempt to feel solemn.

Suddenly I awoke to the fact that God had lifted the load of sin from my troubled heart. The Spirit had answered with my spirit. I was a new creature in Christ from that hour. It was all so supernaturally natural, so simple, yet so wonderful! I was immediately filled with a love for souls.

I was clearly led of the Spirit to unite with the Free Methodist Church. I have never doubted this leading nor regretted it for a moment. I am persuaded that this denomination offers a greater challenge to my faith, courage and consecration, and gives a better opportunity for real sacrificial service in soul-saving, than any other in the church world.

An early experience in cross-bearing I will give here. At the close of the revival, the pastor announced that I would lead the midweek prayer meeting. I protested, but he refused to change the plan. The first part of the week was one of fear and trembling. I had been the president of literary societies, and belonged to debating clubs, but had never tried to do anything religious. The temptation to remain at home was strong. I tried to argue that it was unfair and unwise to ask a young convert to do this. There was no way out of it. I went from my prayer room to the church. The audience room was packed. "Captain Jim" Zahniser sat in the back seat. He was a bright, intelligent man of years, but sarcastically critical. I tried to enlist every available person to take the lead, but all refused. I could scarcely hold the hymn book to give out the first hymn; but, after singing and prayers, as I began to read the Scriptures, the Holy Spirit came on me. I commented and exhorted and Captain Jim and all the rest looked small to me. This was a great victory.

MY SANCTIFICATION

Some few weeks after my conversion I was awakened by a strange circumstance to the fact that though my regeneration was so marvelous, the sin principle remained within my heart. For six months I sought publicly and privately for heart purity. I confessed the depravity of my nature to God, consecrated my redeemed powers anew to Him, pleading the merits of the blood of Christ, and reached the great and gracious day of Pentecost!

Enroute home from my daily duties, the Holy Spirit's baptism sealed the work to my happy soul.

MY CALL TO PREACH

This call was a great surprise, as this course had never been in any of my dreams, desires or thoughts. My preparations and plans were altogether along a different line. The conviction came in a quiet manner, but was very clear. Nothing less than this would have been considered. I did not mention it to others. Exhorter's license was practically thrust upon me. I was almost forced into the work.

My election to the office of district elder was a shock and a surprise. My election as general conference evangelist was unsought and undesired.

It is perhaps superfluous to state that I never expected to be elected to my present relation as bishop. I knew, of course, by the votes received on former quadrennial occasions, that I was being thought of by some for the position. However, I never believed that I would be elected until the vote was announced. I have striven for eight years to fill this important and responsible office. I have earnestly sought divine help. Whatever of success I have attained in my unworthy efforts I attribute to the help of the Holy Spirit. I would not if I could now exchange my career as a humble minister in the Free Methodist Church for anything the world has had to offer in church or state. If I were privileged to start life over again, I would come over the same course. The highest honor God can confer upon any person is to call him into His service and work. The most exalted privilege a young person can have is to lay a well-prepared life at the feet of the Lord and Master, to spend and be spent in His service.

At the base of the life of A. D. Zahniser was a radical conversion, so deep and thorough that it separated him once and forever from the world and set him apart for God. And he never joined that chasm of separation by a bridge of compromise. To him there were two colors—things were either white or black. His black and white never faded into a neutral gray. Nancy C. Morrow, one of the pioneers of the Oil City Conference, gives this personal picture of his conversion:

It was in the early eighties that a family of high respectability by the name of Zahniser located on a farm three miles west of Tionesta, which contained a fine "mansion house"—a memorial of the palmy days of oildom.

The eldest of that family was an attractive young man who soon became a popular member of a gay young company. Ere long a revival of pure and undefiled religion reached that rural community, which did not in the least appeal to the young man, who remarked to his father while on their way to church one evening, "I'd rather go to hell than be a Free Methodist." To him the father replied, "Arthur, if you are ever converted you'll have to be a Free Methodist."

The Spirit of the Lord was abroad; the earnest prayers of his Presbyterian mother prevailed, and Arthur Zahniser was truly born of God. There was no mistake about it. * * *

Like a valiant soldier of the Cross, he put on the whole armor of God, ready with courage to face the enemy of souls.

At a baptismal service the young soldier stepped towards the river with the minister (Rev. D. B. Tobey, we believe), closely followed by the mother clad in simple black, who knelt on the cobble-stones in silent prayer as the twain advanced for the immersion—a heavenly scene never to be forgotten.

Six years before his death a severe heart attack prostrated him and it was thought his work was done. As far as human skill is concerned he had come to the end of the journey. One of the pioneer preachers of the Pittsburgh Conference, Rev. D. B. Tobey, was noted through the years for his great faith in divine healing. Hundreds of people were healed in answer to his prayers. He was summoned far and near to anoint the sick. The Lord spoke to Brother Tobey, then an aged superannuate, to anoint his life-long friend. He hurried to Pittsburgh, went into the room where Bishop Zahniser was hovering at the gate of death, and said, "Arthur, the Lord sent me to anoint you. God is not through with you yet. It is His will to raise you up and give you added years of service." God raised him up and added six of the best years of his life.

He was advised by his friends to take his work more moderately that he might live longer, but his passion for souls and his zeal for the work of God caused him to disregard the pleadings of his loved ones, although it possibly shortened his days.

Like the stars in the heavens, he lived near to God. His Master revealed to him that the end of the way was near. He privately said at the General Conference at Winona Lake that his work was almost done and the Lord was putting some finishing touches on him to prepare him for heaven. He could already see the distinct light of the celestial city. A special unction of heaven was upon him at the General Conference and at the last three conferences on the Pacific coast. Of his last Sunday at the Washington Conference, he wrote in his last letter: "Yesterday was a great day at Burlington, Washington (seat of the conference). Wonderful love feast. I baptized thirteen or fourteen babies and preached in the morning. The people shouted me down before I was quite through. As it was, I got in about forty-five or fifty minutes rapid fire. I conducted both ordination of elders and deacons in the afternoon, and preached the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Free Methodist Church."

He prevailed upon his daughter, Mrs. Snyder, to accompany him to his conferences. On Monday morning after the Washington Conference he took a train enroute to the West Kansas Conference. They were about to change cars at Laramie, Wyoming, Wednesday morning at six o'clock. He arose from his berth and as he dressed he suffered a heart attack. His daughter gave him a stimulant, but as they waited for the train to pull into Laramie, he peacefully dropped his head and was with the angels. "And he was not, for God took him."

As a Man

As a man, A. D. Zahniser was a blend of firmness and kindness. Anyone acquainted with him knew him as a man of clear-cut convictions—convictions extending into all the details of his life. The lines of spiritual demarkation he always kept distinct. His loyalty to his convictions, maintained at all costs, was one of the factors which made him the pungent preacher he was. The vow of Spurgeon, found in his "Little Secret Diary," may well apply to Brother Zahniser: "I vow to glory alone in Jesus and His cross, and to spend my life in extension of His cause, in whatsoever way He pleases. I desire to be sincere in this solemn profession, having but one object in view, and that to glorify God. Help me to honor Thee, and live the life of Christ on earth!"

At the same time he was the soul of kindness and sympathy. He loved people regardless of age or position, and they in turn loved him. His friends were numbered by thousands. Mrs. J. M. Daniels gave this picture of him in the home, which was universal:

But those of us who had the privilege of ministering to him in our homes knew something of the alluring grace which he possessed. As said of the Master, his gentleness did make him great.

He was so appreciative of the little things; the song of the birds, the beauty of the trees, the flowers upon the dinner table, the comfortable bed, the soft breeze which came in through the window, the cool drink which had been prepared for his comfort; and how he rejoiced for the new day with its gladness and its opportunity for service. Truly he had an excellent spirit within him.

He was of such a genial disposition and he walked so closely with his Lord that his own spirit was so gladdened that he was able, in a peculiar way, to gladden the hearts of others.

Rev. W. N. Coffee emphasized the same trait from a different angle:

Bishop Zahniser was a magnanimous man, and in the fullest sense of the word; too great for envy, jealousy or selfishness, giving credit where credit was due; conceding too much sometimes when his opponents were contentious; sincere in his praise of others; true to his convictions; not disposed to hold others to his individual opinions, when self-evident principles were not involved.

His was a benevolent spirit, kind and loving, holding no ill will toward those who opposed him, but manifesting the spirit of the innate gentleman always. He was a humble man. He was perhaps one of, if not the greatest, evangelist of his denomination, possibly of any denomination, in recent years, yet apparently unconscious of it. Beautiful in his humility, unostentatious and unassuming, he was universally loved.

He was sociable and approachable by any and all. It was a real pleasure to have him in the home. The old folk, the young folk and the little children all appreciated and loved him. He was capable of doing the church a vast amount of good, and did.

He was kind and careful in his administration as a bishop, and considerate to the last degree, going almost any length to avoid unnecessary trouble, yet fearless when trouble had to be met.

As an Evangelist

While Bishop Zahniser successfully filled every position in which he was placed and was wise as a counselor and administrator, yet the pulpit was his stronghold. He was a God-called evangelist. His life furnishes unmistakable evidence of his separation for his specific Christian service. If Paul was able to prove his apostleship by the transformed lives of those converted under his preaching, certainly no one would doubt that A. D. Zahniser followed in the succession of the chiefest of the apostles. Evangelism was the central passion of his life. His capacity for pioneering and organizing was all bent to the end of saving souls. Since the height of his striving was conscious obedience to the divine will, he was in the line of apostolic succession, called to be an evangelist "by the will of God."

The biographer of Hudson Taylor points out that the basic cause of the remarkable success of the China Inland Mission was due to the love of souls which was born in the hearts of the converts: "Among all the characteristics caught by the converts from their missionaries at this time, none was more important in the results than love for souls, that sure evidence of a heart in fellowship with the Lord Himself. When this is not found in the missionary, is it ever developed in the native helpers? And can anything make up for its absence in either the one or the other? Learning, eloquence, natural gifts, all, all go up in the balance as lighter than nothing, if not permeated with this supreme endowment."

One of the sure signs of the genuineness of A. D. Zahniser's work as an evangelist was the desire of those converted under his ministry to become fishers of men. It is a life on fire that kindles others. His life was on fire, and he spontaneously kindled that fire in the hearts of others. It was the logic of heaven—spontaneous combustion. "Why is it Mr. Wesley is able to set men on fire with his words?" asked one who heard the great preacher. The reply was, "It is because he is on fire himself." One of the distinctive fruits of his soul-stirring evangelism was the large number of young men and women who entered the ministry. He was not only a "fisher of men" but also a fisher of ministers. God-called preachers are practically always born in revivals of religion. In the mighty revival held by Dr. Redfield at Middletown, Connecticut, which had such a profound influence on B. T. Roberts, twenty-five preachers were born. His will be the crown of a servant who turned many to righteousness and above all inspired many to preach the uncompromising gospel of Jesus Christ.

As a Writer

Although confessedly not called as a writer, yet what limited amount he wrote for the *Free Methodist* was typical of his preaching—clear in thought, direct and pointed in language. It is well to preserve one of his articles for coming generations.

Christocentric

Jesus Christ is the great center around which circles all the moral and spiritual interests of all created human intelligences from the beginning of time into the measureless future of eternity. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." To know Him is to possess a wisdom and understanding that "passeth knowledge." "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." The Bible is the one and only book that leads to a true knowledge of Him. To sincerely and faithfully search it is to *find Him!* "Search the Scriptures, * * * for they are they that testify of me."

From the closing of the gates of Eden's garden, through unfolding sacred history of the fallen and redeemed race, to His coming in the clouds, Christ is the center and the circumference, "the Alpha and the Omega." The destiny of men and nations are settled according to their knowledge of and attitude toward Him.

What a dismal history of a hopeless horde of human creatures, with an almost useless career and uncertain destiny, would be the record of the race without the Christ. What a meaningless message would be the Old Testament—its types, shadows, priesthood, sacrifices, sabbaths and men—separated from the promises and prophecies of the Messiah!

Prophecy is "a miracle of knowledge with reference to future events" or God revealing future events through men under divine inspiration. The great prophet Isaiah challenged the heathen "gods" to prove their boasted power and wisdom thus: "Let them bring forth, and show us what shall happen; let them show the former things what they be, that we may consider them and know the latter end of them; or declare us things to come. Show the things that are to come hereafter that we may know that ye are gods."

The revelation of the Messiah by prophecy, through the millenniums of the Old Testament, furnishes the most positive proof that the Bible is the word of God, and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Jehovah declares: "I am God, and there is none else; I am God and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from the ancient times the things that are not yet done. * * * I have spoken it and I will bring it to pass; I have promised it and I will do it."

So Christocentric are the Scriptures of the Old Testament that the life of Christ, from His ancestry and virgin birth by way of Pentecost to His final coming again to reign could be written from the inspired statements of these sacred records.

Concerning the ancestry of the Messiah, more than eighteen hundred years B. C., when the Father of the Faithful had passed the crucial test of loyalty, obedience, and faith, Jehovah gave him promise that the Redeemer of the human race should come through his posterity: "And in thy seed [Christ] shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Jacob, in blessing his sons, assures Judah that "Shiloh" shall be of his tribe: "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." Of the father of David it was declared: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make Him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth."

By prophetic vision through three hundred years, Malachi beholds John Baptist, "the Forerunner," heralding the coming Messiah and cries out: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me."

Jehovah, in pronouncing sentence after the fall, foretold the virgin birth of His Son: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed; it [the seed of the woman, Christ] shall bruise thy [Satan's] head." The prophet Isaiah, in the plainest possible language, iterated this great truth more than seven centuries before "the angel Gabriel was sent forth from God" to announce to the modest maiden of Nazareth the miraculous conception: "Behold a virgin [Mary] shall conceive and bear a son, and thou shalt call His name Emmanuel."

And where, I ask, is this wonderful child to be born? The prophet Micah does not hestitate to answer, though centuries and generations lie between—in Bethlehem: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He [Christ] come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," from eternity to eternity. The prophet Isaiah, under divine inspiration, looking down through more than seven centuries, sees the child and His mother in Bethlehem's stable, and as if standing by the manger cradle, with the wise men and shepherds he joins in the celebration of that first Christmas morning, and just as the angel's song is dying in the distance he starts a new song: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Further history of the life of Him "of whom Moses and the prophets did write" is prohibited for lack of space, though the inspiration leads on the hilltops where history and prophecy meet, revealing most clearly the whole life of the incarnate God among men, centuries and millenniums before the Babe of Bethlehem breathed the atmosphere of our earth. Oh, let us pause at this Christmas morn and celebrate from the very depth of our redeemed hearts this event that marked the dawn of a new and eternal day.

Rev. J. T. Logan preached his funeral sermon from the great question raised by Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Before his dust was carried out to be laid in the cemetery at Greenville, Illinois, thirty-one fellow soldiers gathered around his casket to sing the paean of victory, "Servant of God, Well Done!"

He was unduplicatable. His heart was so big it took in the world. There was a swing of triumph in his soul which fired men to rise to the call of the gospel. He was a prince with God and prevailed.

Bishop Zahniser died at a propitious time; his work was well-nigh complete. Six years as pastor, eleven as district elder, sixteen as evangelist, eight as bishop mark the span of his holy warfare. He did not linger in decrepitude to outlive himself. The church crowned him with grateful benedictions; he tarried only for the good-night kiss of the Lord he served, and awoke from a transient earthly slumber to behold the glory ineffable.

George William Griffith

"Ours is a universe where progress is secured in the fruits and grains through chemical reactions. Steel is iron plus fire; soil is rock plus fire, billow, and icy plow; statues are marble plus chisel and hammer strokes; linen is flax plus the bath that racks, the club that flails, the comb that separates, the acid that bleaches.

"Manhood is birth-gift plus struggles, temptation, wrestling, and refusals to go downward, and determination to climb upward. The saint is a man who has been carried off the field on his shield, victorious over inbred sin and outside temptation. Men who drift are men who drown."—Newell Dwight Hillis.

GEORGE WILLIAM GRIFFITH
Bishop 1927-1936

XI

George William Griffith

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He plants His footsteps in the sea;
He rides upon the storm.

In the providence of God a Dr. and Mrs. Stephens, who enjoyed the experience of holiness, moved into Shenandoah, Iowa, and organized an interdenominational holiness band. Cottage prayer meetings were held in the community, the Holy Spirit was outpoured and hungry souls were being saved and sanctified. A young high-school student, while attending these meetings with his parents, fell under deep conviction and sought the Lord several nights. On the way home one evening with his head covered over with blankets in the back of the bobsled which his father was driving, his faith reached through to God and he received the assurance that his sins were forgiven. On that wintry night the stars in the heavens beheld the casting of the die in the life of George William Griffith. From that night henceforth to the end of the long journey he was God's peculiar possession.*

He was born January 6, 1869, in a modest country home near Oneida, Illinois. His father, William Griffith, came from sturdy Welsh stock, while his mother, Lillias McSkimming, had the tang of Scotland's mountains in her veins, and the ruggedness of the theology of John Knox in her spiritual fiber. He not only had a goodly heritage but he had a godly heritage as well.

When George was two years old his parents moved to a farm in Iowa near Shenandoah. The country was new, and many covered wagons used to pass by enroute to the West. A lasting impression was made on the boy as he accompanied his devout mother to the immigrant's camp near by to tell them the story of

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* An extended life of Bishop Griffith containing 319 pages has been written by his wife, Mrs. Lillian Griffith, entitled "Living Embers." It goes into detail regarding his genealogy and entire career. It is well-written and well-balanced. We wish to express our appreciation of and our indebtedness to this volume. We are also indebted to the "Memorial Number" of the FREE METHODIST, March 20, 1936.

Jesus. Here the shy, bashful lad finished the grades in the country school. Later he graduated as valedictorian at the high school in Shenandoah, walking back and forth three and a half miles each day in order to save his father the expense of board in town.

One week after his conversion he was sanctified and joined the Methodist Church as a probationer. In his early Christian life he was tempted to doubt his experience because he was not born amid great demonstration as many others were. But the Holy Spirit taught him not to seek the experience of others and led him into the place of rest and peace.

In the spring he heard Rev. E. N. Miller, the first Free Methodist preacher whom he had ever met. He held a revival in Shenandoah and organized a Free Methodist society. George, with his parents and sister, joined the new society on probation, since the mother church refused to give letters. In 1887, when he was eighteen years old, he was given an exhorter's license. He preached his first sermon in the front yard of his own home, using as a text, "And all the people said amen and praised the Lord." He was known in his home community as "the boy preacher." In 1888 he was received on trial in the West Iowa Conference by B. T. Roberts, was ordained deacon in 1890 by Bishop Coleman, elder in 1892 by Bishop Hart.

For a period of seven years he served as pastor upon the following circuits in the West Iowa Conference: Blair and Kennard; Red Oak, Essex and Imogene; Bingham and Coin; Bear Grove; Polk City and Churdan and Jefferson.

In 1890, while pastor of the Bingham and Coin circuit, he was married to Mary E. Fowler, a noble Christian, who shared his labors for sixteen years. Five children came to bless their household. With a growing family and frequent moves, he received on an average $230.66 per year during these seven years, part of which was in provisions. Yet he never turned aside to sidelines of secular work.

In 1895 he moved to California, serving as supply at San Jose, and in the following year transferred his membership to the California Conference. In 1897 he was sent to Alameda, serving a four-year term. In 1901 he entered upon a four-year term as district elder.

He transferred his membership to the Southern California Conference in 1905 and was sent to Hermon, serving three years.

In 1908 he was appointed to Los Angeles First Church, but on the death of Rev. C. B. Ebey resigned to complete the year at Hermon. During his pastorate at Hermon, the seminary was founded and he delivered the first convocation address.

In 1909 he transferred to the Central Illinois Conference and went as pastor to Litchfield. During this year he was married to Lillian Bushnell, a capable and cultured woman, who labored with him for twenty-seven years and after his death published his life story, "Living Embers."

In 1910, after a pressing invitation, he accepted the presidency of Wessington Springs Seminary and joined the South Dakota Conference. For five years he continued as head of the school and for three years also acted as its pastor. In 1915 he returned to the Central Illinois Conference as pastor at Greenville, transferring his membership in 1917. In 1918 he was elected district elder on the Cowden district. During his pastorate at Greenville, he completed the work for graduation from Greenville College.

In 1919 he began a long period of service to the general church, serving as editor of the Sunday-school publications from 1919 to 1923 as editor of the *Free Methodist* from 1923 to 1927; as bishop from 1927 to his death, February 13, 1936.

As a Christian Gentleman

One of the marvels of creation is the unlimited variety found in human life. Each person is cast in a distinct mold and then the mold is broken and never used again by the divine Architect. In the cluster of graces which distinguished the life of G. W. Griffith as a Christian man we would mention three—his humility, his faithfulness, his loyalty.

He was a genuinely humble man, without any human strut or desire for ostentation. He was neither sentimental nor superficial. When he was elected district elder in his early years, he was so impressed with a sense of his unfitness that he privately suggested to the president of the conference that he resign. Wisely he was advised to hold the office to which the conference had elected him. He knew the truth of Berkeley's epigram, "Standing on one's dignity is the pinnacle of all absurdities." This was evidenced by his parting request regarding his funeral, "Let there be no eulogies. I have never done anything worthy." This characteristic was emphasized by Bishop Pearce.

"Brother Griffith's large gifts and graces were not shaded by a showing of pride, but were emphasized by an evident humility. I remember well the time of his election in California to the office of district elder as my successor when I was leaving the conference. So far was he from glorying in the event that he was greatly disturbed in spirit lest the task should prove too great. He could not be accused of "that vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," that bane of personality which is the guarantee of failure. His executive work was well carried out. The fruits of his ministry attest the value and genuineness of his work. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. The church that registered a gain by his election to the various offices and service will now experience a corresponding loss."

Faithfulness was one of the chief foundation stones of his life—faithfulness to duty in the small things as well as the great. He never spared himself in patiently going to the root of his problems whether in writing an editorial, preparing a discourse, rendering a judicial decision, or advising an humble friend. He was accordingly a tremendous worker. Faithfulness was stamped upon his whole life and all his varied lines of work—faithfulness to his fellows, to the church, and to God. He was a faithful steward. His motto upon his letterhead was typical of the man and of his high ideal of fidelity, "I am among you as one that serveth."

He was a loyal man—loyal to his conscience, to principle, the cause of righteousness. "He never substituted fraternity for fidelity." He believed in the Wesleyan doctrine of holiness and defended it. He believed in the church of his choice and was loyal to it. The definition of a coward—one who in danger thinks with his legs—never applied to him. He was not afraid to take position with the minority. In the words of Oxenham, he chose the "high way."

To every one there openeth
A way and ways and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

As a Chief Steward

His service to the general church began in 1919 with his election as editor of Sunday school literature. Having written the column of Practical Applications for *Arnold's Commentary* for a period of time, and having been editor of the *General Conference Daily* in 1915 and 1919, he was not a novice. Rev. J. T. Logan, editor of the *Free Methodist*, wrote concerning him: "Much praise is justly due Rev. G. W. Griffith. He shows marked ability as manager and editor. He is a quiet, humble, earnest, capable man, as true as steel and as loyal as true." His four years as editor of the Sunday school publications were highly satisfactory to the denomination at large. Bishop Sellew in his pastoral address said, "The Sunday school publications have maintained their high standard of excellence under the able editorship of Rev. G. W. Griffith.* In them the great fundamentals of Christian doctrine are constantly and strongly emphasized in a manner which holds the interest while impressing the truth."

His election in 1923 as editor of the *Free Methodist* was felicitous. A student by natural instinct, a lover of good literature, a keen observer of the trend of the times, a faithful exponent of the spiritual objectives of the church, he gave a good account of his stewardship during this quadrennium. His editorials were of a high order and the paper was truly representative of the varied interests of the church.

It was during this period, 1923, that he also published "The Divine Program," at the request of the General Sunday School Board. This volume was one of the units in the Teacher Training Course and naturally had a wide circulation.

When the kings of Egypt died, their memory was enshrined in a gigantic pile of stone. It was a monument to the dead. The pyramids tell but one story—the undying hope of immortality which springs eternal in the human breast. They stand as a stupendous marvel through the passing centuries; but the account given by the hieroglyphics is the story of oppression, of slaves toiling under the bludgeon of the cruel taskmaster. There is another type of immortality—that monument which a writer leaves behind him to bless coming generations. Bishop Griffith left an enduring monument in his literary work.

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* "Living Embers," p. 61.

In his writing, as in his preaching, he gave no place for anything light or sentimental. In process of thought he was philosophical rather than anecdotal; in style he was serious and grave. We give the following typical example from his pen, published in the *Free Methodist*, June 21, 1935:

The Reason for Free Methodism

Acceptance of the Holy Scriptures as the inspired Word of God postulates the fact of a sovereign personality, self-existent, omnipotent, and omniscient, who was before all things and by whom all things consist. "In the beginning, God."

The essential elements of personality are intellect, sensibility and will—reason, emotion and choice. God possesses these three elements of personality ultimated to the infinite degree. Knowledge —"Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world"; emotion—"God is love"; choice—"Who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?"

Hence, under revelation, the personality of God: His omniscience, His omnipotence, His sovereignty: is so infinite, so boundless, so specific, that every secret thing under heaven, every movement in the universe of being is transparent to His eye and never passes beyond the range of His vision. Facing this understanding of Jehovah, David exclaimed: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou are there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Upon these facts, basic in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation, rests the doctrine of Divine Providence. On the one hand are opposing principalities, powers, rulers of darkness, wicked spirits, headed by the god of this world, the Prince of darkness; on the other is the Lord as a man of war, whose hand is glorious in power, overthrowing His enemies, recognizing no competitors, but "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders" (Exod. 15:3-11).

Logically, in the realm of such contending forces, one omnipotent but respecting the boundary lines of volition in the creatures He has made; the other mighty in power and resources but restricted in scope of operation, there follows a tangled skein of conduct, the ebb and flow of mixed tides of life and being. There are wheels within wheels. The glass is often darkened. Wrong seems to be securely seated on the throne of power, flinging taunts at suffering Right writhing on the scaffold: but God the Omnipotent stands within the shadow, keeping watch above His own (Psalm 2:1-5).

In the light of these facts Dr. Joseph Parker wrote: "I accept the doctrine of Providence because the facts of my own daily life make such a doctrine essential; they demand it; they fall to pieces without it; they are lifted up into coherence and meaning and expectation by it."

The story of the birth and growth of the Christian church is a thrilling picture of the operations of Providence. From the hour of the utterance of the plan of the Divine Builder when He said, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," until now these hell-tides have lashed and torn at Zion's towers and bulwarks. But His Word magnified even above His name—The Eternal Logos—is still the rock which shall never be moved. True, there have been losses. Judas, by his own hand, dropped into a starless night. Unnumbered disciples who professed obedience have followed Demas into captivity of the world, the flesh and the devil. Ecclesiastical bodies have become apostate, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. But according to the eternal purpose purposed in Christ Jesus, through all the struggle of twenty centuries the Holy Spirit, true to His mission, has from time to time moved upon the modern chaos and riot of unfaithfulness, disobedience, apostasy and Satanic domination, in revival power. Through these regenerative experiences and Spirit-bestowed purgings the authority of the Divine Word as the basis of sanctions, the reaffirmation of fundamental doctrines as the anchorage of faith, and the joy and power of a vital personal experience expressed in victorious living have been passed on from age to age.

Through the invention of printing and the spiritual renaissance of the Reformation came the restoration of the Bible as the basis of moral sanctions and the comfort of the doctrine of justification by faith. Through the warming of the heart of an Anglican clergyman by the Holy Spirit in a little chapel at Aldersgate Street in the heart of London came another rebirth of Pentecost in which Deism was throttled, English civilization purified, and the prayer of Jesus that His followers might be sanctified answered in the hearts and lives of unnumbered multitudes in the United Kingdom and around the world.

These illustrations are but examples of the many which might be cited wherein the Sovereign God has evidenced His sustaining, personal administration over the spiritual interests of His dominion. These crises come in the hour of need, of spiritual decadence, of human impotency, of moral darkness. In the rebirth which takes place in these visitations there is revived and brought back to its proper emphasis some neglected vital doctrine pertaining to saving truth; e. g., Pentecost—atonement, resurrection and the bestowment of the Holy Spirit; reformation—justification: Wesleyan revival—entire sanctification: Finney and Moody revivals—conversion and the apostolic teaching and belief of the early church relative to the Lord's Second Coming.

It is a further significant fact that in tracing these providential visitations the ecclesiasticism which has departed from its original landmarks is not restored as an organization to its original spiritual power. Pentecost did not produce a restored Hebrew theocracy but the apostolic church. The Reformation did not revive and purify the Roman Catholic Church but produced Lutheran organizations. The Wesleyan revival did not vitalize and spiritualize the Church of England but gave to the world original Methodism in her power and glory. The Spirit-baptized ministry of Finney and Moody did not recover, to its original emphases, a single great denomination, however glorious and far-reaching their respective ministries in the reviving of local churches and conversion of individuals.

In 1866, Dr. John McClintock, the first president of Drew Theological Seminary, in a public address given in New York City said:

"Knowing exactly what I say, and taking the full responsibility of it, I repeat, we are the only church [Methodist] in history, from the apostles' time until now, which has put forward as its very elemental thought—the great central, pervading idea of the whole Book of God from beginning to the end—the holiness of the human soul, heart, mind and will. Go through all the confessions of all the churches, and you will find this in no other. You will find even some of them that blame us in their books and writings. It may be called fanaticism, but, dear friends, that is our mission.

If we keep to that, the next century is ours; if we keep to that, the triumphs of the next century shall throw those that are past far into the shade. Our work is a moral work—that is to say, the work of making men holy. Our preaching is for that, our church agencies are for that, our schools, colleges, universities, and theological seminaries are for that. There is our mission—there is our glory—there is our power, and there shall be the ground of our triumph."

Yet seven and eight years prior to the very time these strong words were uttered, godly ministers and loyal laymen of the Methodist Church in western New York and northern Illinois had been expelled and read out of the church for preaching and testifying to that very experience—"holiness of the human soul, heart, mind and will." Failing to receive consideration through appeals to higher tribunals and dedicated to the Wesleyan conviction to spread holiness, after much prayer and great distress of heart because of the lapse of the church they loved and for which they had sacrificed, on August 23, 1860, these persecuted exiles organized the Free Methodist Church. Not through a revolt, not influenced by some disgruntled office-seeker, not led by some ambitious self-seeker, but through the working of that Providence which is an essential factor of the administration of the great Head of the Church, the Free Methodist Church exists.

At the next General Conference in 1927 he was elected bishop. It was fitting that the closing years of his life should be devoted to the pulpit. Preaching was his calling and his life. He had an exalted conception of the ministry and especially of the pastor, which in his estimation was the key position in the prosperity of the church. His office as bishop also gave him opportunity to employ his administrative talents in the advancement of the varied interests of the denomination.

Upon Bishop Griffith as a pulpiteer, Rev. J. T. Logan says: "Brother Griffith was a great preacher, a skilled sermon builder. His discourses were masterpieces, logically, homiletically arranged, Scriptural, spiritual, and were delivered with force. He was an able defender of the doctrines and issues of the Free Methodist Church, and was thoroughly capable of presenting these essential truths to the world in a manner that commanded attention and consideration and that reflected credit upon the church he so ably represented.

A Versatile Man

His interests covered every branch of the church activities. He had a keen interest in our schools, and along with his wife, who had formerly been a teacher in Evansville Seminary, spent five years as head of Wessington Springs Seminary. During the school year he taught classes, assumed responsibility as administrator and also business manager. In the summer he acted as financial agent. He thus had opportunity to know the school problem of the church.

The question of financial support offered a grave problem. He writes:* "———— has picked, ———— has gathered up the fragments, so there is poor picking for me." His biographer continues, "One school's agent raised about $2,000.00 in Wessington Springs territory, securing it in three- and five-year pledges; the representative of another had followed, gleaning what was left. Other interests made their demands. It is little wonder that Mr. Griffith felt that there were too many schools and that there should be a general budget equitably distributing to each and incidentally protecting the layman from being exposed to so many calls."

Some years later as president of the board of education, when the problem of reducing the number of schools was discussed at the church headquarters in Chicago, he was one of a minority group of far-seeing men who saw that we have too many schools for the size of our small denomination to furnish the needed quota of students; that we are not financially able to equip them and support them; that the advancing scholastic standards as well as the increasing demand for school buildings and equipment as made by the state accrediting agencies, make it progressively difficult to secure accreditization; and that the situation has entirely changed from the days of our fathers, since we now have consolidation and township high schools over the rural sections of the country. He was an ardent supporter of our schools but he believed they should be fewer in number and better equipped and supported.

It is a fact that Bishop Hogue, in his later years, held the same opinion as privately expressed to the writer. His keen vision clearly perceived the social change that had been brought about in later times. It is unfortunate for the educational interests of the church that Bishop Hogue passed on before an official discussion of this question came up. He would have thrown the weight of his great influence on the side of the minority group.

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* "Living Embers," p. 52.

Bishop Griffith was an apostle of stewardship. One of his worth-while contributions to the church was his work in this field. His idea of stewardship was not merely money but a unification, correlation, and mobilization of all the forces of the church. For a number of years he not only wrote effectively on this theme in the *Free Methodist* but introduced the splendid literature of the Layman Company of Chicago. It was fitting that his last public address was a stewardship message, "Dealing Squarely with God."

He had a deep concern for missions. A careful study of the missionary enterprise had accurately informed him of both the fields and the missionaries upon them. In 1929 he became president of the Commission on Missions, and remained its head until his death. His visit to the Orient made him even more enthusiastic after being on the field in person.

It was a logical sequence that he should become president of the Y. P. M. S. Council. Not only did he have a deep interest in missions but for years he had had a vital concern for the youth of the church, fostered by experience in our schools and as editor of Sunday school literature. He presented the aims of the young people's work in the following terms:

"It is not an organization distinct and separate from the existing organizations of the church.

"It is not an organization in which the social and intellectual features are primary and the spiritual secondary.

"It is not an organization created arbitrarily out of new units but a healthful outgrowth of existing and growing spiritual activities.

"It is an organization which in place of making a special emphasis upon the social life, puts that emphasis upon the dispensing of life through obeying the command of Jesus to follow Him, recognizing that all legitimate social contacts will take care of themselves in devotion to this supreme challenge."

He, as president of the council, along with Mrs. Griffith who was then superintendent, had a large part in formulating the policy of the new movement.

The initiative characteristic of his administration is so well put by B. H. Gaddis, Publishing Agent, that we use his words:

"Among many fine qualities which Bishop Griffith possessed, two especially impressed me. One of these was the spirit of the pioneer, expressed in his administrative leadership of the church. He had much initiative and was not disturbed by new methods, if they gave promise of success. He was constantly striving for improvement and progress in church administration. His strong sponsorship and support of the new administrative organization adopted by the General Conference of 1931, and which has worked so admirably, is a typical instance of this aggressive leadership.

"Again and again have I marveled at the tremendous courage of the man. He never supinely followed the crowd, just to be with the majority. He was entirely fearless in expressing opinions and convictions, regardless of their popular acceptance. He had definite and positive ideas regarding both men and measures, and never hesitated to take his position regarding either, without thought of personal consequences."

The home-going of Bishop Griffith was triumphant. It seemed that he had fully recovered from an operation and hospital seige, but a few months later an attack of pneumonia ended his career. He was ready—"My times are in thy hand." His mouth was filled with praise as he talked to Jesus as his intimate friend and the room was filled with glory. He saw the fore-gleams of another world as he met his Pilot face to face.

He made his own funeral arrangements. He chose the text, "By the grace of God I am what I am, and His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain" (I Cor. 15:10).

In his sermon Bishop Warren said, "This great utterance of Paul is the passage which Bishop Griffith chose for the text for his funeral sermon. It is just the kind of a text that we would expect Bishop Griffith to choose. Not one that would suggest any laudation of self, not even of spiritual attainment, such as 'I have fought a good fight,' but one which puts God first and makes Him pre-eminent. It was characteristic of Bishop Griffith when preaching funeral sermons to make the occasion an opportunity for gospel preaching."

He requested no flowers and no eulogies in order that the message "the grace of God," might not be obstructed by anything. A plain black casket—symbolical of mortality and the reign of sin. On it a cross; stem red, symbolical of the atonement; cross-piece white, symbolical of life and immortality. On the casket a Bible opened at I Timothy 1:15, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

Bishop Warren spoke on the subject, "Bishop Griffith, the Minister, by the Grace of God"; Bishop Marston, "The Servant of God, by the Grace of God"; and Rev. C. A. Watson, "The Christian Gentleman, by the Grace of God."

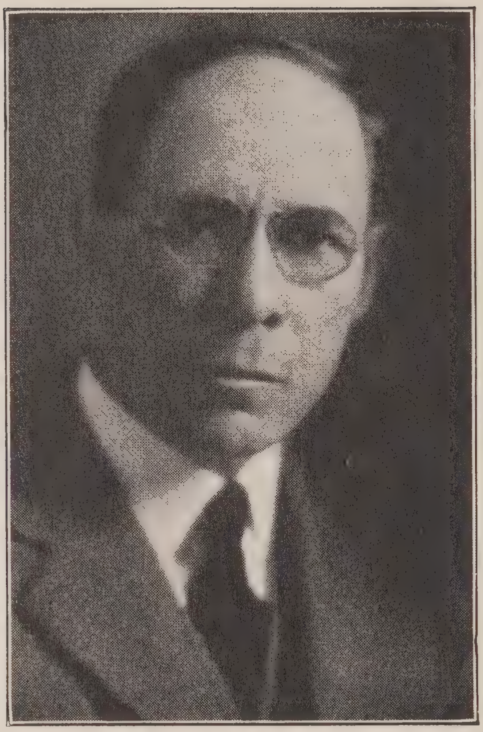
Thus came to a close the earthly career of one of the foremost servants of the church; and thus was stricken from the roll of the church militant and placed on the roll of the church triumphant the unsullied name of a faithful herald of the cross who never sounded a retreat during half a century of holy warfare.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light
Still traveling downward through the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Along the paths of men.

Burton Jones Vincent

As gazed the prophet on the ascending car,
Swept by its fiery steeds away, afar,
So with the burning tear and flashing eye,
I trace thy glorious pathway to the sky.
Lone like the Tishbite, as the Baptist bold,
Cast in a rare and apostolic mould;
Earnest, unselfish, consecrated, true,
With nothing but the highest ends in view;
Choosing to toil in distant fields, unsown,
Contented to be poor and little known,
Faithful to death: Oh, man of God, well done!
Thy fight is ended and thy crown is won.
—H. Grattan Guiness.



BURTON JONES VINCENT
Bishop 1931

XII

Burton Jones Vincent

What greater compliment could be paid to Christian ministry than the fact that of all the professions it has produced by far the largest percentage of men who have risen to distinction in all lines of worthwhile endeavor. Thus the parsonage and the manse have made a lasting contribution to the betterment of society which has not been appreciated by the public. It verifies the statement of Jesus that "man shall not live by bread alone"; it proves that plain living and high thinking have their own rewards; that a home dominated by the ideals of the Bible produces not only the finest but also the most useful type of manhood.

In a humble parsonage home at Ypsilanti, Michigan, August 15, 1877, a son made his advent. His father, P. E. Vincent, joined the Michigan Conference in full connection the same year. Those were the days of heroic pioneering in the virgin state of Michigan when hardships and sacrifice were the essential credential of the servants of God in planting the banner of holiness in the state. Foremost among the pioneers of those stirring times were E. P. Hart and B. R. Jones. In 1873, E. P. Hart had been elected General Superintendent and the directing of the growing work had to a large extent fallen upon his successor, B. R. Jones. It was quite natural that his name should be perpetuated in the succeeding generation by being given to the boy at the Vincent home and hence the name now familiar to the church—Burton Jones Vincent.

Like many who achieve distinction in the kingdom of God, Burton was converted when a child in his own home and united with the Free Methodist Church of which his father was pastor. Like Samuel, he was reared in the sanctuary of the Lord and it was natural that the boy's thought should be turned toward the ministry. These early inclinations crystalized into a definite call and commitment while attending Spring Arbor Seminary. After spending a brief period in residence at Marion College at Marion, Indiana, he later completed a correspondence course for a degree at the same institution.

The influence of David S. Warner, principal of Spring Arbor Seminary, had a far-reaching influence on his life in the formative period and reminds one of the influence of Mark Hopkins upon the life of President Garfield. The biographer of Garfield shows the effect of the great teacher, Mark Hopkins, upon his life: "But under the influence of Hopkins, the scales fell from his eyes. The vast and powerful intellect of the man who was stepping to the front rank of the world's thinkers imparted its wealth of ideas to the big Ohioan. Through President Hopkins, Garfield's thoughts rose into the upper sky. Under the inspiration of the teacher's lectures and private conversation, the pupil's mind unfolded its immense calyx toward the sun of speculative thought. From this teacher Garfield derived the great ideas of love, of the regularity and system of the universe, of the analogy between man and nature, of God as the first cause of the foundation of right conduct, of the correlation of forces, of the philosophy of history. In after years Garfield always said that whatever perception he had of general ideas came from this man. One winter in Washington the National Teachers' Association was in session, and Garfield frequently dropped in to take a share in the discussion. One day he said: 'You are making a great mistake in education in this country. You put too much money into brick and mortar and not enough into brains. You build palatial schoolhouses with domes and towers; supply them with everything beautiful and luxuriant, and then put puny men inside. The important thing is not what is taught but the teacher. It is the teacher's personality which is the educator. I had rather dwell six months in a tent with Mark Hopkins, and live on bread and water, then to take a six-year's course in the grandest brick and mortar university on the continent.' "

His public service began in April 1899, when he was appointed by the Northern Indiana Conference to serve as a supply at Knox, Indiana, with Rev. J. A. Tannehill. The conference convened again in October of the same year, at which time he was received on trial and sent to Elkhart and Pleasant Valley. During this year he was married by S. K. Wheatlake to Miss Carrie Black, a noble Christian woman who proved to be an ideal preacher's wife. In 1900 he was appointed to Knox. In 1901 he was ordained deacon by E. P. Hart at Columbia City. After two years at Knox he transferred to the Wisconsin Conference where he served two years as pastor at Pardeeville. He was ordained elder by Wilson T. Hogue. The following year he was assistant principal of Evansville Seminary.

In 1905 he accepted the principalship of Spring Arbor Seminary and joined the Michigan Conference. After four years, in 1909, he went to California as pastor at Alameda. The following year he was received into the Southern California Conference and accepted the principalship of the Los Angeles Seminary. After two years as principal, he served the Hermon Church for one year, then for the three following years was district elder of the Los Angeles District.

In 1915 a mysterious providence came into his life. His wife while standing on a street corner in Los Angeles was struck by a reckless driver. She seemed to be out of danger, so the doctor advised him to go to the General Conference in Chicago. He had scarcely arrived when a telegram notified him of her death. He later married Miss Lena Duell, of Saginaw, Michigan, a cultured woman who had won recognition as a teacher of unusual ability.

In 1916 he was again sent as pastor to Hermon. In 1917 he transferred to the Washington Conference as pastor of the college church at Seattle. He resigned after two years to become the executive secretary of the Board of Control which had charge of the general budget inaugurated by the General Conference of 1919. He rendered splendid service in this difficult and trying position.

In 1921 he accepted the presidency of Wessington Springs Junior College. In 1923 he was elected by the General Conference as editor of the Sunday school publications, which position he held until 1931, when he was elected bishop by the General Conference at Greenville.

Such is the biographical outline of the life of Burton J. Vincent. His work naturally falls under three divisions—as educator, editor of the Sunday school publications, and preacher.

As an Educator

Nine of the best years of his life were spent in our church schools—one year as assistant principal at Evansville Seminary, four years as head of Spring Arbor, two at Los Angeles, and two at Wessington Springs. His kindness coupled with firmness, his spirituality coupled with patience and rare common sense made him a success in school work. We give to the reader the appraisement of some of those closely associated with him in school administration.

By Mrs. Mary L. Coleman

When Burton Vincent came to the Wisconsin Conference as a young man, Mr. Coleman was his district elder. We recognized in him at once a man of fine ability and of an unusual strength of character and of Christian experience. A deep and lasting friendship followed.

In after years it was my privilege to be associated with him on the faculty of Spring Arbor Seminary. As principal, he was greatly beloved. Always genial and kindly in spirit, he administered the affairs of the school with a strong and steady hand and with absolute impartiality. He entered into the problems and difficulties of teachers and students alike with a wise and understanding heart and always to help. He bore his own burdens with such serenity of spirit that we often forgot he carried them.

By Rev. L. Glenn Lewis

For more than thirty years I have been closely associated with Brother Vincent in the work of the church, more especially in connection with our educational institutions. It was my privilege to labor with him in promoting the financial and spiritual interest of five of our schools. He was deeply interested in the young people of our church and perhaps gave the best years of his life in helping to advance Christian education.

His firmness and quietness of spirit made him effectual in directing the educational and spiritual activities of students. As head of Spring Arbor Seminary and Junior College, Los Angeles Pacific College, and Wessington Springs Seminary and Junior College, he was appreciated and loved by the faculty members and student bodies of these schools. During his pastorate at Seattle, he took an active part in helping to secure funds to liquidate the pressing obligations of Seattle Pacific College.

At the last General Conference, he was made president of the General Board of Education and was co-operating in plans for a more aggressive program in the interest of Christian education throughout the church.

He will be greatly missed as an educator and spiritual advisor of our young people. The passing of this great and good man will make the task of promoting Christian education more difficult in our church, as there are few so well qualified to do efficient service in this part of the Lord's work. Time and experience had qualified Bishop Vincent as an unusual leader of young people.

As Editor of the Sunday School Literature

His election as editor of the denominational publications for the Sunday schools was especially fitting because of his educational background and his deep interest in the young people's work. The eight years spent in this capacity were highly successful. Of his editorial work, Rev. N. W. Fink, who was then publishing agent, says:

"I read the book, 'Overcoming Handicaps,' and greatly admired the achievements of those who have forged ahead in spite of physical difficulties. Brother Vincent was such a one who labored and suffered without complaint.

"I recently had the privilege of looking over his physical history in the hands of his physicians, and was surprised to note that the first attack of his recurrent trouble occurred in 1904. Since that time, through severe suffering and repeated hospital experiences, he has pursued his work without reference to his affliction.

"During the last decade, it has been my great privilege to be intimately associated with him. Many times I have assisted as best I could while he was passing through some of his most severe attacks. On such occasions I have marveled at his patience and optimism. When it seemed there was no future, he was filled with hope and courage, and would arise from the attacks filled with enthusiasm, eager to get back to his work, and ready to give every bit of his strength to see the work of the Lord go forward.

"As editor of our Sunday-school literature, he ranked with the talented editors of other denominations. His contact with the International Sunday School Association work gave us a standing which enabled us to head the list among the holiness denominations in Sunday-school activities. His work as an editor was appreciated by our church, as well as by the schools of other churches, which fact was clearly evidenced by the increasing circulation of these publications during the past few years."

As a Preacher

Hearing the "Macedonian call" to the ministry in his youth, he answered, "Here am I; Lord, send me." He did not rise like a flashing meteor but gradually through the constant application and development of his God-given powers.

There is consolation in the case of Bishop Vincent for young men whose gifts for the ministry may not be at first recognized by the church. He was turned aside when he first sought to enter the ministry on the ground that he did not seem to possess the gifts and graces which would insure his success.

An illuminating parallel is found in the life of Gandhi, who has been described by a modern writer in the following breezy style: "Mr. Gandhi, who is an incredible combination of Jesus Christ, Tammany Hall, and your father, is the greatest Indian since Buddha. * * * Mr. Gandhi is still incomparably the most important living Indian. I have seen the peasants kiss the sand his feet have trod.

"After finishing high school and the University of Ahmadabad, he went to England to study law. After three years of hard study in England, he returned to India to practice law in Bombay. In his first case in court, when he arose for the purpose of cross-examining a witness, he was so timid that he could not ask a question and sat down over-whelmed with humiliation. Considering himself a failure in India, he went to South Africa where a large Indian colony gave him an opportunity of practicing law. Slowly success crowned his efforts and he became the undisputed leader of the Indians of South Africa. After twenty years of hard preparation, he returned to his native India to become the leader of a nation and justly to receive from three hundred and fifty million people the title Mahatma—the great soul."

By the providence of God B. J. Vincent spent his years of service in the interests of the young people of the church — as educator, as editor of Sunday-school publications, and as preacher. Excepting three years as district elder, he almost entirely filled pulpits in our school centers. He knew the problem of youth from every angle.

His genuine personal interest in humanity made him a successful pastor. His was the sympathetic touch that comes from loving the souls of men. John Wesley reminded his preachers that they would visit their people if they loved them as they ought. Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Brother Vincent was a good shepherd; he gave his life for the sheep. His manly ways and lovely Christian character won men's hearts.

Of his work as district elder on the Los Angeles District, Bishop Griffith gave this estimate: "The ability with which he filled this office resulted in the growth of the work materially and spiritually to such a degree that his praise is still in the churches of the district. It was during this period of his ministry that the home mission work of the Southern California Conference began to take on personal form—a work to which he gave his heartiest support, a work in which his counsel and sound judgment was an invaluable aid, and a work in which he made a permanent contribution to the church through his personal influence in bringing into the church T. Tsuchiyama and K. Inabi, now of the Japan Conference."

The appreciation of the church for the successful stedwardship of the various offices entrusted to him was attested by the large ballot by which he was chosen bishop at the General Conference in Greenville in June, 1931. With great courage and faith he entered upon the duties of his new office.

For about fifteen years he had suffered periodic attacks of hemorrhages, presumably caused by stomach ulcers. The most serious attack occurred four years before his death when his life was despaired of, but he seemed to have completely recovered. In July he began his schedule of conferences, delighted with the ease with which he was able to carry on his tasks. On Friday evening while holding the Illinois Conference, he said to a friend, "This is my fifth conference and I do not even feel tired." At two o'clock the following morning he suffered another attack. He was taken to the hospital at Evanston. He continued to weaken until Friday morning when "God's hand touched him and he slept."

God in his inscrutable plans seemed to be preparing his servant for the great transition which was so near at hand. He had a special anointing upon him in the brief span of five conferences which he held after being elected bishop. In beautiful phrasing his bereaved wife wrote: "It was the last effulgent glowing of a beautiful life's sun, setting majestically in the western horizon of life. But in my blindness and eager hopefulness for the future, it seemed like the pungent rays of a noonday sun. To me, Mr. Vincent never seemed more gloriously empowered by the Holy Spirit than during the five short weeks of the conferences. He was in the zenith of his usefulness and efficiency. With the new task had come new enduement and he seemed to have been physically compensated as well. * * * His masterful words concerning Pentecost on the last Sunday morning of his earthly ministry were no more than prophetic utterances."

Rev. H. F. Johnson gives this picture of his last days:

It was my privilege to sit under his ministrations during several of his last conferences. His great soul was moved upon by the Spirit until the congregations were bathed in tears. He was ripening for the other world. As I sat by his side the morning he was stricken, and he realized that he could not finish his conference, he said, "Harry, you don't know what a great disappointment this is to me." Then the tears came to his eyes and he trembled like an autumn leaf from head to foot. But evidently heaven could wait no longer for the services of this talented man; "and he was not, for God took him."

A personal touch is added by Rev. F. L. Baker, a life-long friend: "His cup seemed filled with holy joy and great hope as he presided at the three Michigan conferences. The writer ventured to suggest to him as he began holding his conferences that he give special attention to our beloved superannuates. This he cared for especially well in the Michigan Conference and the occasion will not be forgotten by those who were present. There were very few dry faces in the Michigan Conference as our Brother Vincent had his beloved father and mother, F. P. Russell and wife, and W. E. Hosmer and wife sit on the platform while he spoke of their labors and sacrifices in the pioneer work of the church. * * *

"The last Lord's Day ministrations of our beloved bishop occurred at Spring Arbor in connection with the Michigan Conference. * * * The text used was from Act 1: 8. His soul was inspired and his tongue like the pen of a ready writer."

Funeral services were held in the Free Methodist church at Evanston, Illinois. Bishop G. W. Griffith preached the funeral sermon, an able discourse on a great theme from the text, "What is your life?" Why this servant of God at the flood tide of his powers should be called from his task at the early age of fifty-four years will be a mystery "till the mists have rolled away." We take consolation in the lines of Horatius Bonar:

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being thrown away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

In finality we live in deeds, not years, as so aptly put by Philip Bailey:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He lives most
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts best.

He being dead yet speaketh.

We give the following editorial from his pen showing his mode of thought expressed in direct English without studied ornateness.

Creative Thinking for the Kingdom

The word "creative" is a very popular word these days. We hear about creative experience, creative education, creative thinking, creative influence, creative planning, creative teaching, and creative recreation. It is a favorite word in educational circles at the higher levels. And as is usually the case, the word has been picked up from this academic field and is being used for all that it is worth in the common, practical, every-day matters. Consequently we see such phrases as creative salesmanship, creative buying, and creative marketing.

One interesting thing about the use of the word among educators is that it is a favorite among those who take no stock in the creation of the material universe by the Almighty hand. What seems to be denied to God as a power is being arrogated to ourselves. Some try to feel sure that God could not create the universe but that we can do things creatively. One can imagine the time coming when the adverb and the adjective will be left out and the plain verb used. At least many courses in our universities offer now to train students to do creative work; and the instructors warn that certain grades can be won only by those who at the end of the course prove to the instructor that they are able to do creative work in some field.

While the present use of the word is extremely modern, the fact which it stands for is by no means new. Abraham did some creative thinking when he broke away from all the heathen philosophy and worship and practice that he and his ancestors had been allied with, and set out to a new country to be head of a new nation and a new religion.

If any man in this world ever did creative work in the sense in which the word is used now, Moses did it when he led a great army of disorganized slaves out of Egypt, gave them civil and moral laws, and welded them into an organized nation ready to cross over into their own promised territory. In the case of both Abraham and Moses, they had no human leadership, or instruction, or precedents to follow. They had to take their own road and develop their own technique and procedures. What those men did so many centuries ago was both creative thinking and creative working.

We know now that what Paul did was creative thinking and working of the clearest and most powerful type. To evangelize at all after having hated "the way" as he once did, was a great work for one man. But Paul not only evangelized his own nation, he trampled ruthlessly upon their inborn national religious exclusiveness and carried the gospel out to the Gentiles. He kept on to the end of his life combatting his narrow enemies who never ceased to try to stop his work because he was breaking all their rules of religious narrowness and doing things that had not been done before. We know now that Paul was working creatively. The Holy Spirit awakens the creative process in men.

So it was with the disciples. At the time of the ascension, when they asked Jesus if He was about to restore the kingdom of Israel, Jesus replied, "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you." Their question had sought information about the restoration of Israel's national power of self-direction. Jesus' answer assured them that they would be given the power of personal self-direction under the Spirit. And that is exactly what they did get. The world knows how they ignored old, wornout systems, rituals and prejudices, and struck out on new lines. The Christian church was the result. Those humble men worked creatively as we would now say. They made a new order for the religious world.

Looking back across the centuries and thinking of the great steps that have been taken upward and onward, they seem to have been for the most part associated with men who lived in fellowship with God or were influenced by God's movements in the world.

And why should it not be so. The human mind, powerful and penetrating as it is, is not a creator; it is itself the product of creation.

The closer the perfectly functioning mind lives in spiritual communion with God the Creator, the more likely are God's creative ideas for our progressive civilization to pass over to the human mind, and new highways of life and experience be discovered. The work of such men as Martin Luther and John Wesley are examples.

The great spiritual mines of the kingdom are not exhausted. They contain gold and diamonds to meet the needs of this generation in its fearful bewilderment. It is not necessary for the church to become lost in these times. Nor is it necessary for the church even to wane. If for lack of great spiritual leadership the church is to suffer a period of partial eclipse God will yet break through upon the world in a saving mission for our day as He did upon England through the Wesleys for that day.

Tribute By Bishop A. D. Zahniser

Another soldier of the cross has fought the good fight, finished his course and received the crown of righteousness. In the light of our limited human vision Burton Jones Vincent was at the noon-day of his power and manhood. He had recently been called to a position of leadership in the church militant for which he was most eminently fitted and in which it seemed he was imperatively needed; but the wisdom of the great Head of the Church had a more important and a larger field of activity for him in the church triumphant, and promoted him to that position and relation for which he was so well prepared.

Brother Vincent was a man of striking personality who attracted more than ordinary attention in almost any company or place. Nature had endowed him with many admirable and enviable characteristics. He was blessed with a bright and enquiring mind, and an ambitious, energetic spirit. Practically his whole life was spent in storing his intellect with wholesome and valuable knowledge. He possessed the happy faculty of putting all that he learned into immediate practical use, thus assimilating it, making it a part of the very fabric of his being. He was an educated man in the proper sense, far beyond many who spent much more time in resident work in the halls of learning. He did a class of research work and reading which contributed to the development of his mind and the building of character.

In the prime of his youth this remarkable young man was clearly converted, subsequently sanctified wholly, and divinely called to the gospel ministry. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but consecrated his redeemed powers to his Lord and Master for a life of sacrificial service. He seemed to be directed to divide his valuable contribution of time and talent between the cause of Christian education and ministry of the Word in the beginning of his unusual career. He gradually and constantly grew in grace and in favor with God and men. He filled with acceptability and efficiency every place to which he was called, to the full measure of his growing capacity. His leadership was of that type which those associated with him loved to follow. He graduated into the office of bishop from a well-laid foundation. The feeling was practically unanimous that the church had in his wise and efficient leadership a tower of strength, intellectually, morally and spiritually. He was a strong writer and editor, an able, systematic, and constructive preacher. He was a man in whose spirit there was no guile; to know him was to love, appreciate, and trust him implicitly.

GONE HOME EARLY

Some workers quickly do their task
Of service and of love,
So their promotion early comes
To higher work above.
Not theirs to lift their fading eyes,
And find no comrade left;
Not theirs to dwell among the graves
Forsaken and bereft.
They pass from work to better work,
And rest before the noon;
Ah, God is very good to them;
They do not die too soon.

When the news from Africa of the passing from time to eternity of their son, Rev. V. A. Dake, reached his parents in America, they made a comment worthy of preservation: "We give thanks to Almighty God who loaned us this wonderful son for thirty-seven years." What a beautiful thought grounded on the bed-rock of Christian faith. What a sublime vision of the sovereignty of God and ownership of the Lord. So we, "who see through a glass darkly," take consolation in the same thought concerning Burton J. Vincent.

We rejoice in the hope expressed in the inspiring lines of Samuel Porter:

WHEN THE WHITE SHIP SAILS

The morning star, the rosy-tinted dawn;
And then for him the White Ship drew to shore—
None saw the sails, or heard the sound of oar,
But while we watched with heart-strings tensely drawn,
Faith's Valiant Hero bravely ventured on
The Silent Craft where stood the Mystic Rower.
The homeward turning tides took up and bore
The Ship away, like some full-breasted swan,
Along a sparkling lane of dazzling light
To that Fair Port, beyond the rising sun,
Which knows not pain, or death, or grievous night.
Within the Golden Gates, the voyage done,
The Radiant Guest is robed in shining white,
His day of endless rapture has begun.

Robert Hopkins Warren

HE IS JUST AWAY

"I cannot say, and I will not say,
That he is dead; he is just away:
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.

"And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs be since he lingers there.
And you—oh, you— who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return

"Think of him faring on as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
Think of him still as the same, I say.
He is not dead—he is just away."

ROBERT HOPKINS WARREN
Bishop 1935-1938

XIII

Robert Hopkins Warren

His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "—this was a man."

George Adam Smith in writing the life of his friend, Henry Drummond, said it was like recording the history of a fragrance. One who intimately knew Bishop Warren may say the same concerning him. The charm of a radiant life and a stalwart Christian character, which no word of pen can catch or portray, was his. Those who listened to his ministry by the reading of this pen portrait will have memories awakened of a transparent personality through which God Himself shined.

Robert Hopkins Warren was born March 6, 1876, in Glenwood, New York, the state prolific of bishops of the Free Methodist Church. He was the only child of Frank J. and Flora Hopkins Warren. Following the great movement toward the West, his parents migrated to Fountain, Colorado, where Robert spent his boyhood days and received his early training in the public schools.

Like the majority of those who make a success of preaching the gospel, he was converted in his boyhood and thoroughly established in the things of God. From that time to the day of his divine promotion, his face was set as a flint toward Zion. He never had the painful ordeal of reaping in mature years the wild oats sown in youth. He escaped the scars that mark men who travel deep into the domain of sin.

Receiving a call to preach, he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." His whole career was spent in the service of the Free Methodist Church, holding pastorates in the Colorado, Wisconsin, Genesee, Kansas, Washington, and Southern California Conferences. He served as district elder in the Genesee, Washington, and Southern California Conferences.

Ontario, California, was his last pastorate. He was elected delegate to the General Conference at Winona Lake in 1935, at which time he was elected bishop. At the close of the Michigan Conference August 14, 1938, he was stricken with "leukemia." Immediately on his return to Seattle he entered the Swedish Hospital and passed away September 6, two weeks after his arrival home.

The elements which combined to make R. H. Warren the man he was are readily comprehended; they are self-evident in his transparent character. He was a gentleman with the descriptive adjective "Christian" fittingly attached—a gentleman in spirit and in appearance. His physical bearing was that of a gentleman, disarming prejudice at first sight. His kindly countenance was not a social veneer but the reflection of a more kindly soul.

He was the soul of graciousness. "Sweet reasonableness" was more natural with him than with the most of the human race. To the human endowment was added the super touch of the divine and a tone of deep piety overcast the whole. He embodied the philosophy of Seneca, "God divided man into men that they might help each other." His love of men and his optimism were charmingly contagious.

John Bunyan's estimate of a happy man might well apply to Bishop Warren:

"The happy man is born in the city of regeneration, in the parish of repentance unto life. Educated in the school of obedience, works at the trade of diligence, does many jobs of self-denial, owns a large estate in the country of Christian Content, wears the plain garments of humility. He breakfasts every morning on spiritual prayer and sups every evening on the same, and also has meat to eat the world knows not of. He has gospel submission in his conduct, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, satisfying love in his soul, real divinity in his breast, true humanity in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a crown of glory on his head, and the entire world under his feet."

His call to the ministry reminds one of the quaint and realistic description of the arming of Christian in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

"The next day they took him and led him into the armory where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

"They showed him some of the engines with which some of his servants had done wonderful things. They showed him many excellent things with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

"On the morrow he got up to go forward. But first, said he, let us go into the armory. So they did; and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot, with what was of proof. Then he began to go forward, but Discretion, Pity, Charity, and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill."

Sometimes God calls his servants and leads them into the armory as soon as they are converted. Like Saul of Tarsus, they get their commission from high heaven simultaneous with the voice of forgiveness. Such was Russell H. Conwell's call the very day of his conversion: "The next day found him visiting the poor and talking to his classmates concerning their religious life; and heard him declare to his teacher, Mr. Swindell, 'It's all settled; I must preach the gospel of Christ.' Notwithstanding his previous unimpeachable character, all his friends and acquaintances recognized the great transformation."

When only a youth eighteen years old, God gave Mr. Warren an unmistakable call and took him into the "armory" and forged and fitted the weapons of his warfare. Under the guidance of God that fitting process continued through the years. He was not so much a product of the schools as a self-made man with splendid native endowment which was nurtured by serious study. He was an incessant student. May young preachers lay this to heart. It was not by trick or mere rhetoric that he maintained his pulpit power. "The dead line of fifty" was not written across his intellectual or spiritual horizon. He was an untiring student of the Book and of those fields of literature most useful for the preacher.

His whole life was bound up in preaching the gospel. His conception of the high calling of the ministry, as well as his literary style, is given in the following article from his pen.

The Minister and the Spiritual Life

The church is the world's outstanding institution, the formative force of human society. There is nothing comparable to it among all the organizations of men. Other organizations have sprung up, flourished and fallen, but the church has remained, and its foundations are still unshaken, because it is more than an organization—it is a living organism, and its "life is hid with Christ in God."

The unique power of the church as an institution is not in its thorough organization, not in its material splendor, not in its beautiful places of worship, not in its wealth nor in its vast numbers of adherents, but the power and efficiency of the church lies wholly in the supernaturalness of its work, and the divine authority of its message. Doctor Joseph Parker, in one of his last sermons, said, "Let the church be one of many institutions, and she will have her little day and die; but not till the world thinks she has gone stark mad will she be on the highroad of success."

It hath pleased the Head of the church in His divine wisdom to give to it a leadership of men divinely called and endowed with authority to preach the glorious gospel which is "committed to their trust," and "to make all men see what is the mystery which through the ages hath been hid in God, but now is revealed to us in his Son." There is no work in the world which is comparable in dignity and privilege to the work of the ministry. I fancy that angels would gladly take our places if they could, but it hath pleased God to call us "who were sometime darkness, but are now light in the Lord, to proclaim the gospel of the grace of God to them who are still in darkness and the shadow of death."

Doctor Forsythe has said that Christian preaching is the organized hallelujah of the ordered spiritual community. Preaching is persuasion through the power of divine truth, given out of a soul aflame with the love and conviction born of revelation and experience. It has no rival and no substitute among all the methods of human communication.

The ministry is not only a unique calling but each called man is unique, filling a place which none other ever has or ever can fill, and doing a work committed to him alone. Doctor Watkinson has said that there is no preacher but who holds the jewel at an angle at which it was never held before and causes it to shine with new and added luster.

We have an extraordinary work; we must be extraordinary men. We must bring our credentials with us every time we come into the pulpit. If we are true, our message will ring true. We cannot spend the week in mechanical trifling and come into our pulpits on Sunday as prophets of God. Only a great soul can preach a great sermon. * * *

Our sermons are really the product and expression of what we are ourselves. Sermon-making is comparatively easy; it is the preacher-making which takes the struggle and the life blood. Bishop Quayle says, "Preaching is not the art of making and delivering a sermon; preaching is the art of making a preacher and delivering *that*." Are we not somewhat to blame for the disparaging criticism made upon the church and the ministry in late years? Is it not an absence of the supernatural and the awe-inspiring which has made the man of the world question the authority and divinity of the work of the church?

We who believe in the truthfulness and power of Christianity and who have some conception of what preaching calls for on the part of the preacher will agree with Dr. Francis L. Patton when he says, "There is no work that so enlists our entire manhood; no work in which all our powers of intellect, feeling and will so harmoniously co-operate; no work that so promptly marshals all our acquisitions for immediate use; no work that so subsidizes so many and such varied gifts and graces; no work in which the consciousness of immediate service so sweetens the act of service; no work in which the act of doing good to others is so attended with the feeling of benefit to ourselves; no work which, done in the name and for the sake of Christ, is so attended with the feeling of the blessed presence of Christ as that of preaching the gospel."

If we are true preachers we know that there is no work which makes a greater draft upon one's vital forces; no work which brings greater physical weariness, and no work which drives us oftener to our knees in the consciousness of our human limitations and our need of divine power than that of preaching. There are many in the ministry who could manage great commercial enterprises, who could be bank president or railroad president on less than half of the expenditures of the vital force and power which it takes to minister to their congregations the Word of God with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. * * *

It is easy to be a committee man or a financial agent; but preaching is not easy; praying is not easy; the cure of souls is not easy. Phelps in his *Men and Books* says, "Will you be a committee man or a preacher; will you be a man of affairs or a scholar? Will you be in demand as a ubiquitous delegate to councils, or will you be a prince in your pulpit? Leave executive bishoprics of the church universal to other hands. There are men enough who can do that service. It will never suffer for want of aspirants. If you have been created for the other thing, do that thing. Preach; let other men govern. Preach; let other men raise funds! Preach; let other men solve the problems of perpetual motion of which church history is full. Preach!"

It is said that the English preachers are greater expositors than are Americans. The reason for this is not hard to find. The American preacher is too busy; he is burdened with too many things; he must be an organizer; he must carry great loads of responsibility; he has no time for study of the Word and prayer; he is serving too many tables. We must live in the heavenlies if we minister heavenly things to the people. It does not require much worldliness to put us out of tune, and the inevitable result is a discord, a marring of the harmony.

The best thing has not been said about a minister when it is said that "he is a good mixer." Let us be kind and gentle to all men, apt to teach, sympathetic and brotherly, but aloof from every compromising entanglement. God has honored us with an ambassadorship from the court of heaven; let us move among men with an abiding consciousness that we are come from God, that soon we are to give an account of our ministry in His presence. Then "may we be glad also with exceeding joy."

Doctor Jefferson says, "It is not for every preacher to be pastor of a large church, but every preacher may covet the joy of shepherding a church beautiful. Though men judge a church by the size of its membership, God judges, we may be sure, by the height of its ideals, the range of its sympathies, the reach of its aspirations, the depth of its convictions, the fineness of its temper, the graciousness of its disposition and the wealth of those graces which He saw in His well-beloved son. When you find that you cannot increase the size of your church, go to work with fresh energy to increase the dimension of its soul. Quality of life and not quantity is what counts in working out God's plans."

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will."

Bishop Pearce gives the following appraisement of him as a minister.

It is true that there are similarities in persons, but diversities are even more conspicuous. No man could answer to the description of the genial bishop but himself.

Cast in manly mold was his physical structure, well-built, symmetrical and of good height. His face revealed a refinement of character, and could truly be described as handsome.

His was an intellect which insisted on knowing, and his mind was therefore well stored. The bent of the mind was the guarantee of the obtainment. Yet he never had the showing of parade. His modesty permeated his orderly intelligence. His knowledge was couched in wisdom and was constantly yielding precious fruit. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ ruled his life and richly governed his remarkably lucid and effective preaching.

He was at home in the pulpit as "to the manor born," didactic, evangelistic, convincing, encouraging, searching, refreshing. He could reprove without scolding and delight without flattering. His voice was peculiarly mellow; harshness was unknown to him, for in his measure he was like his Lord. His sermons were not "efforts," but they were delivered in demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

As an executive he was ever the gentleman, benign, yet firm and highly efficient. His presiding at the conferences and his conference addresses were equally acceptable and attractive."

The fine personal touch of R. H. Warren as a shepherd of souls is illustrated in the case of M. B. Robbins who as a lad of sixteen came to Seattle to attend the school. He with two ministers' sons, being reprimanded for some disorder in church, ceased to attend the house of God. Later all three as bank clerks sought the cabarets and night clubs night after night until his health broke. While regaining his broken health on a farm in Washington he was drafted during the World War. After his discharge from the army he returned to church and Brother Warren as pastor began to call on him at his place of business, once or twice a week for a year or more. We will let the youth, now a responsible business man, tell the story in his own words:

He never took advantage of an opening or put me "on the spot" while he was cultivating my friendship. Later, on one occasion he came into the store, walking as if he were going some-where, and instead of the usual generous smile I noticed he was serious. After a brief salutation he said, "Marion, I have never spoken to you about your spiritual welfare. I think a great deal of you. I want your promise that you will do something about it in the very near future. Will you?" As he looked deeply into my eyes, mingled thoughts came fast. He had my confidence and to say "No" would be rude. I said, "Yes, I will."

More than thoughts began swarming now. There was a lump in my throat. In that moment of distress he extended his hand, gripped mine, and left me with my thoughts. He had planted the seed. I had given my word. The enemy said, "Now you're sunk." It finally drove me to my knees, where I heard a voice say, "Going to waste the cream of your life and give me the skim?" I said, "No, Lord." "When?" The enemy was on hand to answer for me. "Don't get excited; there's plenty of time." This continued until I left Seattle, journeyed to Los Angeles, and after deciding that all was fruitless until I disposed of this terrible struggle, found peace that passeth understanding.

Again we face the providence of God which is "past finding out." Three of the four bishops elected at the General Conference in 1935, all in the prime of life, passed on to their reward before the end of the quadrennium—A. D. Zahniser, G. W. Griffith and R. H. Warren. Scarcely had R. H. Warren been elected bishop when illness began to develop upon him, yet heroically and uncomplainingly he carried on.

After three years of happy service in his new field, he received his call for promotion. With eagerness he had taken up his administrative duties as chairman of the Commisson on Christian Education and as president of the Y. P. M. S. (now the F. M. Y.) Council when "God's hand touched him and he slept."

He had held four conferences in the cycle of 1938 when he was stricken at the close of the Michigan Conference. A special anointing was upon him as he delivered his last message Sunday morning at Spring Arbor. It was fitting that his closing sermon should be on the theme, "The things that remain." In the words of Rev. F. L. Baker, "His last sermon preached Sunday morning at the conference at Spring Arbor, Michigan, will be remembered by many who wept and rejoiced as the bishop made us to see the stability of God's throne, His Word, and His power to save, cleanse and keep to the end."

While walking with his son, Frank, a short time before his death he said, I'll not be able to leave you children very much in the way of material things." The quick reply of the son was, "Father, you will leave us far more than paltry dollars."

A valuable legacy he left his children. By his side stood a noble Christian woman, Alice Mary Warren, and into this home came seven children, three sons in the ministry, Paul, Frank, and Robert, and four married daughters, Flora, Miriam, Alice, and Ruth. He left a heritage of an unbroken family, all following in the paths of righteousness. This sidelight is given of the home by his son, Frank:

"We discovered that we could live normal, rational lives and be Christians. And consequently, as we came one by one to an age of accountability, we accepted Christ and His program for our lives and cemented a little closer the ties that bound us. Around the family altar, one by one, we found the Christ. No matter how busy the day, we had time for Scripture, a song and prayer. I shall never forget the morning I sailed for Japan, as I realized at family prayers that no longer would I be a member of that group. Yet there came the glad consciousness that in a more real way than ever I would be meeting with that group around 'a common mercy seat.' "

One is reminded of John Wesley's statement: "I left no money to any one in my will because I had none. But now considering that, whenever I am removed, money will soon arise from the sale of my books, I added a few legacies by a codicil, to be paid as soon as may be. But I would fain do a little good while I live, for who can tell what will come after him."* A sagacious New Englander of sterling moral worth who died without estate left this notable will, "To my children I will all my life in New England."

His end was peace. Surrounded by his family, he awaited the call of his master with keen anticipation. At his request the family sang "Rock of Ages." He then repeated the words, "And behold thee on thy throne." With the last words upon his lips, "The Lord is here—it's all right," he peacefully rose to worlds unknown to behold his Savior on His throne. To him was granted the beautiful prayer of Fannie Heck:

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* Journal XII, p. 462.

> Lord, grant me if Thou wilt,
> To slip away
> As slips the night
> Into the dawning day,—
> So soft,
> That e'en the watchers,
> Watching,
> Cannot say,
> Here ends the night
> And here begins the day,—
> But only know
> The night's Thy night,
> The day, Thy day.

His passing, after forty-four years as an ambassador of Christ, was like Bunyan's description of the saint's triumph whose last words were: "I am going to my Father; and though with great difficulty I go hither yet now I do not repent me of all the troubles I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage and my courage and my skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who shall now be my Redeemer.

"When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went, he said 'O death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper he said 'O grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Knowing that the time of his departure was at hand, he arranged his own funeral service. A large concourse of people gathered in the First Free Methodist Church of Seattle, of which he had formerly been the beloved pastor. Rev. B. H. Pearson preached from the chosen text so characteristic of the life-long aspiration of the man, "Christ shall be magnified in my body whether it be by life or by death. For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain" (Phil. 1:20, 21). Fifty ministers gathered around the casket of the fallen comrade and sang his favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages." Each of the three sons, who are ministers, took part in the service, Frank bringing a tribute at the church on "Our Father," while the other two, Paul C. and Robert H., conducted the beautiful commitment ceremony at Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

Out of the deep a shadow,
    Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
    Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
    Then a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes
    Life again.

William Pearce

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN

"I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers; why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song —I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley. It is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn."

—Victor Hugo

WILLIAM PEARCE
Bishop 1908-1947

WILLIAM PEARCE
BISHOP
1908-1947
First Bishop Emeritus
June 1947 to September 1947

XIV

William Pearce

These studies in the history of Free Methodism have been cast in biographical form because I have always believed that the pregnant truth that the history of a country or an institution is found and personified in the biographies of the men who made it.

Carlyle said: "A good man living for high ends is the noblest picture to be seen on earth . . . . great men lift us out of the vacancy and despair of a frivolous mind, out of the tangle and confusion of society buried in a bric a brac, out of the meanness of unfeeling mockery, and the heaviness of unceasing mirth, into a loftier and serener region." The Scriptures make the bold declaration "and God said, 'let us make man in our image, after our likeness' . . . . So God created man in his own image." About such a man this chapter will deal, a recreated man, the kind of a man only God, by his matchless grace can make—Bishop William Pearce.

William Pearce was born in Hayle, Cornwall County, England, October 15, 1862, the youngest of ten children. His parents, John Richard and Ann Thomas Pearce, represented the sturdy, industrious Celtic stock which has made a colorful contribution to English history. In the words of Bishop Fairbairn, "He was Celtic by blood, Cornishman in particular, Britisher by birth, American by adoption, Christian by second birth, and saint by processes of grace and experience."

He was converted in England in 1882 in a revival that was born of the Holy Spirit, similar to the noted Welsh Revival in which there was no formal preaching by ordained ministers. It was truly a layman's revival inspired by the Holy Spirit. Nine months later he was sanctified while working alone in his father's fields. Coming to America in 1884, he spent a year working in the iron mines of North Michigan. He then moved to the Pacific coast where he met the Free Methodists in California, whom he joined in 1885 "by instinct and similarity of feeling."

In the following year he joined the California Conference of the Free Methodist Church and was duly ordained after completing his course of studies. In 1889 he married Alma E. Knoll, who passed away in 1908 only a few days before he was elected bishop. After serving as pastor and district elder in the California Conference until 1901, he transferred to the Oregon Conference. Three years later he came to the Genesee Conference as pastor of the church at Jamestown, New York. In 1905 he was again elected district elder and in October, 1908, he was elected bishop by the Executive Committee. He held this office until his retirement in June 1947—a period of thirty-nine years.

Bishop Pearce represented the church at the World's Missionary Convention at Edinburgh, Scotland in 1910. He spent a period of time in Japan in 1927 and held the Japanese Conference.

In 1915 he was joined in marriage to Sarah Allen Dickson of Philadelphia, Penna., who passed away two years later. In 1922 he married Mabel E. Kline of Evanston, Illinois, who died in 1958. He is survived by one son, Bernard A. Pearce, and two daughters, Emily Dixon Pearce and Gwendolyn Pearce Seidenburg.

Upon the completion of half a century in the service of the Lord in 1936, Bishop Pearce wrote the following interesting biographical editorial entitled "Fifty years in the ministry."

When Jacob appeared before Pharaoh, the king asked him, "How old art thou?" A part of the reply was, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." Yet the good had far outbalanced the evil, and a little later as he blessed Joseph's sons he acknowledged that the Angel Jehovah had redeemed him out of all adversity. There was Bethel and the wondrous ladder; and Mahanaim and the company of angels; and, above all, Jabbok, where the wrestling Angel changed his name from Jacob to Israel.

I began my ministry among a people of whose existence I was ignorant until I was grown to manhood. Converted in a revival exactly like the Welsh revival, with itinerant preachers, evangelists and preaching absent; sanctified wholly nine months afterwards in the brushwood skirting one of my father's fields through reading "The King's Highway"; emigrating to a land of large opportunity, and meeting with the Free Methodists among the gold mines of California, I joined them by instinct and similarity of feeling; for after my conversion, and with my knowledge of the

Holy Scriptures with their sweeping demands, easy pastorates and lavender positions had no charm for me. I would not invite privation. I would not shun it.

It would be too long a story to enter into detail; but suffice it to say that my first charge did not want a preacher. In the next two appointments I was junior preacher. After a while I had charge again, and in the aggregate gave twelve years to pastorates, ten years to district eldership, and twenty-eight to my present office.

A three-days' drive with horse and buggy from the charges of one district to those of the other marked my district eldership in California. Three hours would suffice now. A foot of dust at least in the Sierra Nevada foothills made a little unpleasantness. Salary less than six hundred dollars and no parsonage. But youth is buoyant, and God is good. The most striking experience and nearest my heart was an eleven-weeks' series of revival meetings and about forty joining the church. In such meetings several factors concur. The final Judge appraises.

Very naturally many with whom I have been associated have passed into "the unseen holy." Their friendship has still a powerful hold upon my heart. But there are still fast friendships and very highly esteemed.

I have known all of the General Superintendents, and all but three have been my colleagues in office. Men of fine endowment, yet all different. The depth of friendship depends upon ourselves; also upon others.

I have seen a degree of success, but by no means enough to blanket regret. I have seen a little opposition, but a full belief in God's providential dealings has produced the quietness promised to confidence. I am fully convinced that enough trial will be given us in the permissive will of God to fertilize our experience, if we rightly use it.

"Some will hate thee, some will love thee," etc.

If death were an eternal sleep well might despondency set in; but truly at every stage of life we can say in Christ, "We have just begun to live." "Live every day as though it were your last," said one. "No," said another, "live each day as though you would live forever, for you will."

The tremendously patent and striking thing about my conversion in addition to sins forgiven was the fact borne in upon me irresistibly that the infinite God had condescended to bring me into the rich relationship of sonship. That kindred spirit newly made, and its consequent communion, proved a delight to my soul. I was too young to have entered into business relations, hence preaching restitution financially would have been lost on me. Drink and tobacco never having had a hold upon my young life, very naturally no temptation would arise from that low source. Yet the sense of sin bore down upon me with violence as the terrific pressure of the intensely spiritual revival atmosphere supervened.

People were converted by the score from the village and the surrounding country, and in the larger area of the county by the thousand, in the spring of 1882. The countenance of the angry God changed toward me at that time; and from that glorious day, the seventeenth of February, to this glorious day all the hours have been hours of sonship. The bliss of divine communion was always too great to let go. Truly Chalmers spoke like a wise philosopher when he styled the cause of our holy religion, "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

I cannot boast, except in the Lord. I cannot repine, for good is the will of the Lord. I fully expect to be changed from glory to glory as by the Lord the Spirit.

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt;
    Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
    I would my all resign;
Through sorrow or through joy,
    Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
    'My Lord, Thy will be done.'"

William Pearce was a man of striking personal appearance—tall, slender, erect, always clad in the pulpit in a black Prince Albert suit, a striking specimen of physical manhood. Gray-crowned, his finely sculptured face with its expressive lines of mouth and nose requiring generations of ancestry to bring to perfection, bore a striking resemblance to Emerson.

He consistently regimented his life. Like the trained athlete he put into practice Paul's injunction "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." "I am the stern master of my body." A very abstemious man in his eating, he never suffered any serious illness until at his Lord's appointed time he "ceased at once to work and live."

Through long years of association in general and annual conferences as well as in various conventions and revivals, my admiration of him increased. I would cite the aspects of his life and character which most deeply impressed me.

A MASTER MIND

It was in the realm of the mind and the soul that he shone most brilliantly. Few men are born with greater intellectual capacity. His mind roamed at will through the broad fields of literature, philosophy, history, music and art, with a versatility that was constantly surprising. A friend, who was a real intellectual, once exclaimed to the writer "How is it possible for Bishop Pearce to keep abreast of the times in so many fields of intellectual research?" Characteristic of the man, all offers to receive honorary degrees were declined.

William Pearce was born with the scholarly instinct. He had the elegance of an aristocrat and the literacy of a scholar. He was not only possessed of a logical mind but he had a memory that was amazing. Although he had the training common in the schools of England in his day, he never received a college education. He learned to read the Greek New Testament without a teacher. As a basis for this study, he committed to memory the entire Greek vocabulary of the New Testament. It was his custom to go through the English dictionary, a letter at a time, and master every word. No wonder he became the marvelous master of diction that he was. His use of the fine shades of meaning of words was extraordinary.

We present the first of two editorials from the *Free Methodist* of May 31 and June 7, 1935 on "The Preacher and His Reading" which shows both his mastery of language and the wide range of his knowledge in the field of literature. As a critic he is at once precise and pungent.

THE PREACHER AND HIS READING

Receiving a request from high sources to write on the above theme, the writer addresses himself to the pleasing but fallible task. A work of this kind is sure to be individualistic, partial and inadequate. Then, too, tastes will always differ, and one man's delight may be another man's disgust. Still there will be some common ground and, to begin with, the Holy Bible will, to every true preacher, be the ne plus ultra, or no more beyond, the book (Biblos) that contains a "moral winnowedness" such as no other book contains.

The Bible is a revelation from God, and if the heavens declare His glory in nature the Bible reveals the glory of His grace and salvation. Its inspiration is patent upon its face to all who are willing to live upon its truths, and it will bury all its foes in oblivion, whether the men who burned it or they who in higher criticism would emasculate it, or they who disregard it as unimportant.

A word concerning the translations of the Bible into English. In general it may be said that the translations by massed scholarship, as the committee of A.D. 1611—The Authorized Version—or that of 1881 by English and American scholars, or the succeeding American Revision, are superior to private translations. The personal, or sectarian, bias is very likely to appear in the solitary author of the translation. When "baptize" is uniformly made, by hook or crook, to mean "immerse" the translator forfeits his right to be taken seriously. Even the scholarly Dr. Moffatt leaves "logos" untranslated in John's Gospel, and the reader is left to guess what its meaning might be, or, as though only the dwellers in the Royal Arcanum of superlative knowledge could cognize the hidden, untranslatable meaning. This would not be revelation but a hiding of truth. When the learned doctor translates "basanismos" by "torture" he runs counter to all other translators. These use "torment" rather, although the word has both meanings. Hell surely is not like the Spanish Inquisition. Individual translations of that type are interesting, but they are neither standard nor superior. The Twentieth Century New Testament is not a translation but a paraphrase, and much liberty is taken with the text, a little too much. Newspaper English applied to the Scriptures shears them of the reverence that is their due.

Next to the Bible in importance come the books on Bible doctrine. Some are very comprehensive as commentaries: Clarke's, Benson's, Lange's, Henry's, Jamieson, Fausset and Brown's, Parker's, "People's Bible," "The Preachers' Homiletic Commentary," "The Expositor's Bible." The mention of the latter contains the suggestion of a very interesting question, namely, "Shall the preacher absolutely confine his reading to that literature that contains no errors?" If so, would he not be restricted to a very small literary area? Ought he not to have discernment enough, and grace enough, to be able to separate the precious from the vile, for all outside the Bible is subject to error. The last-named book by various authors is very heterodox when it comes to the story of Jonah in the Minor Prophets. The matchless prayers as to language in Parker's "People's Bible" contain weekly confessions of what seem to be inevitable sins. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" bulges here and there with Calvinism. Finney's "Systematic Theology," which shades every other book on theology," on the vital question of personal obligation to God and man, carries a denial of birth sin, a most egregious error. In actual church life, as Asa Mahan pointed out, Finney was puzzled at the conduct of his converts. A belief in original sin and Wesleyan holiness would have been the key to the situation. Even Adam Clarke denies the eternal Sonship, while yet believing in the deity of Christ. He saves both Saul, king of Israel, and Judas Iscariot to his own entire satisfaction, yet he does not clear the doubt from the minds of the body politic. The Holy Spirit will instruct the preacher as to discrimination in reading. The man who will read nothing but what he can entirely indorse will doubtless be very pure, but he will also be very ignorant. Wesley was a purist in the best sense, but it is evident that he read the Greek poets. He mentions Anacreon and Menander, but his range must have gone much farther. The Apostle Paul quotes a Cretian poet against the Cretains. Watson's "Institutes" is probably the best body of theology, but like many other good books is out of print.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" stands alone as the finest continued allegory in existence. From it preachers may derive abundant illustrations. "The Imitation of Christ" by Thomas a'Kempis has been a source of blessing to many. Geikie's "Life of Christ" is full of valuable matter. Farrar's "Life of Christ" and his "Life of St. Paul" will repay a careful perusal, but one wants to know why a man of such profound scholarship and research should hold the false doctrine of Eternal Hope. He seems to be akin in thought to a much lauded living writer who in a recent work gives as his opinion that "sin, suffering and death will be banished from the universe in the ultimate triumph of the kingdom of God." Universalism is in the air, and the reading of "Doom Eternal" by Reimensnyder would brace up many a limping theologian. Edersheim's "Life and Times of the Messiah" and Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" are very informing. Josephus' "Antiquities" is enlightening, if not always reliable. The "Boston Monday Lectures" by Joseph Cook are models of language and profound thought. It is a pity that he believed, in common with McCosh, in a theory of evolution, but not including man in its scope.

Books upon special doctrines and phases of divine truth are plentiful. Of these only a few comparatively can be mentioned, lest the article should prove unduly long. Denney on the "Death of Christ" is instructive. The doctrine of holiness has been ably taught in Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," Lowrey's "Possibilities of Grace," Steele's "Love Enthroned," Mantle's "The Way of the Cross," Upham's "Divine Union" and his "Interior Life," Peck's "Central Idea of Christianity." Eschatology, too, has a voluminous literature. The postmillennial viewpoint is best advocated by Brown of Haddington, the premillennial, by Joseph Seiss. Almost always there is a master in the various departments that call for literature. Finney's "Revival Lectures" have no equal in that department. Paget Wilkes has written well on revivalism in his "Dynamic of Service." Mission books: The famous Taylors, Judson, Carey, Livingstone, etc.

In the polemical field much interesting literature has been written. It seems quite as necessary on due occasions to defend the faith once delivered to the saints as to carry on in other fields of service. Against Calvinism Fletcher's "Checks to Antinomianism" has no equal, and to it there is no successful answer. Yet even today the preaching here and there of "Eternal Security" is encouraging many a reckless person in his lawless ways, because, forsooth, he fancies himself among the elect. "Christian Science," by Mark Twain, is by far the best refutation of that Satanic witchery begotten of Mrs. Eddy and propagated by infidels. Canright's "Adventism Renounced" is the finest antidote extant to that Adventist poison with its Jewish Sabbath continued, its soul sleep and its annihilation untruth. Landis on "Immortality" powerfully confutes all annihilationist theories. Wilford Hall's "Problem of Human Life" renders the doctrine of evolution so ridiculous by quoting Darwin against himself and disproving his positions, and those of men of similar views, that one must be fortified in unscholarly stupidity if he is not thoroughly convinced.

of both the foolishness, as to science, and the wickedness, as to the moral, of evolution. Hall, too, wrote an annihilating book on "Universalism Against Itself." See also "The Problem of the Old Testament" by James Orr on higher criticism.

As a rule only fragments of the writings of the early church fathers have come down to us. Augustine's "City of God" can still be read. It is a strange mixture of true religion and childish superstition. Valuable as showing the ideas of the times, it would be a strange standard for any church of the present day.

A few of the church histories may be mentioned—Mosheim, Kurtz, Hurst, etc. The church in the apostolic age, the great apostasy, the Reformation, the great revivals of religion, the history of the various denominations — all enlist the interest, and enlighten the intellect, of the inquiring mind. Luther looms large in history. See D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation."

Devotional literature, too, is plentiful. "The Life of Madam Guyon" by Upham, the holiness philosopher, "Rests by the River," "Messages of Hope," "Voices of the Spirit," etc., by George Matheson, and many other books, appeal to the truly devout, and cause the soul to exult in Christ as Redeemer and Lord.

Rutherford (Not Judge Rutherford), with his exceedingly quaint language and flowing devotion, regales the Christian reader with choice expressions.

Andrew Murray and E. M. Bounds are excellent on the subject of prayer.

Sermonic literature, the cream of the study of the authors, is voluminous. To mention only a few: Bascom, Hall, Guthrie, MacLaren, Robertson, Jowett, Spurgeon, Talmage, Wesley, Finney, Dale, Chalmers, Bushnell, etc.

The books and sermons of the above-mentioned authors and preachers contain abundant proof that secular learning was interwoven into the fabric of their thinking.

The prescribed course of study in school or college is perhaps usually for the advantageous mental training of the student, although it must be admitted that Satanic influences have determined some of the subject matter, as for instance where the thrice-evil doctrine of evolution has wormed its way into even the lower grades, thus subverting in its aim, in the plastic minds, the Bible account of the creation. If the Apostle Paul could quote the Greek poets and Wesley, Anacreon, to point a moral or adorn a tale, surely benefit may be derived from acquaintance with the course of history, art, science, philosophy and the advance of thought in this mundane sphere. All for the glory of God should be the ambition of the reader of books.

AS A MINISTER

The preaching of the gospel is different from every other vocation. It is a high and holy calling. This is embedded in the grandeur of its purpose—to save men from their sins in time and to present them faultless before the throne of God throughout eternity. The sacredness of this calling has been its peculiarity thru the ages. The basis of this universal conviction lies deep in the nature of the office.

The ministry of Word was the very life of William Pearce—the key-note of his whole character, the focal point around which all his faculties centered, the central sun holding all his powers in harmonious order and illuminating the whole with baptismal glory.

Bishop Pearce had a sermonic method and a manner of preaching that was all his own—a natural part of himself. He did not usually use many gestures and was deliberate in his manner but when the Spirit of the Lord fell on him, he was a veritable Elijah.

B. H. Gaddis, formerly Publishing Agent, very aptly designated him as a "Minister of Ministers." His rich ministry with its many facets was especially appreciated by the preachers. Mr. Gaddis continues: "Everyone recognized his eloquence and his greatness as a preacher. I shall never forget the tribute he paid to Rev. Harry F. Johnson at the memorial service held by the Board of Administration. I have no recollection of hearing any address at any time that equaled it for beauty of diction and phrasing as well as its originality and uniqueness. It was a classical gem."

Of philosophic turn of mind, he not only read theology but took delight in it.* He knew theology from the apostolic age to the present as few men of this generation. Consequently he was a distinctive expository preacher. The writer considers that Bishop Hogue and Bishop Pearce have had few equals in the field of expository preaching.

Through a period of his later years he furnished at varying intervals a series of editorials, about seventy in number, under the title "Hellenic Language Depths." They were rich and scholarly expositions based upon words or passages in the Greek of the New Testament.

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* The basis for his ardent belief in Wesleyan doctrine was laid by hearing a sermon three times a week while a student in a Wesleyan school.

We quote as an example one of the briefer numbers in the series which is especially Pearcesque in style and thought *(Free Methodist,* May 30, 1947):

The fact of the mind is an exceedingly strong hint in favor of its education without limit. Who can set its bounds? The divine revelation given in the Bible spreads out without surcease to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills of God.

The common branches of learning, as they are called, and the rich fields of science and philosophy necessarily occupy a realm outdistanced and outshone by Holy Writ. Christ is indeed the first and the last, and His person and work draw upon the mind as nothing else could, so that an illiterate who adventures his all upon Christ in redemption would transcend beyond all reckoning the rank of the selfish-brilliant or the world-famed despiser of God.

Evil angels and evil men are formed to admire the righteous. It is not easy to see how they can help it. Upon the same principle men may preach the moral grandeur of Christ and expatiate with splendid oratory upon His incomparable life, yet antagonize His vicarious death in bitterly fighting mood while destruction lingers and the death warrant becomes a certainty.

Over against that lethal stupidity and soul trifling is the certainty of accurate knowledge of redemption through the atoning blood of Jesus. In 1 John 5:20 *"dianoian,"* the accusative or objective of "hath given," is introduced. The mind adorns the word, and the *dia* reveals the intense, the thorough, thought-sparkling, understanding, gripping intellect at its highest, sense finding its utmost range, knowledge glorified, imagination satisfied, and all those mighty powers of mind bowing down to the true, *"ton alethinon"* (the truth).

"What we have felt and see with confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men the signs infallible."

He also published a volume of sermons under the title "Our Incarnate Lord" which is now out of print.

As an example of his method of developing a scriptural exposition, we present the following editorial from the *Free Methodist* of January 22, 1937.

THE TABLE AND THE FOE

The Twenty-Third Psalm has spread its beneficent influence through the ages. Howbeit it does not minister comfort to the unconverted. The people who profit by it are those who choose the sublime Shepherd.

Its literary merit is of the most valuable, and its solace and encouragement superb. Extended comment upon the various features of the Psalm shall not here be indulged in, but rather attention shall be called to one of the gems of provision, namely, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

"The carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Our Lord when here on earth warned His disciples that the world would hate them even as it hated their Master. There seems to be an ingrained spirit of mischief, unruliness and animosity on the part of the unregenerate against the God of heaven and His followers on earth. The Scriptures are full of examples of such hate, and the history of the human race abounds with accounts of words and deeds of malice for which not real reason can be found. There is an Esau for every Jacob; a Doeg for every David; a Jezebel for every Elijah; an Alexander for every Paul; a Diotrephes for every John, and so on through the passing ages.

Israel cannot pass on their miraculous way, even after the terrible opposition of Pharaoh, but Moabite and Amalekite and other breeds of enemies must attempt to cut off the people of the Lord and bring to naught the counsels of the God of Israel. And even in Christian circles men have to beware lest remaining carnality should induce a mean and even hateful feeling and action toward others.

But this is only one side of the question. The extreme care of the divine Shepherd for His own is far more striking than the malice of the enemies. If one would study closely the Book of Psalms he would find the word "deliver" and its cognates used a most wonderful number of times; and these describing the interference of God in the affairs of His people, even to rid them of the evil designs of their adversaries. It would be an excellent oil to a person beset by enemies to peruse those glowing pages, and if he is sure that he comes within the scope of those mighty Scriptures he could rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory to find that no weapon that is formed against him could prosper, and that his Lord comes swiftly to his rescue and works out a deliverance in the face of the sternest opposition and malice.

We may picture to ourselves the person of the Twenty-Third Psalm surrounded by his foes. Deadly insult and malicious threatenings fill the air with mischief. Words of hate would menace the peaceful person, and the weaponry of forensic malignity is leveled at the devoted servant of the Lord.

The scene changes. The Shepherd of souls honors the man who puts his trust in Him. The glow and glory of the great banquets in the "Arabian Nights" are set in the frame of fiction; but this scene is both real and glorious. A table appears, spread with all the bounties of the land of promise. Haroun-al-Raschid never beheld such a sight. The banquet is of the Shepherd's providing. The rarest viands and the most beautiful flowers are placed with exquisite taste for the sustenance and the delectation of the Lord's guest.

Mere deliverance from enemies would be a boon indeed. Their absence would bring a species of gladness. But here is something that is far better: the utter defeat of their malignity, the utter freedom from the power of their wiles, and a demonstration that their presence is perfectly harmless as the Shepherd cares for His own. If the Hebrew youths in Chaldea's ancient days could "flourish unconsumed in fire," the person of the Psalm could feel, as he partakes of "the feast of fat things, and wines upon the lees well-refined," that the fiery malice of his enemies only makes the extreme care of the Shepherd of all the more conspicuous. Vain are the evil counsels and bitter attempts at destruction on the part of the malignant if the Shepherd not only protects fully but adds a feast that no enemy can in the least mar.

The whole scene is in a setting of glorious triumph for the trusting soul and the utmost chagrin and conspicuous discomfiture for the enemies. Utmost peace and plenty in the view of a spiteful coterie of malignants whose weapons are stricken out of their hands, and whose prospects of conquest are forever quelled and canceled, mark the scope of a perfect day, the natural lifetime of the Shepherd's ward.

This protection and ample provision have all the saints. The Twenty-Third Psalm among its other glories has that of universal application to those who trust in the Good Shepherd and obey His voice.

AS A PRESIDING OFFICER

Bishop Pearce was blessed with a natural poise that reminds one of John Wesley. This made him an efficient presiding officer. He never appeared to be in a hurry yet he always expedited business when in the chair. Like Wesley he was "always in haste but never in a hurry." He knew parliamentary law in all its intricacies and, as presiding officer, could perfectly conceal his own feelings during heated debate. In his administration he was far removed from personal prejudices. He had a keen sense of humor. On his first circuit an officious man took him aside to inform him he was not making good on the work and then proceeded to instruct him how to preach. In the early days in California, when it was the order of the day in the annual conference to elect district elders, the presiding Bishop said that after carefully looking over the preachers of the conference, he was convinced that there were no preachers competent to fill the office. Therefore he advised the conference to elect local district elders. With a smile Bishop Pearce added "Bishop Griffith and I were among the unqualified preachers."

We present a refreshing appraisal of Bishop Pearce, entitled "God-Gifted Mind and Heart," by Bishop J. Paul Taylor:

Bishop William Pearce, a man admired, loved, and trusted as very few have ever been, has gone from us. He led the church, which he joined "by instinct," almost as many years as Moses led the children of Israel. Everywhere he was recognized as a superior man. "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," not in selfish isolation but in spiritual and intellectual elevation. He had a "God-gifted" mind which ranged through every field of learning, and there was profound depth as well as breadth in his thinking. We were often amazed at the wealth of knowledge he possessed; and he "wore all that weight of learning lightly like a flower." His utterances had a literary finish and a poetical flavor which charmed the educated, coupled with a simplicity and conciseness which held the uneducated.

The name of William Pearce was almost a synonym for Wesleyanism. He so thoroughly believed entire sanctification to be the "central idea of Christianity" that he made it central in his preaching. Whatever his theme, it was a road leading to this shining goal of the Gospel. His mind was saturated with the Wesleyan doctrine, his heart was aflame with the Wesleyan experience, and his tongue was "the pen of a ready writer" when he preached about it.

Bishop Pearce's life was a daily exemplification of the thing he preached. "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" graced him. With all of his hatred of sham and antagonism to iniquity, love for the souls of men beautified him. His natural dignity was clothed with the soft raiment of humility.

He believed in a life beyond life. He had no sympathy with the pagan sentiment that "no man wakes up on whom once falls the icy pause of life." He knew the cold touch of death is not felt by the immortal spirit. He knew the worst death can do is to hold the body as a hostage temporarily until the resurrection ultimatum brings release, and meantime the inner man lives a fuller, finer life in the Paradise of God. In characteristically serene manner, he said, a few days before his departure, "I have no morbid desire to die. On the other hand I do not fear death. After all, I shall live a long time on the other side." This modern "prophet of the long road" has reached the endless home at the end of the way. We follow in his train until we meet him in the morning.

Bishop Pearce realized his ambition to complete his term of service as Bishop at the General Conference of 1947. Returning home fatigued he knew surgery awaited him. Due to complications following the operation, he came to the end of the journey in the hospital in Rochester, New York. Shortly before his passing he aroused from a state of coma and repeated the beautiful words of Isaiah, "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

Bishop Marston preached the funeral sermon from the text, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death" (1 Cor. 15:26), excerpts from which are given below.

In Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, California, there is a statuary group of twenty-three life-sized figures standing on the brink of a stream of living water which flashes for a moment in the sunlight and then disappears. The sculptor seeks to portray "The Mystery of Life" by means of these figures, each representing an age or phase of human existence. Children are there, absorbed in the world about them and stretching toward life. A young mother attempts to restrain her lad who too eagerly seeks to explore life's stream. Another mother peers into the face of the babe at her breast and there catches a glimpse of life's meaning. An aged woman with drawn features has given up the quest, resignedly surrendering to the inevitable mystery. The scientist with magnifying glass attempts in vain to peer beneath the surface of life's rushing stream. The monk and the nun have turned their backs upon life and are leaving the group. The sage is there with questioning gaze; the philosopher with detached contemplation; the fool with empty grin.

Is life this brief flash in the sunlight, this quick passage from birth to death—then nothingness?

The words of our text strike at the very heart of the great mystery—"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Paul wrote these words to a church surrounded by sensualism in life, materialism in philosophy, and confusion in religion which made the problem of the resurrection and eternal life especially difficult. Under these influences the city of Corinth had become corrupt, licentious, working all uncleanness with greediness." Corinthians lived in the *now*, attempting to press from each moment as it passed its last drop of sensuous sweetness. Lived thus, life loses its dimensions, shriveling to a mere point of momentary existence.

But how different was the life of him whose memory we honor! That life had heroic dimensions: in *length* of days with eternity planted in his heart, in *breadth* of worthy interests, in *depth* of God-given convictions, in *height* of holy aspirations.

The nobility of sentiment, the integrity of character, the passion for holiness, the vigor of intellect, the flashes of inspiration which characterized Bishop Pearce in this life all point to his continuing activity and growth in that world he has now entered. I believe it—oh, I know it! For if death can freeze or congeal human personality at its highest reach in this life, then death is victor in stopping the progress of human character and holiness. But death does not halt our spiritual growth. John wrote, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God. And it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Thus, death for the saint but accelerates his progress to the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Is death the last and final sleep? "No," answered Sir Walter Scott, "it is the last and final awakening." Sharing this conviction we say of our departed friend and leader:

"No, not cold beneath the grasses,
All forgotten in the tomb:
Rather, in my Father's mansion,
Living in another room.

Living, like the one who loves me,
Like yon child with cheeks abloom,
Out of sight, at desk or school book,
Busy in another room.

Nearer than the youth whom fortune
Beckons where the strange lands loom;
Just behind the hanging curtain,
Working in another room."

William Pearce was self-evidently born for the ministry. When leaving England to embark for America, the parting word of his faithful schoolmaster was, "William, some day you will be a bishop." Preaching the gospel was the ruling passion of his life. He carried a spiritual empire in his heart. Possessed of an intelligence of penetrating sagacity, he always kept an unblurred line of distinction between trivials and fundamentals. A master of assemblies he would not be stampeded or dismayed. He held to the central truth of the rugged gospel with the austerity of a Puritan.

The Lord granted his expressed desire, "To pass from the pulpit to his grave." Only three months after being created Bishop Emeritus by the General Conference of 1947, this Patriarch of the Church, after serving sixty-one years as a minister, thirty-nine years as a bishop, heard the call of his Master to lay down his armor. As the horizon of eternity loomed in view he said to a friend, "I am waiting to fade away into glory." As the end drew near he did not look into an open sepulcher but into the open heavens—he saw a great light, the light of the land where the sun never sets. In triumph the Knight of the Cross has joined the knightly throng whom the ages have assembled on the other side of the river.

Beloved bishop, patriarch and saint, farewell!

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